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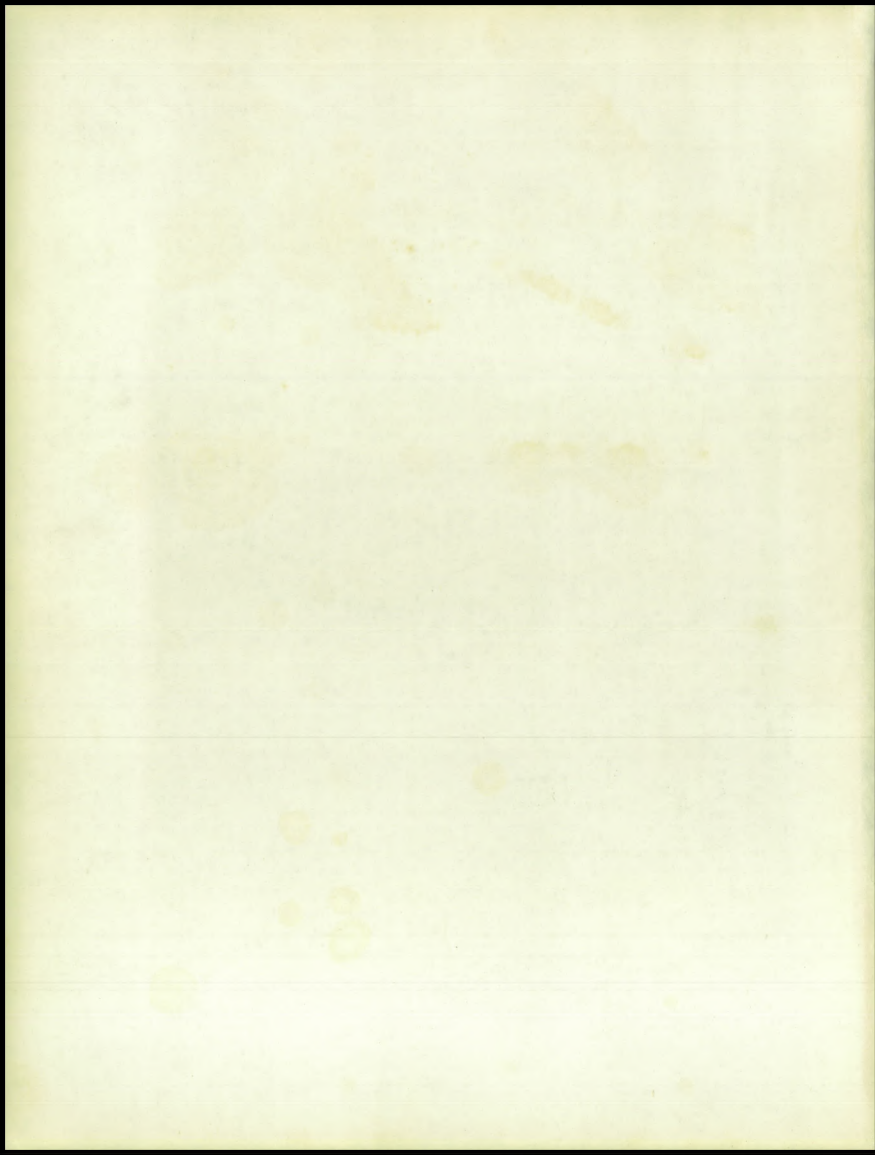
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THE 1954 DUNES



The DUNES is published annually for the student body at Hammond High School, Hammond, Indiana. Patricia Janiga, Rosemary Lane, editors. Directed by Miss Ellen McGranahan and Miss Olga Schubkegel assisted by Miss Edith Stanley and other members of the English Department and Miss Margaret Williams of the Commercial Department.

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Creativity

In the arts, sciences, and the spiritual values in life, many opportunities present themselves to students for potential achievements. The theme for the 1954 Dunes was in such an area of experiences—Creativity.

The various ways of lettering the word creativity were with the purpose of sounding many moods and expressions to portray experiences in which students participated.

From sciences, such ideas as cohesion, vibration, and expansion are expressed in the letters.

Focal dominance, legibility, appeal, and distinction are means by which art communicates its messages.

Creativity, spiritually, builds dignity, repose, loyalty, and friendliness.

With the keynoting of the theme our book begins.

Cover

This is an ever changing world. Technological and scientific discoveries have extended and reshaped the physical environment. The mastery of nature is closely connected with the mastery of space. Widening horizons, and the new dimensions of human knowledge demand a new equilibrium between man and nature and individual and society.

The cover design for the 1954 Dunes was derived from these elements—time, space, and motion.

The hour-glass denoting the slow steady passage of time, has moved outward beyond its confining boundaries. It is projected into a new dimension where space is measured only by the time for interpenetration. The concentric circles convey the process of taking problems of life out of isolation and examining them in their direct and inevitable inter-relationship.

Intent visual concentration upon the center from which the circles expand brings about an experience of motion from the inner to the outer termination. Set in motion by the activation of vision, it appears to be a crystallization of an inner structure or search moving outward and unfolding its form in a true symbol of our time. Its fulfillment lies in the significance of creativity to the individual and to society that dominates the present and tends into the future.

End Sheets

Working creatively, experimenting and exploring with tools and materials, led to the brayer painting on the end sheets of the Dunes. The grainlike effect resulted from a string-wrapped brayer rolled over printer's ink.

The letters, cut from magazines, have added interest because of different forms, sizes, and alphabets. The paste-up job is montage, a much employed technique in contemporary graphics.

Theme

CREATivity

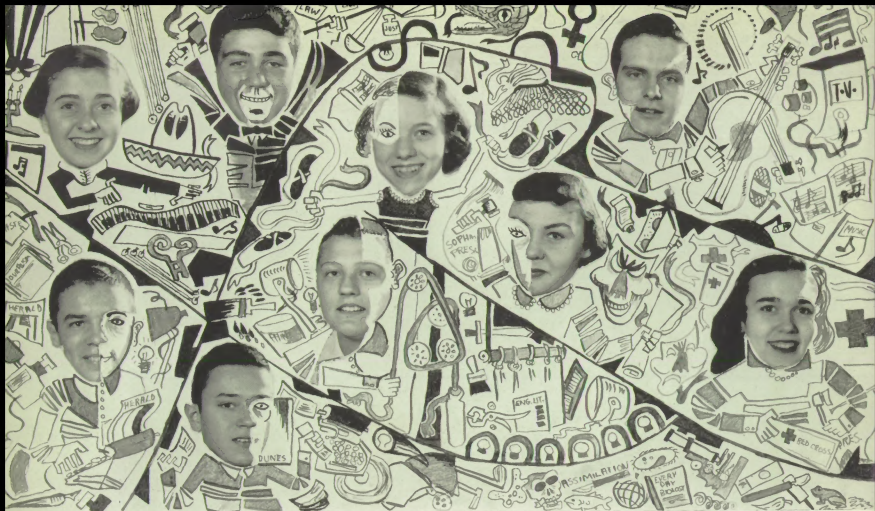
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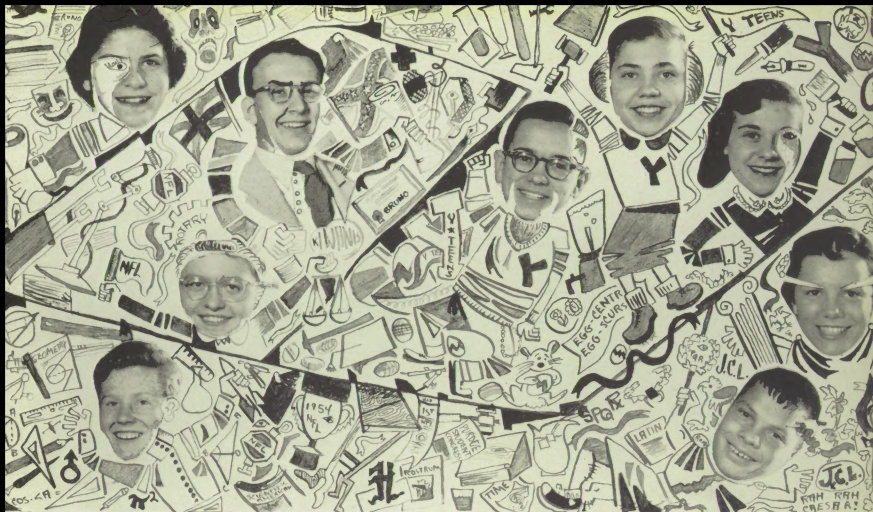
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Spiritual

The Arts

The Sciences

The School



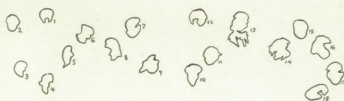
The mural technique is photomontage and pen and ink illustration. Chinese ink-stick rubbed on a ground-glass container produces reduced blackness into graduated values by adding water.

Such a rendering seemed most in accord with the photos for the process of engraving.

The featured students have acquired keen interest, distinction, or leadership in the areas that the symbols surrounding them indicate—the Arts, the Sciences, the Spiritual.

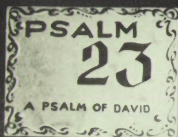
The key to the layout identifies the students; the elements around them define the field in which they found opportunities to express their abilities.

—Mural by Ronald Burton



1. Jay Nagdeman
2. Carol Anderson
3. Dave Ambler
4. Dick Komyatte
5. Don Moore
6. Lynn Kline
7. Del Kacher
8. Dianne Payer
9. Pat McArty

10. Wayne Wickelgren
11. Ann Wagner
12. Taby Stern
13. Daniel Barrett
14. Terry Ingram
15. Beverly Kirkeiner
16. Barbara Kirkeiner
17. Margaret Grass
18. Sherman Abrahamson



THE LORD is my shepherd:
I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green
pastures: he leadeth me beside the
still waters.
He restoreth my soul:
he leadeth me in the paths of right-
eousness for his name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the
valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil:
for thou art with me: thy rod and thy
staff they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before
me in the presence of mine
enemies: thou anointest
my head with oil: my cup runneth
overflowing.
Surely goodness and
mercy shall follow me all the days
of my life: and I will dwell in the
house of the Lord for ever.



Y-TEEN

CHAPTER OF THE YMCA

CLEAN SPEECH

CLEAN SCHOLARSHIP

CLEAN ATHLETICS

CLEAN LIFE

HAMMOND HIGH

SPIRITUAL

*In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.
And the earth was without form and void; and darkness
was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God
moved upon the face of the waters.*

And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.

—GENESIS - BIBLE

Working together as a team depends upon the skill of leaders. Combining their forces to work as a team creates that spirit which makes for the climate in which cultural refinement in our democracy will grow. Its influence will be deeper than any isolated individual effort can be.

The aesthetic satisfaction of the human soul is just as important as the material. The object of today's mechanization should be to reduce physical toil to provide life's necessities in order that hand and brain may be set free for some higher order of activity.

The qualities of service, friendship, understanding, loyalty, and good will are cardinal principles in shaping attitudes and deeds.

Creating such experiences is symbolized in the activities of the Junior Red Cross, the Y-Teens, the Hi-Y and the teachings of religion.

To communicate this message a portrait of a youth is surrounded by all these civilizing influences. By the technical means of the camera and manipulation of negatives and positives in superimposition, a quality of heart, mind, and soul is fused.





Metamorphosis

By Stanley Kaminski

Long winter days darken the skies, and there is a lull in the activity around the school. The ultimate end of winter is the metamorphosis we know as spring; the earth is revitalized and is productive. No longer is it dormant but all life is beautiful again. Ceaselessly the cycle of life sweeps every creature and plant in its course. So it is with great hope that the blossoming of Hammond High's magnolia tree is anticipated, a sure sign of spring's glorious promise.

The tree is brought to life by the warmth of the April sunshine and the nourishment from the crystal showers which bathe away the shadow of the long winter sleep. From nature we learn the reasons for the new life which springs forth from the hallowed halls of Hammond High. It is the warmth of the atmosphere which surrounds us and pervades whatever we do here at Hammond High that brings freshness of character throughout every school year. Just as the tree employs its energy to bring to the gray world of winter a new world of color and intoxicating fragrance, the influx of new and exciting character comes to our school with the arrival of new ideas with every new class and with a renaissance throughout the upper classes.

The magnolia tree is not merely a botanical masterpiece; it is a symbol of freshness, a messenger of spring, a talisman, and a tradition. It has graced the beauty of our grounds for many years; it has seen many lives come and pass through the school portals; it is a part of Hammond High; it is a beautiful landmark and a reminder of the joy and peace here.

Christmas — U. S. A.

By Anne Kutak

Christmas should be a time of peace and good will to people of the world. But in the United States Christmas means many things. Each age level interprets Christmas a little differently.

Let's start with early childhood. To a baby Christmas is only bright lights and confusion. Doorbells ring and people come and go. When these people arrive, they see the baby first and show him their presents. After hugging and kissing the baby, they leave him alone. Christmas means confusion.

To a young child, Santa Claus is most important. He writes letters to Santa and visits Santa in the department stores. Then as an extra precaution he is especially good when his mama and daddy are around. On Christmas Eve he retires early so Santa will have enough time to arrange the presents under the tree. He wakes up very early on Christmas morning, pulls his parents out of bed, and runs to open his presents. Christmas is paradise.

The teen-ager has long ago learned there is no Santa Claus. He has made his Christmas list months ago. He wants to make sure his parents will have enough money by the time Christmas arrives. Money is the teen-ager's main problem. He started saving his allowance months before Christmas, but there are many presents to buy. Dad and Mom must help out in the end. Ah, yes, then there are the many parties to attend. The parties start two weeks before Christmas and end when vacation ends. The teen-ager's parents never know where he is. Christmas means fun.

An adult has a somewhat quieter Christmas. He spends the whole month of December planning and arranging his Christmas Day. On Christmas Day he tries to relax, but after spending so much time cleaning, decorating, and hiding presents, relaxation is impossible. Christmas means work.

An elderly person spends his Christmas quietly. He visits with his friends and relatives. He helps prepare the dinner. He keeps the little children quiet by telling them stories of how Christmas was when he was young. Christmas is a time spent with loved ones.



One Faith

By Bette Stoddard

Have you ever stood on a busy street corner and looked at the people around you? If you were to do this you would see all races and all creeds. When you see these people, you would probably ask yourself who they are, why they are here, what do they do, what do they believe? Out of all of these questions the one that you would most likely be able to answer would be, what do they believe?

What do these people believe? For one thing we all know that each one believes in the same God. All pray to Him and praise Him. How they do this isn't really as important as some people think. The important thing is that we all believe in the same thing. The Bible is the foundation of society along with the Ten Commandments. Our own civic laws are based upon the Commandments.

The Protestant worships God through the singing of triumphant hymns and the pastoral prayers. The Jews praise Him through their haunting chants. Elaborateness and beauty are the key to the Catholic Mass. Each religion is different in the way the people worship but they are all worshipping the same Supreme Being. Basically we are all of one faith.

One God

By Sonja Christianson

When I was approximately four years old my parents sent me to my first "Sunday School" class. I can't remember my first impression of it now, but I doubt very much whether it meant anything to me. As I grew older, though, I attained a much greater appreciation for the privilege of attending church.

I had no definite ideas concerning the different methods of worship in the Catholic, Jewish, and Protestant churches at the time.

I have always believed that God created all of us to live in peace on this earth. Perhaps if we had no religious differences, by having one church for all denominations, there would be no cause for war and quarreling. On the other hand, because people are different from each other in all respects, we may prefer to worship God as we please.

One Color

By Daniel Lewis

When we are walking down the street and see a man coming toward us in a different colored suit from ours, do we say to ourselves that he is different? No, of course we don't. To me it seems just as silly to say that a man is different because his skin is a different color. Is not our skin merely a living suit to protect us from the changes of element and environment? What, then, is the real you? The person God has seen fit to clothe and protect with a skin, whatever its color may be, is contained in your inner self. It is an indefinable thing some persons call your soul which is reflected to the surface by your personality. It is not restricted to persons of white, brown, or yellow skin. It does not belong to people of any one nation. It is universal.



Mr. Arron and his wife, Ronjo, guests from India during Brotherhood Week, told of their people. Jill Luellen assisted in demonstrating the sari. Mr. Lundgren of the Hi-Y, which sponsored the program, watches.



Children at Prayer—Riverside School, Hammond Indiana

The following prayer was composed by these children.

OUR PRAYER

For this new morning with its light
For rest and shelter of the night
For health and food
For love and friends
For everything thy goodness sends
We thank thee, Heavenly Father.

A Thanksgiving Prayer

By Ruth Hesterman

Heavenly Father, I thank Thee for all the bounteous goodness which Thou hast bestowed upon me. Only Thou knowest what I need. I thank Thee for Christian parents, a good Christian background, for the peaceful Sundays I spend in church, for my brothers and sisters, for my good and true friends, for a chance of a sound education, for food, clothing, and all the necessities of life, for good health, for our country's many freedoms that I have the privilege of enjoying, and most of all for Thy love towards me.

Help me to keep my faith strong in Thee and to love my neighbors as Jesus did. Keep me in Thy protection and care. This I ask in Jesus' name.

Amen.



Prejudice

By Virgil Scott

There are many religions in the world: Jewish, Catholic, Moslem, Buddhist, Protestant, and many others.

Many people think that one religion is better than another, but what are the differences between religions? Some religions call their God by other names and have him residing in other places.

Some have many Gods with one God supreme over all others. Other religions believe that the son of God is yet to be born. Still others honor their Gods in different ways; for instance, many religions have sacrifices to pay their homage. There are still others which are much stricter in their interpretation of the Bible, or other book of guidance, than others.

Who is to say which religion is right? Even more important, what real difference is there between religions? There is none! All religions, going back to the time of the Crusades, have worked for good. No religion sanctions murder, hate, and theft. What does it matter what we call our God or where He lives? What does it matter how we pay homage to Him? Who knows which of the many creeds is most correct? Our freedom of religion allows us to worship and believe as we wish.

If every man would respect the other man's religion, or all his thoughts and beliefs for that matter, there would be no wars, no need for police, and this world in general would be a far, far better place for every person to live in, whether he be Jew, Catholic, Buddhist, Moslem, Protestant or one of the thousands of other religions existent in this troubled world today.



One Faith

By Donna Mathena

In this time of much trouble and confusion, it is difficult to remember the words, "one world built on a firm foundation." Threatening wars, racial prejudice, juvenile delinquency—many things confuse the minds of Young America. Now, more than ever before, we need guidance and power from a divine being.

When the Pilgrims first came to America, they sought a place where they could be free from persecution for worshipping as they pleased. But they also became intolerant and condemned those who were not followers of their beliefs. Then one man, Roger Williams, had courage enough to break away, saying it mattered not what religion a person professed as long as he believed in God.

All through our history men have fought to preserve, along with other personal rights, our freedom of religion. I think today is a good time to realize that although we each have a certain way of interpreting our God, we are all brothers and have in common these: one religion, one faith, one God.



FREEDOMS FOUNDATION COMMITTEE:

Mr. Bolt, Mr. Coleman, Miss Waterbury, Miss Taylor, Mr. Ropp, Mr. Reed, Miss Kennedy, Miss Strange, Miss Schubkegel, and Miss McGonohon. Mr. Hill is not pictured.

Hammond High Wins Freedoms Foundation Award

In a year that saw Hammond High take athletic and scholarship honors, an announcement came from Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, that appropriately topped things off. The official message read:

"The trustees, directors, and officers of the Freedoms Foundation of Valley Forge announces with pleasure the selection of Hammond High School by the Distinguished Awards Jury to receive a principal award for an outstanding achievement in helping to bring about a better understanding of the American way of life in 1953."

The Freedoms Foundation, a non-profit, non-sectarian, organization, aims at accumulating each year outstanding expressions, projects, and programs which further the understanding of Americanism. The National Awards Jury includes state Supreme Court Justices, service club executives, and officials of the various veterans' organizations.

Like any other worthwhile project, Hammond High's Foundation contribution was the product of considerable hard work. In November of last year, a special committee of faculty members (Miss McGranahan, Mr. Bolt, Mr. Coleman, Miss Kennedy, Miss Waterbury, Miss Taylor, Mr. Reed, Mr. Hill, Miss Strange and Miss Schubkegel) began work on an "Americanism bundle." Through the year such articles as copies of the Dunes and Herald, essays, texts of speeches, art work, musical programs and photographs were added to the collection.

Said Principal O. L. Rapp, "The collection of data was so large that it is difficult to remember everything that went into it, but it reflected the fine character of the student body in general."

The Freedom Library and the George Washington Medal will be presented to the school this fall. Warren Hildebrandt and Miss Frances Taylor were selected to take the "Valley Forge Pilgrimage Trip."

What America Means to Me

By Stephen Sawockha

This essay by Stephen Sawockha won first prize for boys in the American Legion Auxiliary Contest.

America; what does it mean to me? A land of justice? A land of fairness and equality? A land of freedom? Freedom, that's the word. It seems to be a synonym for America. But what does freedom mean? Maybe, if I can think of a few examples, I can explain what freedom is. Maybe I had better take the word letter by letter.

F, the first letter of freedom, what can it mean! It could mean freedom from fear. I know that I am always protected by the world's most capable government, which is backed by the world's bravest and most competent citizens. This is a treasure that most people do not realize the true value of, until they lose it.

R could stand for freedom of religion. I always have the right to go to any church I choose without threat of punishment. This is probably the most important freedom guaranteed us by the "Bill of Rights."

E might stand for my right of entreaty or petition. I am always at liberty to appeal to a higher authority any decision which involves me.

The second E might stand for the principle of equality. I was born with the same rights as the next fellow. I shall have the same chances that he will. I can either turn out better or worse, depending on what I, myself, do.

D might stand for domestic tranquility. This assurance of a peaceful, calm and unified country plays a leading role in my freedom from fear.

I can let the letter O stand for my freedom of public oration. I always have the right to express an opinion about any subject, even governmental matters. This holds true as long as I do not bring harm to another by false statements.

M might stand for my right to attend public meetings or assemblies. I have the right to attend any meeting, political or otherwise, whenever I please.

Now that I have given a few examples, maybe I can better define freedom. But still I can't give a satisfactory definition. I don't know why. I—that's the key to a good definition. I am an individual. An individual makes freedom. I make freedom. Without the individual there can be no freedom. Therefore, freedom must be the right of an individual.

America thrives on freedom. America is for the individual. The individual is what makes America great.

A Promise for Tomorrow

By Kit Bishop

This essay won first place for girls in the essay contest sponsored by the American Legion Auxiliary on "What America Means to Me."

Our America, this land of democracy, did not spring up overnight, in one day, in one week, or in one year. She has roots more than two thousand years old.

It began on the hills of Galilee with a gentle prophet preaching to the multitudes and urging them to "do unto others . . ." Thus he voiced the need the people had always recognized but had been too inadequate to express. It was a dream of equality among men.

This dream grew and took shape until finally, after years of struggle, it became the basis of a "new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal."

Today the word America has many connotations. To the newspaper editor, it means a land in which he has the perfect right to dispute the administration's views openly, without fear of punishment. To the falsely accused, it is the prerogative of being innocent until proven guilty by a fair trial. To the immigrant it is one teeming, bewildering mass of friendly, glib, hustling, bustling, laughing, crying people.

To a small child, America means nothing more than parades, flags flying, or a mother drinking coffee hurriedly some November morning so that she can go to the polls and vote. To the storeowner it is a system of free enterprise in which competition stimulates improvement. To the farmer America may mean government price support and government aid in times of flood or drought, but it also means a farm run by himself, for himself, for his own profit. To some it is sitting in church on Sunday morning singing hymns led by a minister, while in other churches may be heard the soft incantations of a priest or rabbi.

"But wait," you say. "What about America's mistakes? You have told only her good points."

It is true. We have our crime, our graft and corruption, our racial segregation. They cannot be denied.

But we also have our younger generation. They may benefit from all that has gone before. The inventions of the great scientists, the words of the great orators, the thoughts of the great philosophers, the accounts of deeds of great soldiers and statesmen—all these have been willed to them.

"Stop!" you say once again. "This heritage is not America's alone. The rest of the world has a share in it also."

Yes, but into the hands of America's youths have been deposited the highest living standards and the greatest facilities for advancement in the world. They have the opportunity to channel past greatness into future greatness. They have the power to perfect this "dream in action" that is America, to make the true meaning of democracy a reality to every American citizen.

It is indeed a challenge and a promise. A promise for tomorrow! That's what America means to me!

1. "The Gettysburg Address" by Lincoln.

THE CONSTITUTION— TEMPLE of LIBERTY

By Barbara Gabrys

The Constitution is a legal document that establishes a successful system of government. Its precision and brevity are admirable. Millions of words have been devoted to its governmental principles. Great jurists have interpreted the meaning of the Constitution in almost all its parts. As a frame of government it has stood the test of time, war, and depression. It is based on truth, and, like truth, it laughs at the assaults of time.

In a nutshell, the Constitution was formed for the purpose of perpetuating American liberty by uniting the States into a firm Union. All other aims were subordinate to the safeguarding of the liberty that had been won by the Revolution. It was evident after the Revolution that American liberty would be lost unless the States banded themselves together to preserve it.

Life and the right to enjoy liberty come from God. The guarantee of the right to enjoy liberty, the power to maintain liberty, must come from the human heart and soul. The Constitution is this guarantee. It enables the American people to exercise their power to maintain their liberty against foreign attack or internal dissension.

The framers of the Constitution saw the light of liberty dying in America as the States quarreled and threatened to disband. It was a new Declaration of Independence which the Constitution-makers prepared for the approval of the people—a declaration that their hard-won liberty should not perish, but should be made perpetual by joining the hearts and souls of the people of all the States in an indestructible Union.

These framers of the Constitution were chosen by their States to meet together. They were soldiers, planters, lawyers, physicians, merchants, and judges. Some of them were rich and others were poor.

Being human, these delegates had human failings. They were devoted to State and local interests. Those from large States were bent upon exercising the strength of large States. Those from small States shrank from a Union that might make them the pawns of greater States. The commercial North and the agricultural South had clashing interests. All the States had been disappointed by the failure of such central government as we exercised under the Articles of Confederation. They were suspicious of any proposal for a national government. They were also fearful of losing their hard-won liberties.

After many jarring sessions, in which misunderstandings, jealousies, and selfish sectional interest bore down their effort to agree, the delegates were almost in despair. Finally, they found a way to make American Liberty forever secure.

In the Constitution we find solace and security in the next most important thing in life—our liberty. Every word in the Constitution serves to safeguard us in our life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness. Every American, as he studies the marvelous framework of the Constitution, can say with truth and pride: "This was made for me."

Justice is a guardian of liberty—my rights and immunities are made secure against tyranny. Your right is safeguarded against my wrong-doing; your widow and your child are protected when you are gone.

People long for harmony. The framers of the Constitution saw that a central government would bring the States into common accord on all national questions, while removing other vexatious causes of disagreement. The very fact of equality of States was a guarantee of domestic tranquility.

The separated States were not strong enough to ward off foreign aggression. Divided, they invited invasion and conquest; united, they constituted a nation capable of defending itself. Even in its infancy, the United States became a powerful nation through union of the States. The Constitution provided this unity.

Freedom is the living mortar of America's unity. It belongs to all of us, and because we are a nation of individuals, freedom has many interpretations within the pattern of our daily lives. A Sunday stroll in the park can be a symbol of security in a land where freedom has long been accepted.

In America, we accept freedom of religion as an unalienable right—under the proposition that all men are created equal before God. This truth is the spiritual base of our freedom. Today, throughout our 48 States, stand some 250,000 churches, representing almost every known creed, denomination and faith—for freedom means a faith for every seeker; and in this land, wherever and however religious services are held, freedom means the right of every man to seek God in his own way.

Freedom means more than casting a vote and abiding by the will of the majority. Our system of government demands of every citizen a deep sense of personal responsibility and vigilance—for freedom works like a wheel, with government at its hub. Between these men—who guard our liberties—and the people they lead, there must be a constant interaction along the spokes of public opinion.

The Constitution has helped make America a land of opportunity where energy, enthusiasm, and an economy of free enterprise have converted our natural wealth into the highest standard of living on earth. Behind every pay check received lies a vital meaning of liberty—the right of every man to choose his own trade. No matter what his trade or profession is, every worker has a chance to become the boss. Free enterprise is the economic dividend of freedom. In America we are free to invent, free to try out new ideas and new methods, free to back up the other fellow or go into business on our own, free to take a chance. We are encouraged to do these things and through this encouragement we have made our country great.

When you are free, the human desire for self-improvement shows itself. To improve your own lot you must do something better than others do it. If you succeed, you benefit. If you do not succeed, you can always try again, if you have the character, and failure need never be permanent. Talent among individuals cannot be produced by edict or order. The creative mind must discover itself. The creative mind grows by itself, and it can do this only in the favorable climate of personal freedom. Our great men were not chosen or appointed to greatness. Given a chance, they selected themselves and forged ahead of their rivals. Hope of reward or fear of punishment are the factors that motivate human efforts. Through the Constitution, America provides the maximum opportunities for reward, with the penalties limited to personal insecurity and business bankruptcy. We do not face a firing squad when we fail. The life of Benjamin Franklin, one of our greatest men, illustrates this fact. Many have been great in one thing; but he was great in many things. He was what a citizen of a free and democratic country should be. He was a product of American Freedom. Thomas Jefferson's theory was that if God put good material into them, freedom and liberty would bring it out.

Education is another gateway to freedom. Our liberties are enumerated for us in the Bill of Rights, but the meaning of freedom must be discovered by each child himself. He must learn to listen as well as speak. He must gain tolerance and understanding of races and creeds not his own. If he is fortunate enough to go to college, he must use this privilege not only for self-improvement but to prepare for leadership in a world where decisions have become increasingly difficult.

The liberties given us in the Constitution are not without responsibilities. It means jury duty, and volunteer community-service work. It means accepting office, and wrestling with down-to-earth local issues long after the town has gone to bed. It means knowing your government which is really a life-long quest with the ever changing ideas, attitudes, and laws. It means taking a more active part through voting at every election, or even more so, getting into politics. It means keeping track of your representatives and writing them whenever you think it is necessary. Surely it is worth a little time and effort on our part for all the liberties we receive through the Constitution.

The Constitution is America's freedom. To each of us it may convey a different personal meaning. No matter how we see it, the Constitution has guided our way of life, and today sustains our hope for a better world. Time does not wear down nor eat away the eternal truths of the Constitution. Instead of fading with age, the glory of the Constitution takes on new splendor with the passing of the centuries. The faith of our forefathers gave them strength to plan for the ages. With equal faith, we may hand down to our posterity our birthright—the Constitution.

Washington, D. C.

By Stanley Kaminski

Wednesday morning April 14, 1954, at 11:01 a.m., was a memorable moment in the lives of many Hammond High School students. The shiny diesel train was ready to take us to our national capital, Washington, D. C., and to that giant metropolis, New York.

On the train many of us chatted, some sang, some read, and others looked at the scenery as we passed innumerable farms. It was a trying experience to sleep on the train, the road bed having been laid out purposely around curves and along rough stretches; somehow we survived the night.

Washington at last! We arrived at the Union Station by 6:00 a.m. Thursday and walked to our respective hotels located only one block from the Capitol building. After we were assigned rooms, we had breakfast and took an all-day sight-seeing coach tour. We saw many of the governmental administration, executive, and judicial buildings. We saw marble and granite memorials to great men. We also toured in Virginia's historic towns which were near the capital. Mount Vernon was particularly awe-inspiring.

Our evenings were free; many went out to see what they had failed to see during the day; some stayed in their rooms addressing post cards, and others congregated to talk and to have parties in their rooms. Many were very tired.

The weather Friday was humid and we toured only a half day. We had an opportunity to see Senator Homer Capehart that afternoon.

We left Washington that evening for New York. We felt that we would like to stay and enjoy the beauty of magnificent Washington but we were on our way to another great city.

That same evening we arrived in New Jersey and took the ferry across to the big city. We were driven to our hotel which was located at the center of Manhattan Island.

It rained intermittently that Saturday. Our busses were glass topped and we could see quite a lot. Since our trip was merely sight seeing, and not touring, we left the bus only to see the United Nations Building; to board the boat for Bedloe's Island and the Statue of Liberty, which we admired despite the torrents of rain which drenched us; to eat lunch; and to see the Empire State Building and the Church of St. John the Divine.

Our evening in New York was free and many of us went to the television and stage shows on Broadway, the same street on which our hotel was located.

Easter Sunday was a glorious and beautiful day. Many found churches nearby and attended services in them. Some went to the beautiful Saint Patrick's Cathedral. Most of us watched the Easter Parade.

In the afternoon we took a yacht cruise around the Island of Manhattan.

Throughout the trip scores of "clicks" could be heard from the cameras of the enthusiastic tourists who wanted souvenirs of the very enjoyable excursion to the Eastern coast.

Sunday evening we left for New Jersey, via the Holland Tunnel, and headed for Indiana. Everyone was slightly fatigued from continuous action of the day, and sleep was no problem.

Monday morning brought thoughts of the homework which had to be made up, the daily grind of school work, the realization of the rare opportunity that we'd had in taking the trip, and the pleasure that we had gained from it.

It must have taken the next few weeks to recover from the journey, but I have heard of no one who regretted spending the reasonable price for the trip or taking the time to see such really memorable places in our great country.



Pictures by Stanley Boleski

"There is a Destiny . . ."

By Warren Hildebrandt

It must be true that every student in America is taught that our government was formed by ambitious, educated and courageous men. These men performed as soldiers, diplomats, explorers, and politicians.

But it seems to me that in all cases it was not the greatness of men that made America what it is today, but rather, it was what could be described as "luck," of "fate," or the "wish of God."

I believe all of us agree that it was the spirit and courage of the Americans that helped them win the Revolutionary War. But doesn't it seem more than coincidence that New York didn't fall to the British because Lord Germain went grouse hunting and forgot to send to the British officer, General Howe, the instructions for the invasion of New York in 1777?

It also seems strange, since the continental currency was worthless, and the soldiers were in rags, that General Washington defeated General Cornwallis and his army at Yorktown, in one last effort to win the war. Certainly, under the prevailing conditions, the Americans could hardly have been able to fight another battle. It must have been the help of God that aided General Washington in winning the Revolutionary War against extremely difficult odds.

But our "luck" went further than just the Revolution. It stayed with the American people through many decisions, especially in the federal government.

What was it that caused America to elect a president rather than to have a king? What kept the men from becoming "dictators," once in office? Was it Congress and the Constitution? If so, what brought them into existence?

The answer to this question may be "public-minded" men. But weren't those men just following the word of God? Of course! And if men "love thy neighbor," it is possible for all people to find peace and prosperity. It is the chance to do as one pleases, within reason, and the chance to be helped by others or to help others, that has come to mean "America" to me.

1. A History of Our Country—by Muzzey

My Country

By Dan Barrett

*O Beautiful, my Country! Be thine a nobler care
Than all the wealth of commerce, thy harvests waving fair:
Be it thy pride to lift up the manhood of the poor;
Be thou to the oppressed fair freedom's open door.*

*For thee our fathers suffered; for thee they toiled and prayed
Upon thy holy altar their willing lives they laid.
Thou hast no common birthright, grand memories on thee
shine;
The blood of pilgrim nations commingled flows in thine.*

*O Beautiful, our Country! Round thee in love we draw;
Thine is the grace of freedom, the majesty of law.
Be righteousness thy sceptre, justice thy diadem;
And on thy shining forehead be peace the crowning gem.¹*

—Frederick L. Hosmer

These words epitomize what America means to me. America means more to me than a street with a house upon it that I call home. America means more to me than a mere land. America means faith, hope, and both political and religious freedom. America means free speech, free press, free assembly, free worship, and free trial.

"Government of the people, by the people, and for the people" is another of the things that America means to me. When I reach the legal voting age, I can vote for the man of my choice. I don't have to worry about an armed guard standing behind me with a loaded gun saying, "Vote as I tell you." In this country the voice of the people is law. America means rule by the common people, not by an oligarchy of aristocrats.

"Give me your tired, your poor." To me America is a refuge in the storm of world affairs. At this time, when moral integrity and personal significance are being shunned, America recognizes the honor of the individual and the importance of each person.

America also means free enterprise. The theory of subsistence wages is no longer recognized. Labor is now given the chance to make a decent livelihood. America treats the laborer as an individual, not as a machine. Business is allowed to compete. The government does not control labor as many other countries do.

Another aspect of America is that of a melting pot. America has no one nationality that can say that he is the true American. An American is English, French, German, Jewish, Italian, Slovakian, Polish, Hungarian, plus any other nationality combinations. America also consists of most of the religions known to the world.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."² America means freedom, liberty, and equality. It assures the individual of recognition and integrity. Tyranny and suppression are dead; long live the American democracy.

America! America! God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control, thy liberty in law!
America! America! God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood, from sea to
shining sea!³

1. "The New Colossus" — Emma Lazarus
2. "The Declaration of Independence"
3. "America, the Beautiful" — Katherine Lee Bates

Free Inequality, the Source of Progress

By Wayne Stuart

In 1776, Americans declared that if they could not be free and equal Englishmen, they would not be Englishmen at all. Therefore, America established her own government and wrote a constitution stating that all white men were free and equal. Later, after a bloody civil conflict, she declared that all men, regardless of race, color, or creed, were born with every legal right that their fellow men enjoyed. This word "equality" has been the password, anthem, and backbone of America.

But to me the whole structure of America is laid upon a foundation called "inequality." This word seems harsh and cruel, but in America inequality is the fuel of progress which burns in the heart of every active citizen. There has never been complete equality among men in the history of the world; however, there had never been free inequality either, until the United States was founded.

The free inequality of the American individual is the greatest gift that he owns. He is not equal to his fellowmen. He does not have the same ambitions, likes, dislikes, appearance, customs, and most of all, mind that any other person on the face of the earth has. Each person is an individual—a free but still different and equal individual.

America has been referred to as "the land of opportunity," but never truthfully as "the land of equal opportunity." There is no such thing in America. There are schools but not for everyone. There are jobs but not for everyone. There are political offices but not for everyone. Each person is limited by his individual weaknesses or, happily, aided by his special gifts. If one man is not given direct access to a goal, he has not yet failed to reach that goal. He must merely put forth a greater effort to compensate for his limitations. He may, on the other hand, never reach his goal, but he has an opportunity—not an equal opportunity, but an opportunity. And through his harder work to attain that goal, he has improved the quality of his standard many fold. American progress is increasing in magnitude and velocity because of this free opportunity for man to be materially better than his fellow, and because of the resulting accomplishments.

America is a union—now, not of states but of individuals. I have tried to point out how unequal individuals are and what a blessing inequality is to them. But the common land of all these widely diverse individuals is the beloved country of America. America is the most progressive nation in the world. What makes her a leader? The answer lies in the continuous, rapid advances being made by Americans in the sciences and the humanities. How were these advances accomplished? The answer is competition among the industries and business concerns all over the country to make their product, whatever it may be, better than that of the other fellow. Who supports the commerce and industry of the nation? The individual striving to better himself drives this gigantic machine. Who supports the individual in his endeavors? America, the Union of Unequals, stands impartially behind every citizen, protects him and his rights, and loves him dearly for being an American individual.

Do We Take America for Granted?

By Tom Steurer

I have a friend whom I should like you to meet; his name is Jerome Mitchell. He is a local banker; he has a very pretty wife and two happy children. He lives in a modest, yet cheerful home, and he has many friends. Our friend, Mr. Mitchell, however, seems somewhat subdued this fine morning, as he rides to work on the same bus that we do. Let's talk to him.

"You there—Mr. Mitchell, what's wrong? Aren't you feeling well this morning, or is it that you are still sleepy?" "Oh, no," says Mr. Mitchell, "I'm neither sick nor sleepy. I was just thinking, thinking about something that we miss in our lives today."

"Who? We? We're all happy, satisfied people with happy families." Thus we shrug off his statement, but our friend is more insistent, and says, "Yes, we all seem happy, but do we really lead happy lives? Or is this just a sea of confusion, where we are floundering about like driftwood? We lack the ability to value our intangible properties."

We meditate on our friend's word and then wonder if what he says holds true. Do we really appreciate the liberties for which our fathers fought two hundred years ago? Do we fully cherish freedom of religion, speech, and press? Do we value freedom from fear?

Let us stop to think a moment. Are we taking for granted the rights for which our ancestors fought and died that we, their children, might prosper? Or are we become worshippers of idols of greed and wealth, selfishness and pride? One may think that this failing applied only to Romans, who at first cherished humility, peace, and democracy; but who later became greedy for land and wealth; and who ultimately, because of their slothfulness, were dominated by other tribes. This same experience may well apply to us Americans. At first we fought for our country with love of freedom uppermost in our minds; but as time went on, we began to clamor for material possessions. The trivial things of life such as padded bank accounts, swank cars, cashmere sweaters and mink coats became important.

But if we are to understand what America can mean to us, and if, in this knowledge, we want to be happier than satiated, tired Jerry Mitchell, then let us remember the basic ideals of life and come to cherish those intangible values which the great Americans of all times have loved—freedom and justice under God.

Welcome to America

By Janet Givel

"Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free."

I've been welcoming strangers to the United States since 1886, when I first began my long vigil here on Bedloe's Island in New York Harbor. It hasn't been easy to stand outside during the cold winter snows, the early spring rains, or with the hot summer sun beating down upon me.

My island isn't as lonely as I thought it would be when I first arrived. That's probably because my job keeps me so busy. Each day I watch over the many ships coming in and out of New York Harbor, and at night I watch the quiet moon shining down on the great Atlantic Ocean. I'm also kept busy by my many friends who come out to visit me each day. In my spare time, which is very limited, I like to think about the progress which my country has made during the past years. I can always remember the first airplane which buzzed over my head several years ago. I was quite frightened at first, but once I became accustomed to the noise, airplanes no longer disturbed me. Now I think nothing of having a fleet of jet airplanes swooping over me, although it usually disturbs my friends.

Another bit of progress which used to arouse my curiosity was the erection of all the tall buildings in New York City. I couldn't see the buildings, but I could surely feel their presence. The wind didn't feel as cold as it had for many years. One day I eavesdropped on a conversation between two of my friends who were visiting me. I heard them talking about all of the beautiful new structures both in New York City, and in their hometowns all over the United States. One of the most recent structures is the United Nations Building, which isn't far from me. Besides being a beautiful structure, it is one of the most important symbols of liberty for nations all over the world. Representatives of many nations, who work together in this great edifice, are all striving toward a common goal, liberty and peace for all the world.

I try to help these people by serving as a symbol of liberty and good will. I proudly hold my torch high above all my friends, so that its beacon will shine down upon them and show them the way of liberty.



"The Lord's Prayer"

Everyday Blessings

By Anne Kutak

I have gone through life taking everything for granted. I had never thought about what America means to me until I was asked to write this paper. Then I started to think about America and me.

As I sat organizing my thoughts, prior to writing my paper, one Sunday afternoon, a series of familiar words kept running through my mind—democracy, freedom, security, and peace. But these words are someone's else's thoughts and ideas, not mine. They aren't what America means to me.

That morning I went to church. I didn't attend my church, but the church of a friend. Now this incident didn't concern me until I started writing my paper. Then it became clear to me that I could have attended any church I wanted.

That afternoon I finished my homework. At first, I didn't consider doing all that work a privilege, but then I remembered an article I had read about the difficult life a Korean girl was having. I realized how fortunate I am to be able to go to school.

That thought of school reminded me of a family discussion of the previous night. My family and I were discussing my courses for next year and what colleges I was interested in attending after I completed my two remaining years of high school. My, I thought, isn't it fortunate that I can choose my subjects and my college.

Just as I reached this point in the paper, the telephone rang. My friend Judy wanted to know if I could drive her to the drug store. As we were driving, Judy told me about the auditorium program planned for next week. A man was coming to speak about communism. Here, I thought, is another point for my paper. The speaker can speak on whatever he chooses.

In school the next day, I heard many of the girls discussing an editorial which had appeared in the latest edition of the school newspaper. The editorial was entitled "Eighteen-Year-Olds Should Not Be Allowed to Vote!" I thought, we surely are privileged to be able to stand against the government and express what we believe. It is also good that we openly express our feelings on any subject we choose.

To me, it is these everyday events in my life, not big words with long meanings, that express what America means to me.



THE ARTS

The best representatives of the arts whether in music, poetry, sculpture, or painting, even in their single works, always express the spiritual state of the age. Today a painting or a sonata is a tightly woven fabric of which the historic warp may often disappear under the richly textured modern yarns of the weft. Nevertheless, the soundness of the weave is dependent on both.

L. MOHOLY - NAGY

Creative aesthetic discipline in the arts has always generated ethic qualities. The inventive creative qualities of the student provide the very soil where new culture may take root. Higher cultural quality can come from refinement and the intensification of the American way of life with a change of *value*. Only if people are spontaneously ready to receive those seeds of an indigenous new culture could these spread and sprout.

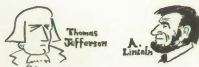
The coordination of our sensory and intellectual forces is necessary to equip us to face the superhuman speed of development and the bewildering impact of new realities.

Creative participation in the arts—writing, music, the dance, drama, and graphic and plastic art will lead to the unity of its manifestations which is the very basis of culture. With an ever increasing quality of performance there is greater critical awareness of the dynamic tradition in the arts and the significance of creative activity for mental growth.

The photograph embodies symbols of eye, ear, hand, voice, and emotional responses to stimulating experiences.



The Growth of the Democratic Ideal



*"We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men
are created equal . . ."*

—THOMAS JEFFERSON

*"As I would not be a slave so I would not be a master.
this expresses my idea of democracy . . ."*

—ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Seeds of Success

By Stanley Kaminski

In mythology we read of the acts of penance which Psyche was to perform to regain her lover, Cupid, and to regain the good graces of Venus, who had given her impossible tasks to perform, because she had displeased Venus. One task which was apparently impossible was to sort certain seeds from a large pile of mixed seeds and to complete this difficult work before nightfall. She succeeded with the help of some divine power.

Success today depends on the utilization of information which is essential to the tasks which men are called upon to perform. The "Key" to the success of many people is their ability to sift from piles of useless material that which can be useful and creative. Does not the critic of movies, television programs, literature, art, journalism, and the numerous other fields of modern creativity find it an integral part of the work to use a very specialized sense of discrimination in his decisions? Very surely he does give recognition to that which is good and rejection to feeble attempts of inexperience.

Discrimination is a sorting of ideas; it is synonymous with intelligence, which means to choose between what is good and not good. Formerly the word intelligence meant the sorting of physical objects, but not in our time. We use the word to indicate discriminatory thinking just as Psyche, now synonymous with mind, applied discrimination in the sorting of seeds.

Every person today can find success through discrimination regardless of the task to which it is applied. The successful housewife buys to suit the needs of her family. The businessman decides what is best for his business. Everyone, whether in business or in a domestic atmosphere, must first weigh the evidence and pass judgment critically before accepting what is given. Life can be fruitful and successful if there is a wide use of the human discriminatory powers.

The Growth of the Democratic Ideal

By Ronald Burton

"We hold these truths to be self evident, that all men are created equal . . ." Thus read the words penned by Thomas Jefferson June 28, 1776. These were perhaps the most forceful words ever conceived by the mind of man of the North American continent, for around them, during a period of a century and three quarters, has revolved the now most powerful nation on the face of the earth!

"All men are created equal!" Those resounding words have inspired many courses of action in the history of our nation.

Now in a different age we feel that the words take on a new meaning. It is now evident that people, working and leisure classes, are more nearly equal through being exposed to the same ideas via radio, books, newspapers, magazines, advertisement, and, most modern of all, television.





Ralph
Waldo
Emerson



Walt
Whitman



Carl
Sandburg

*"Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone."*

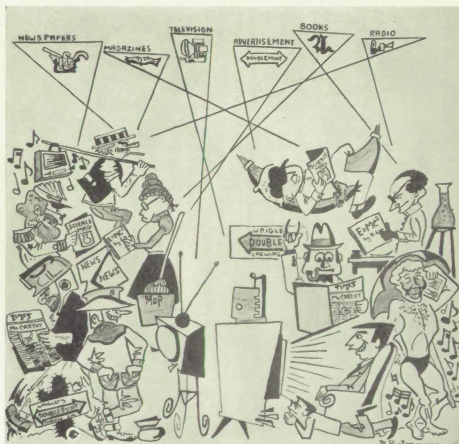
—RALPH WALDO EMERSON

*"O Democracy, to serve you. For you, for you, I am trilling
these songs."*

—WALT WHITMAN

*"I am the people—the mob—the crowd—the mass—Do you
know that all the great work of the world is done through me?"*

—CARL SANDBURG



Sally, who is five, was sound asleep in her big bed when it came. The window was open and it had fallen from the sky, landing on the foot of her bed. At first it groaned so very loud that Sally woke up. It was star shaped and very shiny and as Sally sat there and watched, it began to cry.

"Who are you and why are you crying?" asked Sally.

"I'm Chief Wishing Star," it said. "I was on a trip to the moon when I bent my point on that tree out there. If I can't fix my point I'll never be able to save the land of stars."

Sally could see that one of his five gold points had been bent and some of the shiny gold had been scratched off in his fall.

"Where is the land of stars?" asked Sally.

"The land of stars is a little way past the moon," answered Chief Wishing Star. "If you will promise not to tell anyone and help me, I'll tell you all about the trouble."

"Oh, I promise," Sally answered, "I won't even tell my Mommy."

"You see, I am from the land of stars. The King Star has sent me to the moon to get a new can of twinkle paint. Some one stole our old can, and, unless I hurry, all the stars will go out." Then Chief Wishing Star began to cry again.

"What's twinkle paint?" asked Sally.

"Flying cows!" exclaimed Chief Wishing Star. "Twinkle paint makes the stars shine."

"Oh, I see," said Sally. "Who took the twinkle paint?"

"We don't know that but unless I hurry it will be too late. Can you help me?" asked Chief Wishing Star.

"I think so," replied Sally, "but if I do fix your point, will you take me with you?"

"Yes, yes, but hurry," replied Chief Wishing Star.

Sally scrambled out of her bed and ran over to the dresser. She took a roll of scotch tape out of the top drawer.

"Now hold still," she said.

She slowly taped the point until it stood out just as straight as the other five points. Slipping on her robe and brushing her blond curls, she turned to Chief Wishing Star and said she was ready.

"Now hang on tight," said Chief Wishing Star. "All ready, right?"

"All ready right," repeated Sally as she hung on with all her might.

Out of the window they went, straight up, up, until Sally's house looked like a speck of dirt on the earth's big face.

It was a long journey and as Sally and Chief Wishing Star flew by each star, he would call out to them. "All ready right" and the stars would answer, "All ready bright."

Soon Sally found that they were flying through a star-lit valley. At the bottom of the valley below them flowed a long river of milk.

"What's that down there?" Sally asked.

"Why, that's the Milky Way," replied Chief Wishing Star.

"Oh, may we stop for a glass of milk?" asked Sally.

"Not now," answered the chief, "for we must hurry."

So on they flew until Chief Wishing Star yelled, "Hold on! We are going to land," and so they did with a loud boom!

A little old man in a red cap and green suit came running out of a little hut made of green cheese.

"You there, who are you?" he asked.

Sally couldn't help but giggle when his long white beard wiggled up and down as he talked.

"I'm Chief Wishing Star and this is Sally from earth."

"Well, moon shines," replied the old man, "what do you want on the moon?"

"We have lost our can of twinkle paint," replied Chief Wishing Star. "The king of the land of Stars has sent me here to get some more."

"Oh dear! I'm afraid there just isn't any more paint. You see, the paint was in a magic can which kept refilling every time the paint was used. I'm sorry but you'll just have to find your own can of paint!"

"Then we must hurry back to the land of Stars," said Chief Wishing Star. "Come, Sally, there isn't any time to lose. Good-bye, Mr. Man in the Moon."

"Good-bye, Sally and Chief Wishing Star," replied the old man as he went into his house of green cheese.

Back to the land of Stars went Sally and Chief Wishing Star. When they arrived, Sally was surprised to find that everything and everything was shaped like a star. All of the people had assembled in the king's palace. The wise stars were trying to think of people who might have stolen the paint while the king in his long yellow robe and gold crown paced up and down saying, "Dear, dear, dear, where is Chief Wishing Star?"

When the royal guard announced Chief Wishing Star's return, everyone cheered, but when he added that Chief Wishing Star did not have the twinkle paint, the crowd began to cry.

Chief Wishing Star told the king that there just wasn't another can of twinkle paint. "Everyone must try to find the old can," replied the King.

As the crowd disappeared, each one looking for the twinkle paint, Sally and Chief Wishing Star went to the palace guard room where the can of paint had been kept before it was stolen.

"We must find that can of twinkle paint," Chief Wishing Star said.

"What will happen to the thief, when we do find the paint?" asked Sally.

"He will be sent to the north sky to shine until he has learned his lesson," replied Chief Wishing Star.

They looked all around the room, trying to find a clue that would lead them to the thief and the can of twinkle paint.

"Look!" cried Sally. "What's this?"

"Flying Cows!" replied Chief Wishing Star. "That is a drop of twinkle paint. And here is another! Why there is a trail of them. Come on, Sally, let's follow the drops!"

As they followed the drops of twinkle paint, Chief Wishing Star sang a little song.

"Star light, star bright,

Drops of twinkle paint we sight

We wish we will, we wish we might

Catch the naughty thief tonight."

Sally laughed and then sang the song with him:

"Star light, Star bright,

Drops of twinkle paint we sight

We wish we will, we wish we might

Catch the naughty thief tonight."

When the twinkle paint drops stopped, Sally and Chief Wishing Star found themselves in front of a little star-shaped house. They knocked on the door but no one answered. They knocked louder but still no one answered. So they pushed the door open and there they saw a large can of twinkle paint sitting on the floor. Beside the can of paint sat a little star with a paint brush in his point painting himself with twinkle paint until he shone so bright that it hurt Sally's eyes to look at him.

"Flying Cows!" said Chief Wishing Star. "At last we have caught you, you bad star."

"Bad Star, why did you take the twinkle paint?" asked Sally.

"Oh, dear," cried the bad little star. "All the other stars are so very bright that everyone on earth saw them. I was so dull that no one would even look at me. I decided that I would paint myself with twinkle paint until I was the brightest star of all and everyone could see me. I didn't know that anyone would miss the twinkle paint; and when you did miss it, I was afraid to return it."

"You have caused the land of Stars a lot of worry and trouble," said Chief Wishing Star. "The king will teach you not to be greedy. We'd better go to the palace."

Later when the can of twinkle paint had been returned to the palace guard room and the thief had been taken to the king, Chief Wishing Star and Sally started their long journey

back to Sally's house.

When they reached Sally's house, Chief Wishing Star thanked Sally for helping him recover the can of twinkle paint.

"If you ever have a special wish just say,

Star light, Star bright

First star I see tonight

I wish I will, I wish I might,

Have the wish I wish tonight,"

said Chief Wishing Star, "And your wish will be granted. Goodbye, Sally, and remember; do not tell a soul about what happened tonight."

"Good-bye, Chief Wishing Star," said Sally. "I'll never tell anyone about what happened."

And then, waving one of his golden points, Chief Wishing Star said goodbye. He flew out the window and soon was out of sight. Sally watched him as he disappeared. As she looked out of the window Sally could see in the north sky the bad little star shining brightly. She waved to him and he seemed to wink at her.

She slowly closed her eyes for she was so very tired, and she said to herself "I'll never tell. No, never."

Star light, Star bright

First star I see tonight

I wish I will, I wish I might,

Have the wish I wish tonight."

NOW

A Fictitious Story — By Sharon Mayberry

On December 16, 1953, I sat in the big red chair in our family den and thought that things were at an end. Just a short while earlier my Mother and I had been having an exact replica of the Second World War (at least it sounded that way). It was over such a trivial matter that now I can't even remember what it was. But anyhow, both of us said such terrible things to and about each other—and that is no exaggeration—that I was ready to leave home and she was ready to send me. Let me tell you about it.

Well, as I said, I was ready to leave home and that is just about what happened. After our battle I went to my room and packed my clothes. About a half hour later I came stomping down the stairs with a suitcase in each hand. Yes, I was brave and acting so "know-it-ellish" but also, very sick at heart and lonely. As I came down those stairs a lot of things entered my mind. Let me tell you what a few of them were. First of all, I thought of how beautiful my home was and how my Mother had worked and done a lot of the decorating herself—yes, nine lovely rooms and all filled with hatred and unhappiness. The landscaping outside the house was also very nice. Mother had worked awfully hard on her flowers and the garden which she someday hoped would be the most beautiful in the neighborhood. But me—do you think I was happy and content? Oh no, not "snoopy" Maggie Templeton—I had to have more, much more. Yes—I wanted more. I wanted the love and attention, the trust and understanding which all my other teen-age friends were allowed, and which my parents felt they were giving but I believed they were denying.

Anyway, here I was with two suitcases, my heart heavy, and no place to go. I entered the kitchen and saw Mother cleaning the dishes off and putting them in the dishwasher (or should I say throwing them).

I watched her for a moment. Mother is a little person—five feet two, weighing ninety-eight pounds, with blond hair and blue eyes. She looks quite petite and dainty—on the outside, but on the inside (when she's mad) she is actually worse than the H-bomb.

She paid no attention to me as I furiously walked to the family closet and put on my hat and coat. When she still had said nothing, I turned to her and said, "Well, I'm going and I hope you'll be much happier when I'm gone." She turned and looked straight into my eyes and said, "Maggie, before you go, I want to tell you a story.

Please go into the den and sit down and I'll be in a moment." Fine time to be story-telling, I thought. I went into the den and sat down. Two or three minutes later she came in and sat down in a chair across from me. Slowly, but in a definite tone of voice, she started to talk. The T.V. set was on, so I listened with only one ear. But I guess I must have heard plenty with that one ear because all of a sudden I started to scream and cry very loudly. I remember Mother coming over to me and saying, "Maggie, I didn't tell you this to hurt you and if you don't stop crying I shall have to slap you to stop your hysteria."

The next morning I awoke in a hospital bed in a state of shock and nervousness. Two days later I was home with a new and entirely different understanding of people and life.

For it was on that night of December 16, 1953, that I learned that I was not the real daughter of these people, but that I was adopted. That wasn't the part that hurt so much, but can you imagine my shock to learn that not only was my real Mother spending a term in Dwight reformatory, but that I was an illegitimate child who really when adopted had no name?

Now I understood why these people who had adopted me were so strict. It was really not because of meanness but because they loved me. These two wonderful people had taken a strange baby into their home and given it everything they possibly could. My, but I had a lot to make up to the Templetons for, didn't I? All they asked of me was that I be good and try to be something, and allow nothing to endanger my reputation. But, above all they wanted me to realize that I was still theirs—and I do realize it—NOW.

A Pseudo Egg Story

By Jack Jones

They say that the idea of coloring eggs for a celebration originated in Persia. Easter eggs are signs of new life, and legend has it that they are laid by the Easter rabbit on Easter Eve.

I said that the idea of Easter eggs originated in Persia; this is only partly true. It all began when King Darius of Persia crossed the Bosphorus to invade Greece. The Greeks discovered that Darius was up to his usual "funny stuff," and so they told him to "go lay an egg." He found that the Greeks meant business; so he went back to Persia and laid a colored egg.

In 1807 a young British archaeologist discovered the egg. Thinking that no one would believe that a Persian King could lay an egg, he threw it into a briar patch in dismay. A noted Easter egg authority, Sir Henry Hershell, found a mother rabbit proudly sitting upon the egg. Announcing, "Jove! I've discovered the secret of the Easter egg!" he let the news out to the world. All good bunnies are now proud that millions of children are made happy each Easter.

His Last Buck

By Gale Autry

The Danko family was having a hard time trying to make ends meet. Mr. Danko, a plumber, had been out of work for seven weeks. What little money they had in the bank was soon spent paying bills and buying food. Carole, another member of the family, celebrated a dismal fifth birthday. Her gifts were meager but she cherished even the smallest one. Her father, a kind hearted fellow, gave her last dollar, received from a distant relative for Carole's birthday, to a fellow collecting money for the Noll High School athletic fund. This dollar bought a month's membership in the Blue and Gold Club, a form of lottery, really. Each month a drawing is held and six hundred dollars in cash is given to the lucky person. The holder of the first lucky number is called the president and receives three hundred dollars. There are twenty-three offices with a certain amount of money for each. That last buck Danko so willingly gave up, by some stroke of fate, won his family three hundred dollars. The money couldn't have gone to a more deserving family. More good luck to the Danko family, for in the expense and turmoil of life today, that money won't last long.

While You're Asleep

By Ed Vennon

I hopped out of the car, picked up my thermos bottle and lunch, and locked the door. It was a pleasant evening in early July. Usually it took about three minutes to walk from the parking lot to the plant entrance, but tonight because I was so early, I strolled slowly, enjoying the warm breeze and full moon.

The watchman checked my badge as I walked through the guardhouse and into the plant. Immediately I was greeted by the maze of sounds that were so familiar after only three weeks of work. The buzz of activity grew louder as I moved down the driveway and through the door marked "Machine Shop."

The click of my card in the timebox was drowned out by the roar of a crane passing overhead. The electric batteries which provide the power to run the crane screamed in a high pitch. Beneath the high tone of the batteries came the rumble of the huge frame. Here was the mobility of the shop. Over seventy-five per cent of all materials moved in the shop was carried by crane.

I knew several members of the second turn who were now explaining the jobs already set up on the machines to the relief men coming on third turn. I walked over and listened while Jim Beil, a machinist friend of mine, received his instructions from the fellow who ran the three-foot planer on second turn. Both men wore a serious expression. The wise-crack I tossed at them was not very well received. They merely nodded and continued their conversation.

"Gotta have the job off the tool by five this morning, Jim," came the instructions.

"O.K. Lemme repeat the directions so there won't be any mistake. First I rough down the job, right? Good. Then I finish to within ten ten-thousandths." Jim repeated the instructions just as they had given.

Then second-turn man stood by the machine and watched Jim until the job was rolling smoothly. First adjust the bit, then turn on the motor, and adjust the flow of cooling compound onto the work. Jim made his preparations under the eye of the man who had just finished work. The second-turn man finally left after once more cautioning Jim about his five o'clock deadline.

The acid smell of hot metal and cooling compound became stronger as the machine worked. Jim bent over his job as the bit moved across in a straight cut; his face was a study in concentration.

Walking farther down the small bay, which housed a group of small precision machines, I was conscious of the serious expression on each man's face. I could see eyes roaming incessantly over the work and hands holding the controls in a firm grip. Jim had introduced me to several of the men working their turn. There was Sandy, the old Scotchman, with the sharpest tongue and best mechanical knowledge among the foremen. There was Arne, the huge Swede who ran a crane, and Schultz, the little machinist from Germany. There was O'Neill, the Irishman who always fought with Sandy, and Big John, the giant Negro floorman. All nodded or waved when I passed, but none would leave his work to talk.

The five-minute whistle sent its eerie blast through the shop as I arrived at the combination storage room-tool crib that was to be home for the next eight hours. The mercury vapor lamps sent a purple glow down the rack of chippers, grinders, torches, chisels, and hoes.

The third-turn whistle blew. Immediately the floormen who were to use the tools in my crib formed a line at the check-out window. These men had arrived early to check their job assignments, receive instructions from the second-turn and draw tools. Ten minutes later the floor ran with the sounds of chippers and grinders pitting their power and speed against the toughness of metal. Air whooshed through compressed air hoses to run tools. Calls rang out from hookers to crane-men and back again. Torches gave off acid stench and blinding light as they sliced through even the toughest steel. Big John was an artist with a chipping hammer. His huge hands absorbed the shock and his hands dwarfed the chisel as they held it in place.

At lunch Jim came over to the crib to eat with me. He sat down, wiped the sweat from his face, and began to munch on a sandwich. With his free hand he gestured as he talked about the huge casting set up on the G&L milling machine.

"Biggest casting ever made," he said. "Sure don't know how they're gonna ship it when they finish."

"A hundred and seventy tons; that's sure a lotta metal."

The very sight of the thing awed me.

"That little job of mine makes me feel inferior."

"Yeah, I know how you feel, but we have to handle all sizes."

"I suppose so. Well, I gotta get goin' if I'm gonna meet that deadline." He moved off with a quick firm step. It had taken him exactly seven minutes to eat.

Two hours later Sandy came running back with an order for some material in the store room. He fumed and sputtered until I came back with what he wanted. He said, "You'd think we had all night around here." I just grinned; it had taken only two minutes to get the material from the store room.

At quitting time I saw Don Beil, Jim's brother. He was to work on the casting on the G&L. "It's a big responsibility, but I wouldn't trade places with another man in the shop," he said.

As I walked out the door on my way home, I noticed the safety sign. "The machine shop has now worked one hundred forty-three days without a lost-time accident." Beneath it was another sign. "A new record was set in the past three months for tonnage machined."

As I got into the car I mused, "So much done in so little time with so few accidents."

The Beach at Night

By Allen Tucker

Shoving the last sandy potato chip into my mouth, I picked up my blankets and walked away from the dying fire and the few campers remaining awake, who were roasting marshmallows. I went back from the lake and the littered sand near the shore to a small mound that offered some shelter from the chill night breeze, there spread my blankets, and crawled between them. When I finished arranging the sand and squirming into a comfortable position, before me lay Lake Michigan and the night sky in all their magnitude.

On either side the white sand, shimmering dully in the starlight, sloped down to the lake. Tufts of grass, driftwood logs, and eroded ridges splashed the glowing beach with soft, black shadows. Near the shore, the last pink coal of the fire winked out. Sheltered from the wind, I received no impression of motion; all was quiet, shadowed, and still, a portrait in black and white.

Beyond the sand the vast, black mass of Lake Michigan lay like a sleeping giant, its small swells but slight indication of its potential strength. It extended in a great arc, bounded on the south, west, and north by only the dim line of the horizon. There were no sound, no light, and only a hint of movement in the blackness; but it radiated a feeling of eternal, unconquerable power and life.

Suddenly, a yacht moved in front of me, its boiling wake and bright, flashing lights disturbing the dark quiet of the scene; but the blackness quickly and irresistibly covered it and peace settled once more.

Surrounding the beach and the lake was the deep blue-black, limitless dome of the sky. The moon had not yet risen, but the sky was flecked with innumerable sparkling points of light, more than I had ever seen before. The constellations began to form, standing out from their millions of competitors. As I stared, the stars gradually floated closer, engulfing, absorbing everything. They and the endless void of empty space around them became more real than the lake, the beach, the very sand I was lying on. No longer did my surroundings attract me; I could not move, even turn my head. I could only stare, hypnotized, into the void that was black but dazzlingly bright, infinitely distant but near enough to touch, empty but crowded. I no longer belonged to the Earth, the dunes, or the sand; I was a part of the infinite heavens, closer to them than to anyone or anything else. With these thoughts, I fell asleep.

Death?

By Mary Hensley

Death? This was my first thought. But let me start at the beginning. It was a cool spring evening in April. I was waiting to cross the heavily traveled highways on my way to the store. All the light from the stores, street lights, show, and cars were glaring in my eyes so much that when I looked into the dark parking lot across the street, all I could see were stars. I was thinking what a perfect night this would be if all the hot lights weren't staring me in the face. How nice it would be this time of the night in the country with the clean, sweet smell of flowers, and the quiet solemnity that is typical of the country. But then—back to realism.

There was a break in traffic—or so I thought! I didn't see any cars coming but I was mistaken. All of a sudden there was a screech of brakes. I don't know exactly what happened. It all happened so fast! All I can remember is that I saw the car coming straight for me and in that instant, the car was like a horrible, huge, ugly monster. It whirled through my mind like a rollercoaster. When I awoke from unconsciousness, I was startled beyond words. I couldn't figure out where I was. Everything was all white and spotless. Then still not fully conscious, I thought I was dead. It was another one of my quick thoughts. When I did regain my senses, I was so overcome with happiness at being alive and seeing my mother that I wept. My mother was frantic. She thought I was hurt. She was relieved to hear that I could go home in a week.

There was nothing the matter with me except a few cuts and bruises. There was nothing broken but my pride; I kept thinking I must have been blind or dumb or something to walk right out in front of a car and get hit. My friends teased me and asked me how badly I had dented the car.

It was an unforgettable, frightening experience and one that I hope I never shall have to go through again.

One Faith

By Wayne Stuart

Today's world is in a condition of conflict and disagreement, and "man's humanity towards man" seems to have been long forgotten. Man seems to have no respect for anyone but himself. Each person goes his own way disregarding the condition of others and dogmatically thinking that his action must be right because he is doing it.

In this unsure, corrupt world there is only one constant, only one common goal, only one universal belief. Every man on earth believes in the supreme being in one degree or another. People who can't possibly have anything else in common hold a common fear of losing favor forever in the eyes of this power. Men who live lives so different that they hardly belong in the same world with each other hope to attain the same goal, His kingdom. Some men fear Him, some love Him, some envy Him, some pity Him, some worship Him, and others merely keep Him in mind; yet all are ever conscious of His supreme majesty. There are those who claim no part of Him and even disclaim His very existence. Yet these people live by His laws and enjoy the richness of His bounty. His laws have become the laws of men, and no man disobeys the laws of men who is not eventually punished. His influence exists over all things and cannot be escaped. He feeds the needy, aids the poor, makes little children happy, provides for the aged, entertains the workers, makes busy the idle, rebuilds the devastated, maintains good health, and, most of all, provides a meaning for life.

Who is this supreme benefactor of mankind? Yes, he has a name, and it is familiar to everyone. His name is money! Money is the basis of man's single belief. Money is the universal password. Money is the law of men. Money is the inescapable influence. Money is the thought in every man's mind. Money is that supreme power of the world which is so strong that men will gladly lay their immortal souls on His guillotine to gain his favor and blindly obey His every command. Money is the Lord High Executioner of today's politically pagan world.

DANCING—A DANCER'S LANGUAGE

By Dorothy Soja

Dancing has been my ambition and ideal for a number of years. I want to be a dancer because dancers are a group of the most praiseworthy people in the world. In this profession difficulties, found in no other line of work, are met with and overcome with such ease and a spirit worthy of much applause. Mastery of technique, which a dancer possesses as a result of hard work, gives her a feeling of self satisfaction.

Youth and beauty of body are unessential to a dancer. Rather one should possess grace and poise and the personality of the art. Physical endurance and patience are also factors required.

Although the dancer should have a cultural background, a college education is not necessary, unless one desires to teach the art. Dance training begins early in life while the body is flexible and can be easily bent. In a good beginners' ballet school one learns the principles of dancing, after which a more advanced training should be secured at the excellent schools of dancing in larger cities. During training a dancer's motto is to practice constantly.

The schedule of the career woman differs from that of an ordinary office worker. Office jobs necessitate mental and physical labor, though mental labor is more prevalent, while dancing consists principally of physical labor. The dancer's daily routine consists of hours of practice. Early rising, getting proper sleep and good meals go hand in hand in making the dancer.

Advancement is based on the type of dance major one is. In the line of, chorus and other professional dancing, the field has become filled to its fullest capacity and offers little reward for the average public taste. In classical ballet there is room for advancement if one the student becomes a member of a troupe where she can dance small parts. Then she can rise to become a "Second Dancer." Following and is well along the way to success. She becomes a "Prima Ballerina" The greatest honor ever to be given to anyone is that of "Ballerina Assoluta." Few have reached this goal but to the ones that have, it

est ease, using the least strength.

The greatest drawback of being a dancer is the shortness of the career. After putting the best years of one's life into practice, one is finally acknowledged as the better dancer. Not long after someone else takes her place.

Every year the dancer receives a vacation of two or three weeks, but she still continues her daily exercises. A vacation to a dancer merely means the absence of engagements for a while. This vacation and other social life is important and cannot be left out, because with so much physical strain a breakdown can be easily suffered.

Salary for a student in training in a company ranges from thirty to fifty dollars weekly but increases as she does in fame and talent and sometimes reaches a thousand dollars weekly.

The art of dancing is a beautiful one. It is a means of expression which expresses moods better than words. But the capability of this muscle and nerve control requires some work. Even though I may never become the kind of dancer I dream of, I will work hard and just the self-satisfaction of dancing and meeting the world in doing so will be reward enough for me.



That's Hammond

By Nancy Mason

Yes, it was the night before my big day in Hammond. The momentous decision had come. You know, I'd thought quite a bit about this, but I just couldn't believe tomorrow I'd do it!

Oh, no doubt you're wondering who I am. Gosh, I certainly did mean to tell you before this. Why, I'm Lanx. Just an ordinary American who thoroughly enjoys life and living to the Nth degree.

My story unfolds on a rather warm day in September. To be exact the date was . . . ah . . . ah . . . gee, an important date as this was and I can't even remember the day. Oh, yes. . . it was the tenth. As I was saying before I had a lapse of memory, there I was! All night I had tried to sleep in the hotel, but all was in vain. Train after train kept going by—tooting and puffing till I thought I'd go mad. But then, that's Hammond!

By 7:30 a.m., on that memorable day, the whole town was beginning to smell like—well, imagine the worst thing you've ever smelled—that was it—that's Hammond. I tried to surround myself with sweet-smelling shaving lotion. The result: nix. I soon began to wonder whether it was I that smelled so bad or just my surroundings. I soon began to pray. What, oh what would Ella think if I walked in, on the biggest day of my life, smelling like a garbage disposal unit?

My mind soon began to race wildly. It was already 8:00 o'clock. "Just think," I said to myself, "two more hours of being free! Lanx, get a hold of yourself, old boy—this is what you wanted." Then like a voice out of nowhere came—"Oh, is it really?" "Damn that conscience; it still bothers me like that even to this day."

As I realized it was 8:15, the worst of all happened. It's a custom in England, where I lived for many years, to put your shoes outside the door. The next morning upon awakening, you would find them standing in the precise place you'd left them, but all shined, looking like new. To my horror, when I looked for them that morning, I realized someone had stolen them. Gone, my twenty-dollar shoes, gone! I then gathered such a custom was not in vogue in Hammond. Luckily enough, I had brought an extra pair with me. The only trouble was that they had holes in the bottom. "Oh well," I said, "I'll be standing on them so nobody will ever know the truth."

By this time it was 8:30. I must get dressed, I thought. As I finished dressing, I became aware of the fact that I had

tied my shoes together. I can laugh now, but at the time it seemed like a tragedy. You see, I didn't realize this until I started to walk and fell flat on my face. By now I had broken out in a cold sweat.

Where, oh where, were my cuff links? Oh, no, I had left them in Chicago. So, after much thought, I used paper clips.

By 9:30 I was almost too nervous to stand. Only one-half hour left. I decided I had better leave. I finally dragged myself to my car. As I slammed the door, I painfully realized I had made an error! You see, my fingers were still in the door! After speeding to the hospital and receiving three stitches in my hand plus a ticket for speeding I had seven minutes to go. Oh, I just knew I'd never make it.

Just then it happened. In front of me the gates went down. "Oh no, Lanx, this just couldn't happen to you," I said. But then that same little unknown voice said—"Oh, couldn't it?" Now my whole body began to tingle. Nine-fifty, my watch said. As I began to tell myself my watch was probably ten minutes off, it always was a little fast anyway, a sly little voice said—"Quit kidding yourself, Lanx; YOU are going to be late!"

"Good grief," I exclaimed at ten after ten, "I'm late." You undoubtedly wonder by this time why this day was so important to me. Well, you see, it was my wedding day—and I was late. But I guess—that's Hammond!

Smokestacks bear witness to the labor of the furnaces from which is born a vital substance—steel for homes—steel for industry—steel for America—steel for the world—steel to make life more full for us. Glowing, bright sky in the night—power and beauty.

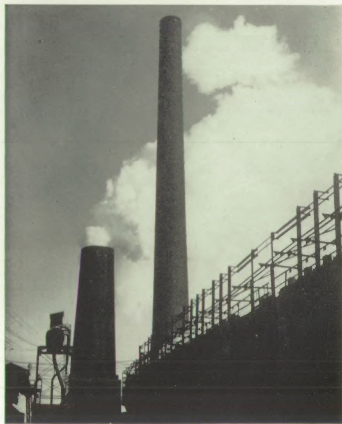


Photo by Inland Steel

A VACATION IN MILWAUKEE

By Elsie Lutz

Have you ever visited Milwaukee, city of beauty and excitement? Milwaukee—home of busy harbors where gigantic steamers bustle to and fro, bringing products from many lands, home of large industries: meat packing, food products, metal products, machinery, leather, chemicals, and textiles; home of the Milwaukee Braves, the pride and joy of Wisconsin; and last, but not least, home of "Schlitz," the beer that made Milwaukee famous.

I had my first glimpse of this city at the ripe old age of twelve. You see—I went to visit my aunt and uncle during a summer vacation.

I left for the train station at seven o'clock in the morning. I had had a terrible time getting up so early, and I had almost decided to stay home in bed. The weather didn't help to encourage me. Despite what the weatherman had reported, the weather was miserable. Buckets of rain seemed to be pouring from all directions. Since I'm not one of those people who like to "sing in the rain," I wasn't very happy about the situation. Each drop of rain seemed to laugh at people who had to leave their nice, warm houses. Every once in a while the whole sky would rumble as if it were going to break and fall down to earth in millions of pieces. The world seemed very peaceful, except for the patter of the raindrops and an occasional flash of brilliant lightning.

Well, believe it or not, I finally reached the train station. I got aboard the train and sat down in a seat next to a window. I wasn't very much thrilled about this trip; in fact, I would rather have been home in bed dreaming about some wonderful adventure and forgetting about the weather and other unpleasant matters. Disregarding the fact that I had just eaten breakfast, I got a candy bar out of my purse and began to nibble it while I read a comic book. This wasn't very much fun, since the chocolate on the candy bar had melted and didn't taste very good, and the comic book, which was about Donald Duck and his romantic experiences with Daisy, was very boring. I tried to look out the window in order to see the beautiful scenery which had been advertised on the travel folder, but the window was all blurry from the rain. It seemed as if we had been riding hours and hours and as if the train had lapped up miles and miles of land. Then—finally—the conductor called out, "Next stop, Milwaukee!"

I got off the train and looked around. I didn't see anybody I knew. I began mentally to make a list of things I could do if my aunt and uncle didn't come: I could get a job, I could call home and tell my parents what had happened, I could — and then I found them.

They took me to their home in the suburbs of Milwaukee. I did all sorts of things while I was there, but the thing I liked best of all was to go swimming in the waters of nearby Lake Michigan.

One day when we went swimming, we were surprised to find the streets and the beach completely vacated. It looked as if the world had been deserted. To find a beach which is not occupied by a single person is very difficult to do, especially on a hot summer day. Usually you can't even find a big enough spot on which to lay your blanket. We felt very lucky to have miles and miles of sandy beach for ourselves.

On our way home, we noticed a lady who was sitting on her porch, shading herself from the scorching heat of the afternoon sun, and lazily gliding in a porch swing. As we passed her porch, she sat up and stared at us as if we were the first human beings she had ever seen. It wasn't until we arrived home that we learned why the town was so quiet and peaceful. There was a polio epidemic, and everyone, including us, was supposed to be quarantined. I had to be examined and given special permission to go home.

I had a very wonderful vacation, but, like most good things, it had to come to an end sometime. I thanked my host and hostess, and I got aboard a train for home. I arrived "back home again in Indiana," in time to eat supper. And naturally it was raining!

City and Country

By Ann Wagner

Compared to the quiet and peaceful atmosphere of the country, the big city is the noisiest place on earth to live. Many hours before the average city businessman turns off his alarm, the farmer and his family have awakened to the confident crow of their rooster. The hustle and bustle of the city begins just before nine as businessmen rush to work; bells clang loudly, horns honk impatiently, policemen whistle frantically, and traffic assumes a loud and monotonous roar. Meanwhile, in the country the cows moo contentedly during milking hours, as the small dog barks furiously at the newly-made scarecrow. Meals in the country are ecstatic—their exquisite aromas drifting gently to the hired hands at work in the field, while meager lunches in the city are bolted hurriedly. The businessman abruptly stops work as the courthouse clock boisterously peals the hour. The farmer sometimes works far into the evening if the haying must be done. City inhabitants climb wearily into bed after a boisterous game of cards and usual nightcap; country inhabitants tumble into bed after song and prayer. At last comes the time of peace for all—the undisturbed eternal peace of rest.

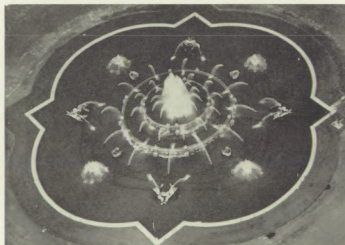


Photo - Chicago Tribune

The Buckingham Memorial Fountain

Of particular loveliness in the Chicago area, the Buckingham Memorial Fountain is located in a beautifully landscaped area in Grant Park. Figures of bronze seahorses, majestically playing, surround a central figure. In the evening, rainbow colored lights play over the fountain and enhance its beauty.

My Father and Education

By Ed Vennon

I have been extremely fortunate in my young life to meet and talk with many people in the field of education. If I were to choose one person, however, who has motivated my desire for higher education, that person would be my father.

Dad never had a chance to go to college. He was working even while attending high school. My grandfather died when Dad was fourteen. Since Dad was the oldest of three brothers, he went to work to help the family. Because he was willing to give up his own chances, my uncles received their educational opportunities.

All through my life, ever since I have been old enough to understand, Dad and Mom have urged, and even insisted, that I attend college. Dad has often told me how a college degree would mean so much to his advancement in his work. Through hard work and experience he has achieved all the practical understanding he needs in the field of engineering. He has told me that all he needs is the theory to back his practical experience. Theory on a subject can only be given in college.

Dad has the same general appearance as most middle-aged men. He has a balding forehead, a growing expanse around the waist, and a few gray hairs at the temples. After a hard day, circles appear beneath his eyes, and a frown encompasses his brow.

Dad is primarily a family man. He enjoys an evening out, but he gets just as much pleasure out of relaxing at home. Dad enjoys home cooking a great deal, but he often relieves Mom of her kitchen chores with a dinner and show in Chicago. People have told me that upon meeting Dad they are struck with his neatness, his willingness to undertake a task, and the authority with which he speaks about his job.

Dad enjoys working around the home. His ability at carpentry was shown when he built my room onto our present home. Dad used to be an architect and still draws a little in his spare time.

With all his background, people wonder why Dad still appears to be searching for something. I think that lack of the opportunity to go to college explains a lot. The one goal that Dad has never reached is a college degree. It alone has eluded him. True, he's not a millionaire, but who is? Dad can earn a comfortable living for his family. He provides us with all the necessities and many of the comforts of life. The only desire my father has left is the chance to go to a university.

Dad has never tried to make it seem that a college sheepskin would smooth all the bumps. He maintains that everyone should give of his best at all times. Dad only argues that a degree supports hard work, making advancement come quicker.

Part of Dad's educational interest stems from the fact that he has done a great deal of officiating in athletic contests. He became acquainted with many men in the educational institutions in Ohio and Indiana. He realized that these people could help his son.

Upon realizing that I would soon be ready for college, Dad became active as an athletic scout for a prominent mid-western university. His many friends in the athletic department have repaid Dad by aiding my entrance to this university.

I know that the one goal that my Dad failed to reach in his lifetime will become real for him when I receive my college degree. I have no doubt that I'll make it. I'm not sure of the field, but I'll make it. Dad's too wonderful a person to let down. My father may not be the most highly educated man in the world, but his respect for education goes deeper than that of anybody I have ever known.

A Good Friend

By Karen Schuler

Queen, our dog, had just killed a long fat striped garter snake. I inched away as she shook it again to make sure it was dead. As I looked at the snake from that distance, Paul rushed forward, picked up the dead body, and ran towards me as he held the snake in front of him. Somehow I beat him into the house and managed to lock the door before he threw the snake at me.

That incident took place ten years ago. In these ten years I have watched Paul change from that prankish child to the young man he now is.

At the age of eleven, Paul played many tricks on his friends like chasing people with snakes. Being of a curious nature, one day I asked Johnny, his close buddy, why he persisted in playing with Paul. Johnny's reply was simple. "Oh, he's a lot of fun."

Well, I asked him if he didn't get "sore" at Paul for playing all those tricks. Very seriously Johnny retorted, "Those tricks never hurt anyone. Paul wouldn't do that. Besides, it's fun to watch him think up all that stuff. I wish I were that clever."

Shocked as I was to hear all of that thought come from Johnny, I tried very hard to see it the way Johnny saw it. It's true that Paul got some hearty laughter from his friends. That must have been why Johnny thought that he was fun. It is also true that Paul never intentionally hurt anyone. Oh, he caused a few bruised elbows and knees on some friends when he would run his bicycle into theirs accidentally, but he became very silent for perhaps two hours after the incident. He would stare into space, and not even the faintest sign of emotion would appear if something unusual happened. Once he told me that he used to think about the many ways in which he could have prevented the accident. He said that he would see the scene over and over again in his mind during these silences.

Now Paul is twenty-one years old. Instead of looking like the tallest skinniest kid his age, as he did ten years ago, he now looks "well proportioned for his age," as his mother has said. His characteristic bitten-down fingernails with no moons on them, and his large shiny forehead are still a part of him.

Neatness has also stayed these ten years, the only change being that now he keeps his shoes instead of his bicycle polished, and his face instead of his dog clean.

He has lost all the prankishness that was ever in him. He still enjoys good laughs and at times good tricks, but the tricks that he pulls make the receiver of the trick laugh also. Paul also laughs heartily using the same thrusting out of hands that he used to use to show his joy.

He has not lost any of his cleverness which used to be used in playing tricks. He now uses cleverness when putting words together, and for this reason he can be just about any type of likable or dis-likable person, depending upon the situation.

The situation though does not alter some of his old habits as perhaps it should. His legs and feet are sprawled out whenever possible. He forgets about respectable table manners sometimes, and when he does remember, the redness slowly creeps way up to his forehead.

He is not bothered by "these trivial matters," as he puts it. He once said, "As long as I'm happy, and am not hurting anyone else in being so, I am contented."

Heaven is the biggest cloud in the sky.

—Alden Lee Gates

Humorous Bus Lecturer

By John Vapensky

Jim Capps is a rather small and squat, but jovial man. His double chin and round midsection give him a chubby appearance. Oddly enough, he bears a remarkable facial resemblance to the Soviet Union's head man, Malenikov. When questioned about this resemblance, Jim said, "Yeah, but I'm from Brooklyn."

Jim is a lecturer on a sightseeing bus in New York City. On a recent trip, through New York, made by a large group of students from the Hammond high schools, Jim and Bill, the bus driver, guided forty-three of us through the city. Of all the students and busses that toured the city, I had to pick a bus with a comedian as the lecturer.

Jim's humor had all of us laughing throughout the trip. In a Jackie Gleason manner, Jim told jokes, tricked us, and acted out many of his jokes.

A shining example of his humor was the time when he told Bill to be sure to hit his quota of pedestrians for the day. As one red light he saw a man about to cross in front of the bus and shouted to Bill, "Easy now, Bill!—Just a little closer, Bill! A little more to the right now! There, you got him—Oh, you missed him!"

At other points along the tour Jim would exclaim, "Quick, look to the right!" We would all swivel our necks around to the right and he would say in a boyish voice, "There's a building. Isn't it nice?" Moments later he would shout, "Quick, look up!" And after everybody looked up he would quip, "There's the sky. Isn't it pretty?"

Jim's humor had me laughing so much when I watched his actions that I missed several places we were told to look at. When we passed a manhole and loose manhole cover with steam coming out of it, Jim quickly quipped, "Look, Bill, our house is on fire." This was a timely joke because he had just finished telling us about the crowded living conditions in New York City.

Nearing Chinatown while driving through a slum area, the bus was stopped at a red light. Here, Jim showed that he had two sides as he pulled a mean joke on a poor old man. Jim glared at us with his big black eyes, flashed his shiny white teeth, and as he combed his long black hair, he shoved open the bus door. I wondered what he was up to now. I soon found out as Jim stepped down into the street. The shabbily dressed, unshaven old man was picking dead flowers from a garbage can. With a pitiful expression on his baby face, Jim started bright-eyed at the old man and asked in a girlish voice, "Are those flowers for me?" Then he added, "Oh, thank you, thank you, kind man." We failed to see any humor in this joke and the majority of us groaned. The ragged old man saw no humor either and paid no attention to us as he nonchalantly walked away with his new possession, the dead flowers.

Jim acted quickly and cleverly to cover up and to regain the student's respect. He raised his hands, in bandleader fashion, and directed our groan in musical unison so that it sounded like "Oohhhhhhhhhhh." Again his humor had made him a hit and the incident was forgotten.

Later in the day we all got soaking wet from the heavy rain which covered New York City all Saturday afternoon. We were soaked during our ferry boat ride to and from Bedloe's Island, where the Statue of Liberty is located. When we left the boat, on reaching shore, we dashed through a heavy downpour to get back to our busses.

When all forty-three students were again seated on the bus, Jim came in wearing his khaki-green uniform and he, too, was drenched to the skin. Here, the thirty-five girls all wanted to go back to the hotel, rather than visit the Empire State Building. The girls polled the students and gave Jim the results. Jim stood erect, his head more or less drooped down-

ward to the right, and looking up and down the aisle at us, shouted, "Oh, you're all wet!" His humor hadn't left him.

We did stop at the world's tallest building, but only to pick up tickets so that we might be able to visit there later, on our own time. Most of us did get to go back that night, which was a free night for all the students.

Jim gestured with his hands and crossed them over his heart as he pretended to weep when we got out of the bus and said goodbye to him at the hotel.

As I was one of the last students off the bus, I shook hands and said goodbye to Jim, one of the most interesting men that I have ever had the good fortune to meet. Oddly enough, he told me that he acts that way on all his lecture tours.

Dave

By Merrill Hubbell

The day was cool for the usual end of July weather, but Dave felt hot and sticky as he bent over the staggering pile of papers and books that covered his desk. In spite of the long sunny days of the summer, Dave's usually golden-brown skin was still winter pale. This summer his unruly sandy-colored hair had not been bleached almost white by the sun. His fingers, strong and smooth, had not grown rough and calloused from the customary summer chores and activities. The muscles of his shoulders and arms didn't have the aching but satisfying feeling that comes from harvesting the summer's crop or rowing across the lake to meet some friends and see a movie in the tiny county town.

Dave missed the long busy summer days spent on his grandmother and grandfather's farm. For all the summers he could remember he had left his own home in the steaming city to stay in the comfortable informality of the farm. Dave seemed perfectly suited to the life of a hard-working farmer. Ever since he had spent the first vacations on the farm, everyone had thought that someday he would carry on after his grandfather. As he grew older, Dave came to look more and more like his grandfather. Now, at nineteen, he stood six feet two inches, and he had already acquired the slight stoop of a man who had worked long hours at back-breaking jobs. Working in the fields under the blazing sun had made crinkles at the corners of his eyes where he had squinted to protect them from the glare.

For six years Dave had worn large horn-rimmed glasses that gave him a scholarly appearance, which seemed out of place with his athletic build. He had acquired the habit of looking quizzically over the top of his glasses when anyone was trying to discuss a serious matter with him. Dave could never resist pulling devilish tricks often and when people least expected them. An excellent barometer of his devilishness was the expression of his mouth and eyes. His mouth had a way of grinning at only one corner giving him a deceptively innocent look. But his eyes betrayed the real lack of innocence. They sparkled and shone in the delighted anticipation of some devilment, while his mouth turned up in that lopsided grin at the sight of his handiwork.

But Dave was not all fun and kidding. That summer he surprised everyone by announcing that he was going to study to be a doctor. He gave up his summer vacation in the country to stay in the city and begin his studying. Although his family had been a little surprised and disappointed at first, they soon were proud of the sincerity with which Dave attacked his new goal. The summer on the farm that he loved so much was lost, but now Dave was well on his way to reaching the goal that would make his life complete.

My Aunt

By Shirley Renaud

One day I decided to drop in on my aunt and see how she was getting along, as she had just had her left kidney removed in an operation only a month before, and I thought maybe I could give her a hand.

"Come on in," she said when I knocked. I did so, and much to my amazement, there she sat in the middle of the kitchen floor with three of her girls, aged two, four, and six, playing "jacks." "Hi," she greeted me, "I needed someone to help eat those three pies I baked this morning."

"For goodness sakes, Auntie, get off the floor; you're liable to have a relapse!" I exclaimed.

"Oh fiddlesticks," she said, "you people are trying to make an old woman out of me," and then she added with a wink in my direction, "Okay gang, game's over, run out and play before I knock your heads together!" The "gang" skipped out. Auntie and I continued talking until her six-months-old baby, Betty Jean, started crying. "Pardon me a minute while I go get Number Four," she said, "and while I'm gone, why don't you sneak another piece of pie."

In a short time she was back, baby in arms. We continued talking, only to be interrupted again, this time by a wail in the direction of the backyard and a childish voice that cried, "Momma, Mary Jo hit me!"

"Well, hit her back and shut up before I come out there," my aunt answered with a twinkle in her eye.

And so it went during the rest of my visit. She changed a diaper, washed three dirty faces and six dirtier hands, made three peanut-butter sandwiches, heated a bottle, peeled potatoes, answered the doorbell, rescued Number Three from Numbers One and Two, dried Number Three's tears, changed a diaper, and tied a knot in a broken shoelace. All the while she kept talking to me and smiling. I left her house with an invitation to come back Sunday for some chocolate cake to help her celebrate her forty-fifth birthday!

The Omniscient

By Margie Drexler

There is an individual of my acquaintance who has a very complex personality.

He would make a marvelous actor. He can shed crocodile tears at the slightest provocation; he can portray agony such as the world has never seen when he stubs his toe; he can produce an angelic smile at a moment's notice.

He would also be an admirable gourmet. He has tested every food known to man; although he prefers bread and jelly.

He is a wonderful athlete. His main sports are marbles and kite flying.

His musical talent is limited to whistling but he improves every day.

He is (in his opinion) the world's greatest authority on everything.

Here he comes now. Would you like me to introduce you to him? Meet my nine-year-old brother, Mike.

Hands, The Most Remarkable Tools of Man

By Tom Lucas

Hands are very interesting pieces of human tissue and cartilage. They are used for many professions and jobs. A doctor uses his hands to bring life into the world and to keep life in the world. A potter shapes a drab, discolored piece of clay into a sparkling piece of art. A machinist uses his hands to form the strength of our nation, tools to shape cars, boats, tin cans and baby carts. A mother fondles a baby and expresses her love with these pieces of Godly art. A father without these could never have the fatherly companionship with his son that he strives for. A little boy wouldn't be able to wipe his dirty hands on a towel and a little girl couldn't skip rope, rock her doll or play house. The hands do all that bring peace, happiness, discontent, intelligence, feeling, and destruction. They have decided history indirectly; for example: Napoleon expressed some of his most explicit views in his letters to Josephine. Hands have definite importance in shaping our lives and futures.

My Gramps

By Stanley Kaminski

Of all my relatives, I think my Grandfather was the most vivid. He used to take me for walks through the park in the summertime when I was small; he used to tell me the myths and stories of old Lithuania, where he was born and where he spent the happiest moments of his rich life. He would sing me the beautiful folk songs, the dainos, which tell of a peaceful, happy life in the fields by the shores of the Baltic and the River Neumas—but he was a good American through and through.

He was that happy medium—a person who combines a loving memory of the old world and a loyalty to the new.

This February 16, 1954, was celebrated by the Lithuanian-Americans as the thirty-sixth anniversary of Lithuanian independence, and in our family circle there was an air of celebration as the time approached. Poor Gramps! Everyone was seen with a smile on his face, but Gramps was sick in bed and was told he shouldn't go to hear the speakers and see the dancers of the celebration.

Gramps had been in bed for a few days with a cold and was over the worst of it by the Sunday of the celebration.

As we were about to leave, he came out of his bedroom dressed in his grey suit, pulling at his stiff white collar and his tie. He looked very handsome and his grayish-white hair and moustache matched his suit perfectly.

We stared. "Why, you shouldn't be going out the way you feel," we told him.

His feelings seemed hurt. "If this kills me, I'll know I died, not flat on my back, but remembering and celebrating with the people of my fatherland; I'm going."

It was more than gratifying to see the tears streaming down his smiling face as he stood and sang with the large gathering the National Anthem of Lithuania—"Lietuva Tėvyne musu (Lithuania, our fatherland)."

* From Lietuvos Hymnas, Vincas Kudirkos.

Mardi Gras

By Max Anderson

"Hurry, hurry, hurry. Step right up, folks, and see the greatest show on earth." So went the 1953 Hammond High Mardi Gras, which packed the schools halls with thousands of jubilant carnival-goers.

Bigger, better, and more colorful than ever before, the "main event" climaxed an entire week of furious preparation and promotion, including a parade through Hammond's main business district.

The "big top" of the midway was the auditorium where the Hammond High Association staged a talent show pitting the four classes against one another. The freshman portion of the program featured acrobat Margot Krieger and Mary Lou Kutak and Katie Crumpacker, pantomime artists. The sophomore class was ably represented by vocalist Mary Janet Kaska and guitarist Del Kacher, while the juniors boasted a program starring vocalist Mary Zudock and pianist Carol Anderson. The sole senior entry was dancer Dorothy Soja.

After leaving the auditorium, carnival-goers could round out the evening with food and fun, perhaps stopping at the Hi-Y's soda pop stand, the Spanish Club's candy booth, or the "Affie Tapple" shop sponsored by the Y-Teens.

For the brave there was the Speech Arts Club's "spook house," for the finned there was the H-Men's Aquatic Exposition, and for the energetic, dancing in the cafeteria, sponsored by the choir.

The Calumet Herald's "Kozy Kove," the first Mardi Gras concession sponsored by the paper in years, was so jammed that two extra performances were scheduled and mobs were turned away. The popular "Kove" offered a tropical atmosphere, south sea refreshments, hula dancers and a host of other talented performers.

Other popular attractions were the J.C.L.'s Cake Walk, the Expanded Arts Club's gift booth (free sketches of the customers were drawn), the German Club's coffee shop, and the plant booth sponsored by the members of the Plant Club. During the evening one could keep in touch with his friends via telegrams, which were delivered by the members of the Pre-nursing club.



The Hammond Magic Club

By Paul Barton

The work of the Hammond Magic Club is one example of what teen-agers can do constructively. Our group of six boys, ranging from sixteen to eighteen years of age, entertain for orphanages, charity groups and other worthwhile causes. During club meetings new shows are planned, criticisms are exchanged and a discussion on magic in general is given. Each member has a varying degree of interest in magic. Some hope to be professionals, others just want an interesting hobby. All are magicians—constantly trying to improve themselves and their acts.

Whenever possible a professional is invited to our meetings.

This club not only illustrates what teen-age boys can do to better themselves, but also what they can do to help others.



Etiquette

By Dan Barrett

In society there are certain rules and regulations that one must follow to make his way of life more pleasant.

Imagine what this scene would be like if all of the ladies and girls were shoving and elbowing their way to the table. Visualize several girls trying to fill their punch glasses at once. Imagine the mess and confusion which would result.

At Hammond High we learn how to get along with other people. We learn how to conduct ourselves at an occasion such as the one in the picture above. Basic rules of etiquette are taught to us in classes. Opportunity is given to us to practice and exercise what we have learned at teas, banquets, and formal dances.

Etiquette, which can either open the door of success or violently slam it in our face, is a daily thing. It is not something which is to be placed in the top dresser drawer to be drawn out only on special occasions. It is rather a useful daily item for all occasions.

Election Day at Hammond High

By Dan Barrett

The sun was brightly shining. The air was warm and humid. It was a balmy, beautiful, spring day. The birds were chirping and whistling. Spring had come to Hammond. While spring had come to Hammond, election day had come to Hammond High. It was the day of the primary.

All of the whistling was not done by the birds. Many of the candidates went about whistling and humming gay little tunes. Many candidates' faces were beaming as brightly as the sun. Each felt that he was the candidate that was going to be nominated for the finals.

At two o'clock the sky grew blacker. The clouds began to pile up. The sun was blotted out. The birds heard for their nests. There was an ominous feeling in the air. The sky continued to darken. Meanwhile, the candidates' gay smiles turned to looks of grave concern. The worries began to pile up. Now was the crucial hour.

By the end of school the sky was black. It began to lighten and thunder. Then the sky hurled down buckets of water. The beautiful shining day was gone and in its place had come an ugly, dark thunderstorm. Inside, during the twenty minutes after school, the candidates anxiously awaited the moment the officials would announce results. The smiling happy faces were gone. The cheerful humming had ceased. Silence and fear had taken their place. Then as the results were read, the thunderstorm ended. Some spots of the sky once again emerged a beautiful blue. Other spots remained, however, black and forgotten until the next morning. So also was the case in school. Six of twenty-two hopefuls became the shining whistling students that they had been before school. The other sixteen went out disappointed and forgotten until the next morning.

The Jump

By Bob Krudup

I was twenty-one years old and just another private in the paratrooper division at Fort Benning, Virginia. I had been in the Army for four months and during that time it was tough.

Our Paratrooper Company, about 115 men, had been training four months to get into condition to be first class paratroopers. They toughened us up with a lot of roadwork for our legs, pushups and pullups for our shoulders and arms. They taught us jump commands on a dummy plane exit. We had "suspended agony;" that is, we were suspended on a stationary far above the ground and we learned how to control and guide our supporting lines.

Jim and I did many things together. We had met each other the first week we came to Fort Benning. It seemed as though Jim was always the better in anything we did together. At times I got so mad at him that I would have liked to do him in. In the last weeks I had grown more and more jealous of him and had even begun to hate him more than before.

Our basic training was almost over but the part every new paratrooper had come to dread, just like a taste of suicide, were the three big jumps. The three jumps were made from planes flying at different heights and under different flying conditions.

This was the first jump. There were two planes with about forty-five men in each plane. Jim and I were sitting side by side in the second plane to take off.

The day before Jim had played a dirty trick on me. First he put little stones in my boots before we went on a hike, then he messed up my paratrooper pack which must be in perfect order before one can pass his weekly inspection. The First Sergeant took away my next weekend pass and put me on kitchen duty for the next week. Jim was driving me crazy and I looked anxiously for a chance to really fix him good.

As we were sitting in the plane I thought of something which would fix him. He was talking to one of the other men so I reached my arm around in back of him and opened his parachute pack. I quickly released the rip cord and closed up the parachute pack.

I knew that he would be terribly frightened when his chute did not open after he had yanked several times on it just as a church bell ringer pulls on the rope which rings the bells in the belfry. He could always use his auxiliary chute I thought. But what if it didn't work! Oh, well, it was too late then, because we were standing up and getting ready to bail out. All the while I was standing there, the thought of his crashing to his death worked on me. It gnawed on me just as a rat gnaws on a rotten floor.

I started to tell something but the commanding sergeant out-voiced me with our familiar orders, "Jump hard, count to ten, pull the rip cord." I jumped and my chute opened, I floated downward as the seeds from a cottonwood tree float around on a windy summer day. My one thought was what I could do to save Jim. I realized what a fool I had been and I also knew there was a slim chance of my saving him. Then I remembered that he had jumped after me and that there was just a slim chance that he might come speeding down beside me.

There it was, his sprawling body, clutching thin air. I reached out quickly in a desperate grasp. I felt the rough cord from his suspension lines and began to pull as hard and fast as I could. It seemed as though a miracle had happened and that's just what did happen.

We both landed safely on my parachute and all I remembered then were handshakes, pats on the back and congratulations on my heroic rescue. Sure, I was a hero all right, a hero who was almost made into a murderer by jealousy.

Foreshadowing

By Ted Shatkowski

People murmur, machines hum,

Motors run, bombs whistle.

"Shall we attack?" the attacker asks.

"Shall we defend?" the defender says.

"Should we run?" the coward whispers.

"Should we fight?" the hero yells.

"Will we win?" the child sobs.

"Will we lose?" the man stammers.

"What will we do?" the people shout.

... Men are torn between War and Peace.

People argue—Men are torn between War and Peace.

Countries quarrel—Men are torn between War and Peace.

Nations fight—Men are torn between War and Peace.

Is it War?

Is it Peace?

Remembering

By Barbara Collingwood

Some things happen in a child's life which he will never forget. Sometimes it is a horrible punishment or maybe an extremely exciting incident, as was one of mine. The following is an account of an incident which I will remember forever.

Most girls don't know what it is like to see their father for the first time in five years. I am one of the unfortunate ones, though. When I was about three years old, my father was called into the army to fight for those he loved. Mother was unable to keep me because she had to work. We decided it would be best for me to go to my grandmother's home.

Of course I received letters from both my parents occasionally and then I was the happiest child in the world to know that they still loved me.

Grandmother often told me stories of what kind of work Dad was doing and those stories were always something to look forward for.

On the evening of August 14, 1945, we were eating dinner and, as usual, listening to Gabriel Heatter. All of sudden he shouted "Ladies and gentlemen, the war with Japan is officially over!" My uncle jumped up, ran to the bedroom, got his rifle, dashed outside, and began shooting at the sky. Immediately, all the men in the neighborhood were doing the same. My aunt, grandmother and I could do nothing but cry for joy, because my three uncles and my father would be coming home soon.

Finally the day came when we were to meet Daddy at the station. That was a wonderful day in my life because I hadn't seen him for five whole years and I didn't even remember how he looked nor how he acted. There I was standing with our little group at the station. I was wearing a new blue taffeta dress and new black shoes. We heard the train coming with the whistle blowing loud, and the men shouting for happiness. Then the train stopped with a jerk and men came running out, calling for their families.

Then I saw him! I ran to embrace him and began kissing him. I was so happy I could have screamed. All of a sudden my grandmother seized me and scolded me. I had mistaken a strange man for my father. We apologized and, embarrassed, walked back to our crowd. I was near tears with disappointment.

Then a handsome young man walked toward us. I was sure he was my father, but for assurance I glanced at my grandmother. She nodded. My heart beat hard with excitement and delight. I flung myself into his open arms and kissed him. This time it was my father. I will never forget that moment of perfect happiness.

The Auto Show

By Bill Korba

The forty-sixth Auto Show, an exhibition of late model cars and future dream cars, held at the International Amphitheater in Chicago, had as its theme, "Wheels of Progress." This show gives the public a chance to compare the different models and makes of current cars. Also it gives the automobile industry a chance to meet the public and see just what it wants in cars and accessories.

The average exhibition goes just looks and ooh's and ah's but many take advantage of the opportunity and actually compare the different companies' products to see which automobile is most practical, which gives the most for its price, and which is just a flashy shell.

There are many push button exhibits and other such mechanical doodads which illustrate the mechanics of power steering, power brakes, etc. Such exhibits as these help the buying public to understand more clearly these technical problems.

The dream cars such as Ford's Thunderbird and Cadillac's La Sabre are not in production. The idea of their display was to give the public a material display of the ideas floating around the designing departments of the manufacturers. Through questionnaires and discussions with the public, the designers get a general idea of the wants of the buying public. The public's reaction to these experimental cars will determine the course of designs the manufacturers will take.

Although the new cars show more streamlined bodies and beauty, the manufacturers are stressing and making the greatest advances in the comfort and safety of the passenger. Cut-away models showed how designing was built around the safety factors. The cut-away models showing the internal construction and design were interesting.

The great advancement in comfort and safety is clearly shown and it brings to mind that not only in the auto industry has this advancement been made but in industry as a whole.

Through auto exhibitions such as these this development is made possible. The public, being educated as to what is being done in the auto industry, makes certain demands; and the auto industry, working on the public's demands and ideas, advances another step with the whole cycle constantly repeating itself.

I think the trip to the Auto Show was very worthwhile because not only did I see what is being done and how, but also I learned that I too, as a prospective buyer, play a part in designing and building of an automobile. I now understand the mechanics of the "power" features and ball-joint suspensions. I now more clearly understand problems of automobile designing. And most important, I now more clearly understand how to buy a car.

I Scare Easily

By Charlene Liegerot

About two weeks ago I was baby-sitting next door. I was to stay there from eight-thirty to two o'clock in the morning.

It was nine o'clock when I had finally put the two little boys to bed. One of them was holding his fire engine and the other had his double-barreled shot gun.

At last I settled myself on the couch with a mystery book and a glass of Pepsi Cola. I think it was about eleven-thirty when I came to the conclusion that the girl's boyfriend had killed her because of jealousy. I also decided that the mystery was one of the best I had ever read. At that same moment I looked out of the window in front of me and saw a small hand rapping lightly on the pane. I was so horrified that I just sat there. I could just imagine that same hand that was rapping on the window strangling me slowly to death. Finally I came back to my senses only to realize that the hand had disappeared and the rapping had stopped. The next thing I remembered was standing at the telephone telling my Dad that the hand was coming in after me. He kept telling me that when people

are sleeping they very much dislike being disturbed. At last I succeeded in telling him it was no prank and that he'd better come next door immediately if he ever wanted to see me alive again.

The two houses are close together so I looked out of the kitchen window and saw my Dad come rushing out of the house pulling his over-coat on over his bathrobe. He called my name so loud it probably woke up the whole neighborhood. I meekly opened the door and saw my Dad standing on the porch with the little elderly lady across the street. They both came in and she explained that she saw me baby-sitting, so she decided to bring some magazines over for me to read. She said she knocked on the door, but I didn't answer so she went around to the side window, and knocked. She is very short and the window is fairly high, so she could just barely reach it with her hand extended high over her head.

My Dad and Mrs. Trimble both went home laughing. My Dad has told everyone he has seen, since that time, about how scared I get over a little nothing. I don't care what anyone says; I'll never forget how scared I was.

Walking in the Rain

By Larry Plunkett

I believe walking in the rain is fun. After the heat of a summer day a walk in the coolness of a shower gives you a feeling of contentment found nowhere else. As you walk in the rain, you have a feeling of security, as if you were the king and all the raindrops your subjects. In a light shower there is a feeling of warmth inside of you when you think of the rain which soaks into the earth. The feeling of rain on your face after a long, tiring day makes you feel a new person. I like a slow stroll in a shower, for then I am as a king among my subjects.

My Job

By George Pasaros

After practicing lettering for about three months, I finally felt that I would be able to qualify for a position in a sign shop where I might acquire experience that would help me in my later study of art.

I began with the sign shops around Hammond, but not one of them had a place for me. One of the sign painters told me not to be discouraged if I didn't get a job. He said to go out and look for small jobs with stores until I was well acquainted with the work. On my first day of looking I found nothing. Toward the end of the second day I had covered all of the shops and gone to the last place on my list.

Here things looked brighter. The proprietor needed help, but he wanted to see a sample of my work before he said anything definite. This is what I had been waiting to hear. If I could make a poster to his approval, the job would be mine. I thanked him, jumped into the car and hurried home, my mind full of possibilities of my future job. When I got home, I told my mother what had happened and immediately took out my materials and started working on the poster. My mind was working faster than my hand, and inside I had the feeling of a professional illustrator, gathering materials to put into my poster and trying to arrange them in the most effective way. When I was finished, I rolled the poster up carefully until the next day when I was supposed to show it to him. I went where he told me to meet him and waited for him in full confidence that I would be accepted.

After a while when he didn't show up, I began wondering. About an hour later he came in, explained why he was late, and asked for my sketch. I stood next to him watching his face and waiting. After what seemed to be a long time, he looked up and said that it was a good job. The job was mine.

As I walked away, I tried to keep the smile on my face as small as possible and tried to keep my feet on the ground. My heels seemed to have an unusual amount of strength, as if they wanted to send me running up into the air.

Son of Scotland

By Judy Meyer

I can almost see Mr. McCary as he took me on his knee and told me stories by the hour. I was only four years old but I remember the time as if it were yesterday. My! How his long, snow-white beard intrigued me. I would stroke the silky curls and ask, "Is it cotton?" Then he would lean back in his chair and laugh heartily at my curiosity.

For a gentleman of eighty-five, his face had few wrinkles. He had deep-set, sparkling, grey-blue eyes. Perched on his nose was a pair of gold-rimmed glasses. His large, muscular hands had been accustomed to many years of toiling on the farm. He spoke in a deep, soft, mellow voice, with a strong Scottish accent.

The story I remember best was about his proposal of marriage. At the age of nineteen, Alec was living with his mother, three brothers, and one sister in the Highlands of Scotland. One day his mother said, "Alec, it's time you were thinkin' of takin' a wife."

"I thought for a while 'bout many bonnie lassies," said Alec, "and finally chose Margaret. So I hitched up old Tartan and rode three miles to call upon Miss Margaret. Her family invited me to stay for dinner. After the meal we sat in the parlor. We talked of many things and finally I straightened my tie, nervously cleared my throat, and popped the question."

Just then he paused and slowly drew out his long pipe. His fingers fumbled through his pockets in search of a match. Becoming impatient, I said, "Oh, please go on, Mr. McCary!"

He smiled, lit his pipe, gave a few short puffs, and continued, "Margaret said she'd give me an answer in one week."

Though Alec had never courted Margaret previously, she consented to become his wife. They were married two months after his proposal. Mr. McCary's voice quivered as he told me that she was "pretty as a picture in her lacy gown of white."

He squeezed my hand as he said, "What a wonderful land America is. A man can own land and be his own master. There are no cruel lairds who collect property rent. Child, always remember there is opportunity for all in America."

"Margaret and I bought an 80 acre farm in southern Illinois. For almost twenty years we lived happily together."

Suddenly, he narrowed his eyes and clenched his fists. He said in a loud voice, "Then one spring day in 1891, the hired hand forgot to close the pasture gate. The bull escaped while my wife was in the yard hanging up clothes." His voice dropped to a whisper and there was a tear in his eye. "My beloved wife was torn to pieces. But I couldn't stop living because I had a fine daughter to look after."

He gave a sigh, patted my head, and said, "That's all for today."

My Soul's Peace

By Andrea Kalan

I love to walk through a thunderstorm
While the lightning cracks up the sky;
And the spatter of rain specks the dry, dry plain
As each gust of wind rolls by.

I enjoy my stroll as the heavens' bowl
Spills its watery contents askew;
Each living thing drinks the life that it brings
To awaken its spirits anew.

See billows of black like smoke from a stack
Hover over each trembling head?
Then fear not, dear friend, for the storm nears its end
And the sun gives us nothing to dread.

Though torrents have ceased and danger decreased,
I'm still not appeased—but in pain;
Then I smell the cool rain that has flooded that plain
And my soul is in peace once again.

Over the Rainbow

By Tom Steuer

As I look through my windowpane,
I see the falling pearls of rain
Dropping, falling, hitting, crash!
Attack the glass with liquid splash.

I recall the wintry days
When I was searching all the ways
To find Spring's rainbow, known of old
On my hunt for Summer's pot of gold.

Before, the grade was hard to climb
To reach that rainbow so sublime.
But now the rainbow's end is seen
And Summer's gold is there again.

Spring has come—the downgrade's easy.
School's out; nature's green and breezy.
Proserpina's in Ceres' fold,
And I've reached Summer's pot of gold.

The Stranger

By Aldora Graf

At the public library just off Hohman, people had been pouring through the front door for the past twenty-five minutes. People, waiting for a free librarian, were standing three deep around the huge desk in the center of the room. Some had already been waiting as long as ten minutes and were still waiting.

As I walked to the bookcase just in front of the "no admittance" sign, I heard the screen door bang shut. It was very early in Spring to permit the heavy glass doors to stand open. Involuntarily I looked up to see if I could recognize the patron coming in. He was a stranger.

The man was tall, sturdily built, in his fifties. He took off his cap as he came up the stairs and walked slowly but directly to the main desk. There he waited with the rest of the people. Many were chattering ceaselessly as they waited, but the tall man just stood there quietly.

His coarse hair in hues of gray and black was neatly combed, although, rebelliously, it half stood up. For such a warm day the man's heavy red and black checkered jacket (lumberjack's type) seemed out of place, although it was hanging open. Underneath it I could see his clean workshirt open at the collar.

As the crowd began to dissipate, the man moved closer to the counter and laid his hands on it. His hands reflected his face. They were clean although they were large and lined. His face, too, was slightly lined and, although his face was set in firm serious lines, the wrinkles about his eyes created a curious smiling effect. A small dimple sat in the very center of his firm, square chin.

Although the people around him became impatiently quiet, frowned and bit their lips, this man's seemingly immobile face never changed.

When I returned from the back where I had been for the past few minutes, I saw one of the librarians approach him and ask, "What may I do for you?"

Smiling, he replied in a quiet, clear and well-modulated voice, "Excuse me, ma'am, but have you a book on volcanoes?" "What kind of book are looking for? Something very technical?"

Well, it's this way," he replied. "My son asked me about how volcanoes are made, and I don't know peanuts about 'em, so I thought I'd get me a book so me and my son could learn about 'em together."

"I see," responded the librarian. "I do believe you'll find what you're looking for up those stairs behind you, in the children's room."

"Thank you." He smiled, turned and left.

Accomplished Ambition

By Diana Cook

For the past seven years, I have participated in an annual music contest which supposedly determines one's degree of ability at the keyboard. None of the succeeding years, however, is quite as important as the first one. I was eleven years old when I began my career in contest. My piano teacher and I had selected a number with such an impressive title—"Four Variations on a Theme by Paganini" (and I must add in small print, "slightly simplified version.") But there would be no "Butterflies on the Lawn" or Romping Rabbits" for me certainly.

My mother and father accompanied me that Saturday morning and we sought out the drafty church where I was to prove my worth. Other prodigies like me scattered themselves about the room and we listened to each other perform. Finally my name was called and I carried my music over to the judge, remembering my teacher's final words, . . . "and remember to open the music for the judge."

As I sat on the squeaking bench, I knew that this was the time I had to play best. Every practice session and piano lesson for the past months had built up to this one performance. I can still remember the make of piano which was used but I don't remember my thoughts while actually playing. I probably finished my number, retrieved my music and left. The next step was to learn my rating.

It wasn't until later in the day that I could learn the fateful decision. On bulletin boards were posted all the names of contestants and eventually next to the names would be written I, II, or III.

Later in the afternoon the crowd around the board grew larger. People closed in, tromping on each other's feet, vainly seeking the numbers which had not been stated yet. Finally a bespectacled, efficient woman came trotting down the hall armed with fountain pen and the ratings. A cheer arose from the throng and the crowd royally swept aside. Quickly she jotted down the numbers and one could hear shrieks of pleasure or moans of disappointment as the budding artists saw their respective numbers.

I worked my way forward and looked for my name and I saw next to it a neat, blue-inked "I"! I looked again and it still said "I"! I felt satisfaction and contentment and I was glad I had worked for it.

The Farmer

By Margaret Turpin

For here you see a man of toil
Who makes his living from the soil,
A man who loves his native land;
Who loves his God as few men can.
His hands are worn,
His beard is frayed,
His face is hardened by every day;
But somewhere 'neath his bushy brows
His kindly eyes are all aglow.
His hat propped back upon his head,
His shirt of roughly woven thread;
His trousers worn, but clean and neat;
With sturdy boots upon his feet.
A man of broad and hefty build;
Who swings an axe and a scythe can wield.
Who plows a furrow broad and deep,
And hopes that bountiful crops he'll reap.
He gazes at the azure sky
Watching the snow-white clouds drift by,
Thanking God that he's alive,
And praying that all good will thrive.
For here you see a man of toil
Who makes his living from the soil,
A man who loves his native land,
Who loves his God as few men can.

He is One

By Toby Stern

A flower lifts its face to meet the dawn;
A tree branch wears a new vivacious green.
The sun extends her fiery arms to day;
And all can know that God has made this scene.

A melody floats from a lilted bird;
A symphony is made of forest sound.
Laughter writes a happy carefree tune,
And it is known that God is all around.

In Africa the God may be of stone;
In India He's known by many a name.
Some think of Him as Three; and others, One,
Yet His meaning is essentially the same:

That Something is more powerful than man,
That Something great made flowers, trees, and song,
That Something somewhere gives us life and hope,
And Someone's near to us the whole day long.

Though each of us who dwells upon this earth
Is taught in his own way God to conceive,
Through all the globe He reaches near and far.
He is but One to all who can believe!

My Musical Award

By Kay Millies

My grandest musical accomplishment was achieved on the "doghouse." The doghouse, in case you haven't heard, is the greatest member of the violin family—greater than the violin, greater than the viola, even greater than the cello. It is so great you have to stand up to play it. It is called, in non-musical circles, the bass viol. The bass viol, when in playing position, stands on the part that a giant would place under his chin. It is played with a clumsy bow in an awkward manner.

The city solo contest time rolled around in my seventh grade year and my Junior High School music teacher felt I could play in it. It was to be held at Hammond High School, that school of "almost grown-ups," on a coming Saturday morning. First, second, and third honors were to be given those of special skill.

The selection of a solo piece for a seventh grader on the bass viol is not an easy task, but when the teacher at last chose one he felt suitable, I set off on the tedious path of practice.

Few worked more diligently than I. Each morning I arose earlier, arrived at school more quickly, and practiced longer. Others also were there slaving over their beloved instruments. The oboe player was inspiring, the trombone artist out of this world, and a saxophonist was simply sensational (the last observation may have been colored by the fact that I was overwhelmed with puppy love every time I looked at him).

As solo contest time drew nearer and nearer, my anticipation and fear mounted higher and higher. My practicing became increasingly fervent—I just had to memorize this selection.

On the morning of the day, the doghouse and I arrived separately at Hammond High. I must confess that I forgot much of my fear when I entered this monument to learning, only to have it rush back to me as my turn approached. I have no doubt that I was the most scared doghouse player competing.

I dragged my bass to where the judge signified, my accompanist gave me a nod and—I was playing. I couldn't think about the music. I couldn't try to remember. I just played for centuries, it seemed. When it was over I had an empty, senseless feeling that lasted the whole hour that I remained awaiting the results. When the official did post them, it took me a while to gather the courage to look at them.

My feelings were mixed—joy, relief, pride. I had first. But there were no names for second and third places. The notation at the bottom accounted for it completely. It read—Only one competing.



Pat

By Babs Seely

I was born in a coal truck garage during a dreadful thunderstorm, which meant death would walk among us.

Later in that week I was to discover that I had four brothers and three sisters. All of us were well bred but weak English setters.

During my second week of life, I saw men come and take away my cold and stiff brothers and sisters while Mom watched with soft, forlorn eyes. You could tell how helpless she felt. By the end of the week only two of us were left, Jack and I.

Mom couldn't take care of us, because she was sick, so she watched the rest of us leave. I felt sorry for her for she had no one now, but there was nothing I could do.

Jack and I were taken to a place in the country where we were hand fed until we were old enough to eat solid food. Here we lived for three months, and were probably happier than most people.

The two children of the family played with us and took care of us until on the last day of the third month when Jack left. I don't know where he went, but I do know that I was so lonely for him that I cried every night for a week. During the day I was always with the older of the two boys, Sam. We went for long walks and I chased butterflies as Sam carried his BB gun to shoot any bird I might kick up.

I'd say it was about two or three weeks after Jack left that I received another kennel mate. Her name was Joan. She was about the smartest and most beautiful pointer you would ever want to set eyes on. Freddy, the youngest son, was her owner; but I was Sam's dog and a closer relationship between a boy and his dog could never be found.

I had grown fast from the time I had arrived until I was five months old, but in the next few months I grew faster than you can imagine. My feathers were no longer fluff, but long, silky, soft hairs of white. I was small for a setter, but Sam didn't care, because he loved me so he couldn't see straight. But much to my surprise this didn't count when it came to my obedience training, which is a preliminary in the training of a good bird dog. He made me mind whether I wanted to or not, so I learned quickly.

Sam was only seventeen when he completed my field training, and entered me in my first trial. I came in almost last in points, but the judges said that I had a good future. At every trial I got better until I got my first winner's trophy. I thought Sam would burst that day, he was so proud.

When Sam was twenty, he neglected me for quite a while. I couldn't figure out why until he got married. Sue, his wife, hated me, because on her wedding day I had my third litter of pups. So they didn't have a honeymoon. Sam stood up for me saying that it wasn't my fault, but she claimed that I could have waited a few days more at least.

They had been married about seven years when Sue was killed in an accident that crippled Sam. Sam was all alone now, for they didn't have any children. This is where I come back into the story, because I was his life now, and we went back to the trials. It was wonderful to see my own children and Sam's other dogs take almost all the honors.

You know, now that Sam and I are old and stiff, it feels good to be in the trophy room, to look at all my family's prizes, and to remember all the important things that happened during the time we have lived and will live.

Bugs

By Bob Velock

Little bugs, big bugs, red bugs, and green bugs, Pretty bugs, ugly bugs, nice bugs, and mean bugs.

Why! Oh, why do they always pick on me?

The fly, the mosquito, and the teeny-weeny flea.

They bite me when I'm sleeping, they bite when I'm awake; If you've ever tried to hide from bugs, you know they're hard to shake.

Mistreated

By Stanley Boleski

"I act as postman in my home, and today I went to fetch the mail as usual. Among the letters was one that especially appealed to me. I felt quite sure that it was for me. I ripped it open, sniffed the contents, licked it, when lo and behold, my master appeared. I meant no harm, but he thought otherwise. He pushed me outdoors where I sit now. I am sad and I think I'll run away. Then he'll be sorry!"



Photo by
Stanley Boleski

Peter

By Paul Barton

I would like you to meet Peter, an aquatic burrowing and egg-laying monotrematous mammal. In other words, he's a platypus. Peter doesn't know about all the fancy and scientific names humans have fancied to call him. He knows only that he has a funny-looking duck's bill, an awkward beaver-like tail, a body much like a groundhog's and fore-feet like a duck's. To himself he's a mess! Peter is hardly ever happy. He is hardly ever seen playing and he is never seen with any other animals. Peter, even at his age of three, has experienced the bitter meaning of prejudice.

Although he looks partly like a duck, he is not accepted as "one of us" by them. It is the same with the beavers, the groundhogs, and every animal he meets. So gradually he accepts the fact that he is not wanted by anyone, even though he never grows too tired to keep trying to be "one of the gang."

One day, while taking his usual morning stroll, Peter discovers something new and strange-looking hidden in a bush. It is like a big, empty box with walls made of wooden bars and it has a heavy string connected to the top of the front wall. The string holds the wall from sliding all the way down to the bottom.

Suddenly Peter remembers having seen one of those boxes before, long ago, except that it had a rabbit caught in it. He knows that a box like that is not nice to be in because he remembers how the rabbit could not get out of it even though he tried and tried.

Quickly he wabbles back to warn the others. He finds the ducks but they won't listen. It is the same with the beavers and groundhogs.

Later that day a few ducklings are found missing. Peter finally persuades the animals to follow him to the cage where the ducklings are found trapped and struggling to escape their prison. After a careful study, Peter pulls down on the string and the door rises, allowing the ducklings to go free.

Today you will never see Peter unhappy looking. You will hardly ever see him when he is not playing and he is never seen without his very good friends, the beavers, the groundhogs, and the ducks.

Monkeyshines

By Ann Wagner

Last time I visited the zoo, I was inclined to feel that the monkeys had the edge on us humans. All day long they view human nature in a purely unrestrained form, which is often a better comedy than any Broadway hit. Three small boys, who had stood for an hour gazing with undisguised fascination at the monkeys' antics, broke into unrestrained howls as their harassed father led them firmly away. A small girl, completely enraptured in the magic of it all, stood contentedly feeding the monkeys her lunch. A rather elderly looking man crowed gleefully as his peanut was caught by the scrawniest of the monkeys. A young lady with a refined look stopped a moment to peer disgustedly through her monocle into the peanut-shell littered cage. Distracted mothers were reunited with their frightened offspring, as equally distracted fathers searched diligently for a misplaced parking stub. While gazing thoughtfully at the world's least appreciated, yet most talented, actors and actresses, I realized how boring it would be for the monkeys if there were no people around to amuse them.

Horses

By Margaret Nelson

Did you ever watch a horse when it runs and jumps and plays? When it takes a lump of sugar from your hand?

Did you ever see a mare and her tiny little foal In a pasture run and whinny, laugh and play?

Did you ever watch a horse, tired and hot, cool his body By rolling, rolling in some cool black dirt?

Have you ever felt his velvet nose or long smooth neck, Or his rippling, running muscles when you ride bareback?



The Silent World

By Ronald Burton

Picture if you will, an aged man, clothed in rags, reclining against a wooden box, sitting along the twisted rails of an ancient Monon. Behind him creeps a man wielding an axe with the thought of murder in his mind. His mind reads: "When ther's hair in the sights, ther's meat on the table!" Back on a hill behind him a woman suddenly recalls. "Don't kill him, Edgar, He's your uncle from the Harbor!" Her mouth open to voice this, but no sound comes forth. The axe swings; the man falls. Horror crawls over the axe slinger's countenance. "Zeus! It's my uncle from the Harbor!" he thinks.

Let's analyze this situation. Why were these events necessary? Why was Edgar's Uncle Freddie sitting there in the first place? It seems that since Uncle Freddie is unable to speak, he had to walk since he couldn't buy a train ticket or tell a cab driver where to go. He was sitting next to the tracks, cooking a can of beans, because he couldn't go into a restaurant and order food. Now we see also, that Uncle Freddie was lost because he couldn't ask directions.

Now why did Edgar run up on Uncle Freddie with his little old 18 oz. lumberjack axe? The reason is that Edgar could not buy any food or even steel any, therefore he resorted to Cannibalism! All of this merely because he couldn't speak.

Edgar's wife, Martha, could have warned him had she been able to beller. Ah, but if the problem were only this simple! Congress is at a standstill! The police force is thoroughly disorganized! All of this has happened!

Why! Just because, by some quirk of fate and nature, man has been shorn of his most powerful weapon and most needed sense . . . his voice!



Just a Daydream

By Jill Luelken

Have you ever sat in a study hall with tons of homework to be done? And, instead of occupying yourself by performing these necessary evils called studies, you just sat gazing out of the window. You watched people dart in and out of doorways trying to conceal the pleasure I felt deep inside of me. "I stant dull thud of the rain against the windows. It was such a dreary day!

"Congratulations on your latest hit, Miss Caruthers; it is really sensational! That son will be heard on every juke box and radio in the country within a matter of days or a few weeks, I'll wager."

"Why, thank you, Mr. Lawrence," I said nonchalantly, trying to conceal the pleasure I felt deep inside of me. "I only hope that you are right!" That was my desire: to have people the world over humming and singing a melody that I had written. "And, I sincerely hope that my simple melody will bring many a happy smile to the faces of people with troubles of their own, making them forget their problems, if only for a moment. That is what music is for."

"Well, I'm sure this one will be as successful as all of the rest of your songs. Say, I forgot to tell you something important! The Metro-Goldwyn Mayer motion picture studio phoned and the music director wants to use it as the theme for a new movie they are planning to produce. If they use it, your song will be a hit without any effort at all. You seem to get all the breaks!"

"Cynthia, do you have a pen I could borrow?" a quiet little voice inquired from behind me.

"Huh? Oh, sure. Here!"

My thoughts began wandering aimlessly from one thing to another. I began humming to myself, a familiar melody I had heard that morning. Melodies were always running through my mind, even when I was trying to concentrate. No wonder my grades have been what they have been. Maybe I have a touch of insanity that I know nothing about. I'll ask mother

tonight!

My trend of thought remained on this particular song for it seemed like hours, when suddenly, without any warning, I heard a melody different from one I had ever heard. I had invented it without even realizing it. Without thinking, I reached over and grabbed Sarah's ruler. "Thanks, Sarah. I'll just use it a minute."

It was half an hour later when the bell rang and the ruler was returned, but I had accomplished what I had set out to do. I had written down that melody and the words just came to me without any effort. Once I had begun writing, I couldn't stop, and the new ideas kept popping into my head, faster than I could possibly write them down.

Mr. Lundgren was looking at me now, questioning, as if to say, "My, I wonder what is the matter with her! She's actually studying." Ah, but he didn't know what I knew. I had concocted nearly eight lines of a melody and words to accompany it, and he probably thought I was slaving on my math problems. Oh, well, what he didn't know wouldn't hurt him.

Very late that same night, or rather morning, because it was 3 A.M., I woke up with a start and jumped out of bed. The last two lines of my song had finally come to me.

The next day, since I was bubbling over with eagerness to tell someone about it, I told one of my closest friends. She suggested that I talk to Mr. Rider about it. I didn't have the faintest notion as to what I could tell him, or how I could explain what I wanted, but I decided to see him anyway.

Mr. Rider and I are going to record my song now, and the record will be sent to all the publishers we can find in the phone book, with a pleading note, "Please, buy me!"

Even if my day dream gets no further than it has now, way, but it has, at least a part of it. Only the future can tell what may happen, but I can daydream about it anyway, can't I?

Sixteen

By Roy Young

I don't know when I first began to really notice Betty. We grew up in the same neighborhood, and she was just one of the gang. On her sixteenth birthday, Betty's mother gave a surprise party for her and invited all the old gang. It seemed funny that I had never noticed how attractive she was. Her hair hung long and silken over her shoulders, and her dress was made from some frilly kind of material that matched the color of her eyes. That's another funny thing; for as long as I had known Betty, I had never noticed that her eyes were blue. I guess some of the other fellows felt the same way I did, for I noticed they kept glancing at her all evening.

It's strange what a year can do to a person. A year before, she had been just a plain ordinary girl sporting a beat-up pair of shoes and a pair of baggy blue jeans. She was the best third baseman in the neighborhood, and could knock out as many street lights with a bee-bee gun as any boy. Now she seemed so much different; so grown up, so sophisticated.

When the party was over, and I got home, I took a long look in the mirror. I was certain I saw hair growing on my chin. I wasn't such a bad-looking guy either; at least I thought so. I kept thinking of Betty and how different she had seemed.

The next morning when I got ready for school I took extra care in dressing and combing my hair. I met Betty in front of her house, and we started walking slowly toward school. She wasn't like she used to be; trying to race me, or throwing snowballs. We didn't say much to one another, and I had a strong feeling that from then on she was going to be my girl. After all, she was grown; she was sixteen.

The Boy I Tried To Impress

By Diane Cook

Many years ago when I was in eighth grade, he moved in just two houses away. He was a god, an idol, my Apollo, and in high school, too. Through research I learned that he had a Past. He had run away from home in California and now lived with his uncle. His name was so perfect it sounded fictitious. It belonged to a count or a lord.

My approach was not subtle. I had publicized him widely at school and gradually he became aware of me, through the younger boys with whom he sometimes played baseball. My agents reported to him that I was in hot pursuit and it was probably from curiosity that he didn't flee when we finally had the opportunity to speak.

On that glorious evening I heard the music of a lawn-mower and through the window I spied HIM dutifully cutting the grass. Quickly removing the glasses from my eyes and the braces from my teeth I sauntered glamorously outdoors. The conversation was brief and inane, but it was communication.

Every day I took up a post at our window and peered through the venetian blind slats waiting for a glimpse of him. It lasted only a few valuable seconds but it was worthwhile to see him come swinging around eight posts and jumping for leaves of trees. He was wonderful!

I'll never forget the time I had casually posed myself in an obvious spot on our front steps in case he showed up. When he finally did appear, I intended to rise smartly, turn with a flourish and walk up the steps. This didn't happen. Unfortunately I stepped on the hem of my skirt, lost my balance, and rolled to the bottom of the stairs before his startled eyes. My dignity was badly injured.

Long after he had left, I read the inevitable announcement in the newspaper. I had been forsaken. Another woman had moved in and my swain was now married. But I happily noted her middle name. It was the same as my name and I could haunt him forever!

The Virginian

Author—Owen Wister

By Anne Kutak

The Virginian is a fictional story of the old West. It vividly portrays life in Wyoming between 1874 and 1890. Yet, it tells a even more important story—one of American democracy.

The Virginian—he is known by no other name—brings law and order and upholds the rights of the people in his other man in the territory, but he uses it only when there gentle Southern way. He is quicker with a gun than any is no alternative.

Trampas is the villain of the story. He cheats at cards, insults ladies, and rustles cattle.

The Virginian tries to curb Trampas' actions by denouncing him in public when he cheats or insults ladies. But cattle rustling can't be handled that way. The climax to his troubles with Trampas comes when Trampas orders him out of town by sunset. A gun battle follows in which Trampas is killed.

The tall, black-haired Southerner has a romantic side to his nature, also. He falls in love with an Eastern school-teacher, but doesn't win his lady until the end.

The Virginian is a symbol of democracy to the people of Wyoming. He is looked upon as a just and kind person who will keep the American way of life alive. As a character he reminds me of Shane or the hero of *High Noon* who had ideals that were similar.



Flowergirl

By Sherry Matthews

The wedding was to start in fifteen minutes. I was a small but important part in it, the flowergirl. I stood unnoticed at the back of the church, waiting to go down the aisle, and looking the situation over. I began to think of the future; I kept thinking, dreaming. I began to hear the music playing softly and I was coming down the aisle with my father at my side. I was dressed in white satin and lace; my father, in a black tuxedo. I walked on a white satin carpet which reached to the beautiful altar. Reaching to the ceiling, it was a rich ivory color with small statues in little nooks set in it. The organ, with its massive collection of pipes, was in front of the altar and to the left. On the right was a huge, lifelike, marble statue of Christ. The stained glass windows portrayed the life of Christ and the sun was streaming through the one showing his birth. The chandeliers sparkled like stars or dew drops suspended from the ceiling. I was reaching the altar now and I joined my fiancé. We faced the altar, waiting to be united in marriage, but then I heard someone say "start now." I turned quickly around and saw it was my mother. I was rather startled and I realized that this wasn't my wedding but my aunt's, and I only a flowergirl, not a bride.

My First Love

By Margot Kreiger

There it was, seven o'clock already and I was still primping with my new party dress. I was thirteen at the time, and this was my first date with a real, live boy. Of all the possible places to go, he picked a school dance. I had never danced before in my life, except for some tumbling, and I knew that wouldn't be of any help.

Mom was practically crying, and Dad just sat staring into space, but neither could speak. I was their thirteen-year-old baby and here I was, dating already. Mom looked as if she were making wedding plans and Dad was probably thinking of all the cigars he would have to buy. It was a good thing my sister was there, or I never would have been ready.

The doorbell rang and my sister answered it. I had planned to, but my feet just wouldn't leave the floor.

Jerry must have felt the same way I had, for it took him five minutes to say hello. We barely finished our greetings, when it was time to say goodbye to the folks, and be on our miserable, self-conscious way.

We arrived at the affair with the aid of his father, at seven-fifteen. The required introductions were made, and the crucial moment was drawing near. He appeared more frightened than I, but finally he asked me to dance.

We both practically crawled to the dance floor and waited for the music to begin. It began, only too soon. I found myself waltzing around the floor, but the odd thing was that we were just as good as the next couple.

The evening was perfect and we danced until ten o'clock. Jerry decided that we would walk some place to eat and call his father from there. I agreed. What else could I do?

We started walking toward our destination of hamburgers and french fries, conversing about the events of the evening. Then, my big moment arrived. Jerry grasped my hand and I nearly swooned. Jerry was actually holding my hand. This was even better than watching Eddie Fischer.

We arrived at the restaurant fifteen minutes later, my cheeks flushed, his nearly purple.

Jerry's father picked us up and we drove home, just as in the movies. We walked up the stairs and he held my hand again. The stars beamed above us, and as I floated into the house and got ready for bed, I felt like screaming to the world about my first love, but I only whispered it to Mom.

Gone With the Wind

Author—Margaret Mitchell

By Mary Acker

Scarlett O'Hara was a pretty but stubborn and nasty-tempered girl, who hadn't known poverty until the Civil War. Scarlett hated and feared the Yankees, who raided and burned the homes of the Confederates and killed many of her friends. After the war she worked at her husband's mill to help pay the outrageous taxes on her home, Tara. Although Scarlett was in love with Ashley, she married several times. The death of her sister-in-law made her realize that she was in love with her husband and not Ashley. When her husband left her, she went back to Tara knowing she would get him back.

Gone With the Wind is an historical novel that pictures vividly the lives of the Southerners during and after the Civil War. It shows that many of the slaves didn't know how to conduct themselves once they were set free. It portrays the struggle of the Southerners to get back on their feet after they had lost all their property and their loved ones.

This book was very interesting because the Confederates', not the Yankees', side of the Civil War and their hardships were shown. The happy times and the hard times of a Southern belle, showing the effect of the Civil War upon the people in the South, are excellently portrayed.

When A Young Man's Fancy Turns To Thoughts of Love

By Shirley Renaud

In springtime when the tiny leaves are budding on the trees, There's a certain little something 'bout which the old folks like to tease;

It's in the air about 'em, so fresh, so pure and sweet, It's in the eyes of smiling babes and couples that you meet. So if some spring day you should feel lighthearted as a dove, Don't get alarmed, for you're not sick;

Young Man, you're just in love!

Don't be afraid, for it doesn't hurt; in fact, you'll feel quite well,

When this delightful bit of magic confounds you with its spell, You'll just be dizzier than usual, and a little bit more gay.

You'll find her name just sort of slips into everything you say! Yes, you'll lose your heart to some small lass, and probably

lose your ring, But you'll be so enthralled in your bliss that you won't miss a thing!

You'll look into those pools of blue, and she'll smile in sweet flirtation;

That's when you'll grin while deep within you feel a strange sensation.

Your knees will sink, your cheeks turn pink, your head go spinnin' round.

And as she comes a little closer, your heart will begin to pound.

If you start acting strangely when Cupid gives a shove, Don't be alarmed, for you're not sick,

Young Man, you're just in love.

The Boy I Tried To Impress

By Barbara Kirkcaine

One morning I awoke from a dream shouting at the top of my voice. It was the reaction from my date of the night before. It was the first time I had been out with anyone *that* handsome, that wonderful. He didn't say anything that night that indicated he would ask me out again. I knew he played the field and to him I was just another girl.

He was quite a hard person to impress, I thought to myself. I would have to work out a very special kind of scheme. I didn't know much about him as to what type of girl he liked. I had to start at the bottom and work (if possible) to the top.

First I became the athletic type, but nothing happened, except that I twisted my ankle. I even went on a diet. Next I became a music lover. This definitely must be his type, because he asked me out that week-end. I was still on my diet so I couldn't eat after we came home from the dance. He said that he thought I was silly. After that date I tried the jealousy angle. I started seeing many boys, especially the ones that he didn't like. This was the type that was most noticed but not by him. For two weeks nothing happened; the third week a twirp dance was scheduled. I decided to ask him no matter what kind of impression that made. To my surprise he said yes. The night of the dance was marvelous but he seemed to notice the other girls more than me. This was our last date for quite a while.

After a month of brooding I decided to give him up for good. I became my own natural self and I was having more fun than before. Then much to my surprise he started asking me out again. I wondered how I should act. I finally decided that I wouldn't put on an act. I would be natural. That was the secret; you had to be natural.

Never again will I try to impress someone by pretending to be something I'm not. You gain more by being natural.

My Angel

By Shirley Renaud

Each of us has treasures
We cherish more than the rest
I too have such a treasure
Whom I'm sure the Lord has blest.

For my treasure is an angel
Whose radiant smile stays bright
Even though her work is never done
From early morn till night

She listens to my troubles
She comforts all my cares,
She makes my bed and all my meals,
And keeps me in her prayers.

The good Lord must have made her
Of this I'm very sure,
For he made her out of all in life,
That's truest, best and pure.

He took a bit of silver moonlight
And sprinkled in her hair,
To remind me that each day she grows
More precious and more rare.

He took a patch of shining blue,
From the lovely summer skies,
And made it into a perfect pair
Of kind and loving eyes.

Last of all he took her heart
And filled it full of love,
And having made it good and true
He sent her from above.

He sent her down from heaven to earth
To guide me along life's ways.
He sent her down to be of help
To others all her days.

No only I should praise the Lord
But you should thank Him too,
For He made thousands of these angels
And gave one of them to you.

By now you must know who she is,
For there could be no other.
My first true love, my guiding light,
My angel is my Mother.

Stradavari, The Violin Maker

Author—Helen Tinyanovia

By Dan Barrett

For an interesting account of a world famous violin maker, the book *Stradavari, the Violin Maker*, is unexcelled. It is a rapid-moving account of the master of the violin trade.

Stradavari, who apprenticed under Amati, perfected varnishes that not only beautified but also added amazing tone quality to the instruments. He also made each violin a masterpiece of artistic design. His private workshop was never open to anyone but himself. He carried his secrets to the grave with him.

Stradavari, the master, feared the competition that he received from only one man, Guiseppe Guasere. When Stradavari learned that Guiseppe Guasere, a drunkard had been put in jail, he felt that he could die in peace.

I would recommend the book to anyone who desires to learn more about violins and the great master whose name is synonymous with violins the world over.

The Living Desert

Director—James Algar

(Disney-RKO)

Narration—Winston Hibler

Technicolor

By Susan Duncan

The Living Desert is an outstanding true-to-life story showing nature as it really is. It opens with cartoon drawings showing the history and formation of Death Valley. Done with Disney's aptness for this type of drawing, it sets the pace for the unfolding of one of nature's most colorful dramas.

Scenes of the bubbling, boiling earth flash on the screen and the sounds are worked into a clever orchestration.

Nature's survival of the fittest is cleverly shown, and the picture remains scientifically authentic throughout. Turtles, hawks, bobcats, beetles, ants, kangaroo rats, and scores of other animals act their parts in the spectacle of life on the living desert. The snakes do a clever ballet number, the scorpions do a lively square dance, and the turtles fight for the one they love.

After a long drought, the rains come, and the desert blooms into a gigantic flower garden. Flowers open right before the viewer's eyes, and the whole desert is an unbelievable spectacle of color.

The photography is marvelous, for the best photographers patiently took pictures for years. The color is beautiful, and the background music is cleverly worked in to set the mood of the picture.

The narrator did a wonderful job of changing the common opinion that the desert is a dead place, and that most of the animals in it are repulsive.

The movie-going public realizes for the first time how wonderful nature's desert story really is.

Beauty

By Margaret Turpin

Beauty is a lovely thing
You hear it in the voice of spring,
The wind whistling gently through the trees,
The grass rustling softly in the breeze,
The Echo of bird notes sweet and clear,
The chirping of crickets on the evening air,
The laughter of children, outdoors at play,
Proclaiming the glory of a sunshiny day,
The pitter-patter of refreshing rain,
Making all living things grow again,
The church bells resounding through the air,
Beckoning all that wish to hear.

You see beauty too
In the glistening dew that gently covers the grass and flowers,
In the setting sun, like a ball of fire
Or the silhouette of a distant church spire,
In the towering mountains,
The broad rolling plains
The fertile farmlands
With fields of grain,
The mighty sea and the ocean's roar,
The canyons majestic,
And Eagles that soar.
But the greatest beauty
That you will find
Is in God's love
And His Son divine.

In The Arms of a Cuttlefish

By Ted Shatkowski

The school library can hold many opportunities for adventure in the books that it contains. Most students enjoy reading of adventure in the distant corners of the globe. I do too. But not on this particular day.

While reading a book written by Commander Edward Ellsberg, USN, about deep sea diving, I began slowly to leave the story and drift off into a daydream.

I first thought of what an experience it would be being on board the diving scow "Ocean Queen." Soon I was fancying myself as one of the helpers in the raising of the submarine S-51. In no time I was one of the divers dressing for descent to the ocean floor.

While I was dressing for the dive, pulling on the long red woolies and the heavy rubberized canvas diving suit, the chief was telling me what to do. "Headstrong," (that was my name) "I want you to survey the hole blown in the forward torpedo room. OK?"

With a hearty "Yes, Sir," I was over the side, plunging downwards into 18 fathoms of inky blackness. Upon reaching the bottom I found myself standing near the towering hulk of the S-51. With a careful look about me, I was off to inspect the damage.

Finishing the job, I was about to signal to be hauled up, when something caught my eye. A deadly cuttlefish was headed for me.

I was terrified. I immediately reached for my trusty knife. With the knife in my hand, I advanced toward the cuttlefish, who was battling his distance and eyeing me with distrust.

After a valiant battle on my part, I was soon encased by the arms of the Cuttlefish. Just as all was becoming dark and I was gasping for air, Miss Hawver, the librarian, reminded me that the bell had rung and the period was over.

The Robe

By Linda Toren

"The Robe," Twentieth Century Fox's version of Lloyd C. Douglas' book, contrasted the pagan Romans with the true Christians of 2,000 years ago by telling the fate of the soldier who won Christ's robe in a casting of lots.

Richard Burton as Marcellus, the soldier who won the robe, gave a performance which revealed the torment of the changing of his ideals. Victor Mature magnified the religious strength of the movie with his excellent portrayal of Demetrius, Marcellus' slave.

More impressive than the acting, however, was the new medium in which the movie was shown. This medium, cinema-scope, introduced a screen which was about two and half times the size of a regular screen. This large screen made it possible for the audience to feel that it was part of this great episode from the Bible.

Stalag 17

By Kristine Ploski

"Stalag 17" stars William Holden and Don Taylor. The supporting players are Otto Preminger, Robert Strauss, and Harvey Tembeck.

The producer and director of "Stalag 17" is Billy Wilder. The photography is by Lazlo and the music is by Franz Waxman. The screenplay, by Billy Wilder and Edwin Blum, is based on a play by Edmund Trzinski.

"Stalag 17" is about a group of Americans in a German prison camp during World War II who think the wrong man in their group is a German spy. The acting in this film is superb. There is a touch of comedy as there always is when soldiers are gathered in a group. There is also a feeling of homesickness given through the film as the soldiers try to make the prison camp more like home by having a Christmas tree and making ornaments for it.

A Book Review of Kingsblood Royal

By Carole Millikan

The stupidity of racial prejudice is illustrated by Sinclair Lewis in his novel *Kingsblood Royal*. The "it could happen to you" theme is especially striking, because we are always more interested in our own problems than in the problems of others.

In this book the ideal family, well bred, well liked, and well provided for, suddenly becomes something to be pitied, ignored, or despised by members of the community, just because a trace of Negro blood is discovered in their ancestry. Neither their intelligence, appearance, nor capabilities can have actually changed, yet now they are outcasts from society. Other people refuse to let their children play with the daughter, the wife loses her social position, the husband loses his job, and they are driven from their home because they are "contaminating" the neighborhood. Even the law is deaf to pleas of justice.

Sinclair Lewis did not write about a non-existent problem, nor magnify the facts. Racial intolerance has been, still is, and will continue to be a serious problem, until it is completely wiped out. How long this will take, it is impossible to tell; but bringing the problem before the public, as Sinclair Lewis does in *Kingsblood Royal*, will undoubtedly contribute to that end.

My Six Convicts

Author—Donald Powell Wilson

By Sherrill Fiebelkorn

My Six Convicts is the true story of a psychologist's three years in Fort Leavenworth Penitentiary.

When Dr. "Doc" Wilson arrived at Fort Leavenworth for his research stint in dope-addiction and criminality, he was a professor of psychology. When he left the penitentiary, after three years, he was still a professor of psychology, but not the same. The reason for the change was his staff of six convicts which he took at random to assist him in his office in experiments, work, etc.

Dr. Wilson was given fair warnings as to what he should expect of these ignorant, cast-off specimens of society, but he was really unprepared for what took place in those three years. The convicts gave him the cold shoulder when he first arrived because they thought he was just "gonna give 'um a lotta tests and stuff like they was guinea pigs to see how dumb they was." But after a lot of bribing and explaining, he persuaded his present staff to take 1. Q.'s with certain exceptions. The other convicts seeing that these men, who were considered big wheels in the prison circle, were not afraid, also took the various tests. Those convicts may have been entirely stupid in some ways, but in others—for instance, say a convict had an Intelligence Quotient of 37 and couldn't read or write, but he could tell you the names, addresses, and vault locations of every bank in Los Angeles.

Through the tests and experiments conducted with these convicts, and the many things that happened, Dr. Wilson learned a great many things to his advantage. One was that just because a man was in prison he shouldn't forever be called or classified as a social misfit. He found out the causes of many crimes and the basis of many criminal personalities. In his work he changed at least six men's views on life and the law to the better. There were many statistics given on crime, dope-addiction, and delinquency.

On the whole, this book was very interesting and uproariously funny in more ways than one, taking into consideration the concoction and brewing of strange, life-defying beverages, fatal to an ordinary man, by the prisoners and the fantastic schemes for jailbreaks never carried out. I enjoyed this book very much because it gave me a different point of view on the classification of "criminal," prisoners in general and the way they are run and how psychology is used in understanding each individual case of crime.

I'M PROUD I'M AN AMERICAN By Pat Janiga

Last night on television the Anti-Defamation League of the B'nai B'rith sponsored a program called "Dinner with the President." This League is celebrating its fortieth anniversary. For forty years the League has been working for unprejudiced human relations in the United States. The program brought out many reasons why I should be proud I'm an American.

An interesting part of the entertainment was presented by Rogers and Hammerstein, the famous musical comedy writers. They named some great entertainers who are Protestant, Jewish, or Catholic. On the stage Rogers and Hammerstein say there is no prejudice about color or religion. If you have talent, you are accepted. This fact is proved by such great stars as Eartha Kitt, Marian Anderson, Eddie Cantor, Bing Crosby, and William Warfield.

Jackie Robinson, who is now coaching a boys' baseball team, appeared on the program and said, "When a new boy comes out for the team, the other boys ask only one question: Can you play ball? The boys on that team don't worry about color or religion."

The program came to a close with the presentation of the League's annual American Democratic Legacy Award to President Eisenhower. The President gave a ten-minute speech pointing out why he was proud to be an American. The President told about his home town, Abilene, Kansas. In Abilene there is an unwritten law that if you have a disagreement with someone, you must bring it out in the open, not keep it behind the other person's back. Today the President says that this unwritten law is being practiced more and more.

This television program was only one hour long. In that short time a huge number of things were said to make me feel proud to be an American. I'm proud because Jackie Robinson, Eddie Cantor, and William Warfield are respected for what they are. I'm proud because a program of that type may be seen and heard. I'm proud that in the United States people can speak and fight for what they believe. People in the United States can form many leagues of this type. They have no worries of police interference. They can meet freely and speak freely and not be arrested. They can present their ideals to other people. But most of all I'm proud that I, being an American, had the opportunity to watch Negro and White, Jew, and Catholic side by side, fighting for one purpose. The purpose that compels them to fight together is the unprejudiced human relations in the United States.

The Complete Work of O. Henry

Author O. Henry

By Bob Flournoy

O. Henry, the famous short story writer, wrote over two hundred and seventy stories and fifteen poems. His stories contain none of the violence so prevalent in present day literature. The stories are treated with a whimsical humor that, while it doesn't make you laugh, brings a smile of understanding. All the characters are well described and the reader can imagine the setting as if he were there.

One group of O. Henry stories, "The Four Million," deals with the ever-present confidence men. These men, although much different in real life, are so described as to make the reader want to see the swindler succeed in his illegal enterprise.

It would be very hard to give a report on any one of O. Henry's stories. Almost every word is an important part of the story and in making a report, you would change the style.

This collection of short stories, although very long (one thousand, six hundred, and forty-three pages), has interested me very much.

A Commentary on the T.V. Program "You Are There"

By Jerry Foote

"You Are There" is a worthwhile program for all ages and interests, for it is both entertaining and educational. The program is designed to recreate before the television audience significant historical events, giving them enough popular appeal to sell the sponsor's product. Thus, while the viewer is being entertained, he is being enlightened in a manner that no history book can equal.

There is no monotony in the sequence of the tales. A variety of stories are told, based on many different phases of history. They are enacted with enough dramatic effect to appeal to children, and intellectually enough to interest the most discriminating adult. No regard is given to the chronological order of events. Hence there is no similarity of programs of two or three weeks in succession. This arrangement, or lack of arrangement, is effective in keeping the viewer guessing.

From a technical viewpoint the program is somewhat hampered by confinement to the limits of the stage and to the length of thirty minutes. The introduction of films to supplement the imagination occurs infrequently enough that we may still consider it a stage production. Considering these handicaps which are a part of stage plays, the production may be called outstanding.

A Genius Creates

By Ann Wagner

Edgar Allan Poe's short story "Murders in the Rue Morgue," although not the best of his weird tales, has exceptional merit. With his strange but fascinating genius, Poe interweaves his trains of thought with such ability that one often wonders how the tale can possibly end completely solved.

Such a story as "Murders in the Rue Morgue" taxes one's imagination to its outermost scope; yet it is written in such a way, around a threadlike hair of probability, that it is hard to brand it as unreal. While reading, I felt with the utmost sincerity that Poe had certainly set a trap for himself as to the identity of the murderer. When it was established that the murderer was an orangoutang, I was astonished, but saw how very neatly the pieces fitted together.

I believe Poe is one of the greatest authors of all time. His genius undoubtedly will be remembered through his immortal short stories—among them, "Murders in the Rue Morgue."

The Lewis and Clark Expedition

Author—Richard L. Newberger

By Warren Hildebrandt

For many years I have been deeply interested on the life of Meriwether Lewis. Therefore, it is only natural that I am found reading a book on the exploring of the Louisiana Territory.

I was very much pleased to find that the book immediately began with the expedition. The men were camping for their final night just outside St. Louis, Missouri.

The author, Richard Newberger, went into great detail in writing about the various men, as well as about all that was taken along. Although nothing was mentioned as to the references for the material of this book, many of the exploits compared closely to those I read in another book on the expedition, and the details from that book came from the diaries Lewis and Clark kept during the entire 8,200 mile journey.

The book *The Lewis and Clark Expedition* was very entertaining, as well as educational, since it told of the peculiar things that happened. This book also carried stories of what the various members did through their lives after their return. I was shocked to find that Meriwether Lewis had been mysteriously murdered in Tennessee.

I found the book extremely interesting and would recommend it to anyone who is looking for a single book on the Louisiana Territory and does not want maps and charts. Other books will furnish these.



Front: Jeanne Wells, Marcia Easton, Marie Nance.
Rear: George Psaros, Miss Schubkegel, Ronold Burton.

Art students display posters and mobiles used in school to suggest proper conduct.



Art Students Produced Yearbook Designs

Under the direction of Miss Olga Schubkegel, Marie Nance produced the design for the end sheets; Marcia Easton, the theme page of creativity; Jeanne Wells, the cover design and color spots; George Psaros, the lettering for the back of the cover and the boxes; Louis Beratis, the Twenty-third Psalm posters used on the Spiritual division page and for the display case during Easter Week; Ronnie Burton, the contents panel and murals.

Gus Hartoonian won first place with his poster, "Repair the Wear," in the Clean-Up Poster Contest. Other winners were Sherrill Fiebelkorn, second place; Patsy Haney, first honorable mention; Mary Lou Birkett, second honorable mention; Richard Schultz, third honorable mention.

Poppy poster winners were as follows: Jeanne Wells, first; Rosella Powell, second; Susan Duncan, third; Marcia Easton, first honorable mention; Jean Savage, second honorable mention; Marilyn Smith, third honorable mention.

INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL OF ART PROGRAM

The International School Art Program is sponsored by the American Junior Red Cross in cooperation with the National Art Education Association. It encourages school students to create drawing and paintings that reflect their lives and interests and enables them to send their work to youth of other lands through national Red Cross societies, and to receive similar work in return.

The main purposes of the program are to promote mutual interest and understanding and to encourage the use of art as a means of transmitting experience. To contribute to the purpose of the program the pictures should be spontaneous portrayals of American life—honest, lively, original in approach, interesting in subject matter, and adequate in expression. A label on each picture tells something about the picture, and bears the name of the artist, his age, school and town.

The two pictures chosen for the Dunes were the outstanding ones contributed by Hammond High art students.

Irene Discher has this to say about her painting of *The Circus*.

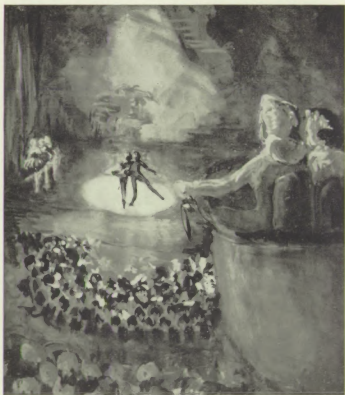
"I chose to paint *The Circus* because it is a form of amusement well known in many parts of the world. Under the big top we see the familiar happy crowds of young and old. Excitement is at a high pitch from all the activities of the sawdust ring. There is the tight-rope performer; the funny man, on tall stilts, towering above the crowds; the ever-present grinning clown with enticing, colorful shiny balloons—all as typical of circus life as hot-dogs and cokes are of American life."

In painting *The Ballet* Christy Carleton wants to convey one of the cultural pursuits of our life. She writes:

"Many teenagers, as well as grownups, enjoy an evening with Ballet in the opera house. The Ballet expresses in graceful motion what a language conveys in descriptive words. Ballets presented in America are often from many different countries. Through them the American people have found a better concept and appreciation of the art and culture of people all over the world."



"THE CIRCUS"



"THE BALLET"



Bottom to Top: Jeanne Wells, Rasella Powell, Susan Duncan, Marcia Easton, Jean Savage, and Marilyn Smith.



Gus Hartoanian's winning poster in Clean-Up Campaign.

Attack on Shiloh!

By Ronald Burton

When I was very young my friend and I constructed a "fort" which was, in reality, a platform of old lumber covered with linoleum on the rafters of my Dad's garage. My father, a practical man, allowed us to do so, thinking to use the platform for storage space when I grew older. As our "fort" sported a Confederate glag, we dubbed it "The Last Rebel Stronghold North of the Mason-Dixon Line."



A lad down the street, Barton Smith by name, decided not to be overshadowed by our prestige and built a "fort" much larger than ours in the top of his garage.

Would we allow this impostor "fort" to exist where ours was the rightful master? No! Immediately and unanimously we declared a state of war and sent the "enemy" a declaration of war such as we could devise. A standing army of Don Ullstam, Keith Becker, and I decided to march upon "Shiloh," so christened to honor a famous battle during "The War Between the States."

Intent upon razing the fort to the ground and armed with plenty of sandwiches, a firecracker cannon, and our



wooden swords, we attacked "Shiloh." We, sneaking up to "Shiloh," seeing that it was empty, immediately captured it and the garage with colossal success. We then proceeded to raise a great deal of racket whereupon "Commander" Smith stormed out of his house and demanded we give him his fort back!



**COMMANDER
SMITH'S
FATHER
OR**

**"THE GRIM"
AVENGER!**

"Another victory for the Confederacy and Old Jeff Davis," yelled Brig. Gen. Becker gleefully. Below us the irate commander replied, "You're the dirtiest rats in the world. You guys can't stay up there forever! I'll starve you out!"

We happily waved our sandwiches.

Smitty made many loud and long threats but we just sat triumphantly above, enjoying our sandwiches. We then declared that we owned Smith's garage for it belonged to whoever occupied it. (Squatter's rights!) After three hours of name-calling, Commander Smith's father, armed with a maple switch, ordered an "unconditional surrender" or he was a-comeing after us. "Fort Shiloh" is now in "neutral" hands while a tattered Southern flag still waves over. "The Last Rebel Stronghold North of the Mason-Dixon Line," though it is piled high with lawn chairs and last year's newspapers.



Participants of the Great War

The Aged Defender

By Ronald Burton

To ever think carefully of the animal I most know and dread is sheer misery! The mammal is a huge ancient Chow which is rather toothless, to say the least. Growling and bristling his hair, he guards an upholstery shop on 173rd street with great skill and dexterity! Now, instead of biting you as most dogs do, he runs up and gums your leg with his raw, meaty, leopard-like jowls!

Delivering papers for a friend who was on vacation, I chanced across him one day while I traversed the route. A ferocious beast he was, for the newspaper (56 pages) landed right on his sore old snout! I casually walked on, with a continental air, only to have his one remaining incisor most surprisingly applied to my leg!



In a flurry of five-star finals, I scooted for home as fast as my game leg would carry me.



Guess what my mother, washing out my levis, found in the washing machine a week later? A TOOTH!

Ronald Burton, a sophomore at Hammond High, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Gene Burton. He is an Edison product, and besides being interested in art, he is a member of the debate groups and of DeMolay. Ronald has enriched the yearbook with his drawings and for years to come you may recognize him by his own creative insignia.


**R. Burton
Productions
1954**

THE TOOTHPICK

[HIST.]

A REPORTER FROM B.C. TO F.D. OF EVERCHANGING DEVELOPMENTS.



Early man released what energy he had after a hard days struggle by smearing clay on the walls of his home with a piece of bone he was picking his teeth with The first toothpick in the hands of the first artist!



A Roman scribe writes the decree of Caesar, determining the fate of 20,000 inhabitants of Goth-infested Northern Europe. He dips his ivory toothpick into the ink, writes and their fate is sealed.....!



Napoleon's golden toothpick points to a speck on the map WATERLOO! "We advance to here!" The destiny of five nations hangs in the balance!!



Again we see that man, using the ever-present medium, is creating art work, just as early man did; just as this panel was done..... with a toothpick!



The President sits thoughtfully at one of the Capitol's outdoor cocktail parties, scratching a word in the dust A-BOMB! With his sterilized plastic toothpick he cast the die of the world!





*Man of the future, what shall be
The life of Earth that you shall see?
What strange new facts the years will show?
What wonders rare your eyes shall know?
To what new realms of marvel say,
Will conquering science war its way?*

"To a Boy" — WILLIAM COX BENNETT

Through the ages science has made great progress overcoming many prejudices and superstitions of man. Its achievements have made our contemporary way of life more abundant. Many more people can enjoy higher standards of living through the harnessing of more natural resources and better environmental control.

The photographic composition embodies the symbols of chemistry, physics, mathematics, geography, and biology. The hand is tipping the beaker to pour the alchemy of scientific discoveries onto the earth so that its population may thrive and prosper. The youthful face portrays the well-being and hopes of a high school student gazing into a future that promises greater exploration, expansion and development for the good of mankind.



The Impact of the A-Bomb

By Sheldon Lynn

Out of the black of the pre-dawn in the New Mexico desert on July 16, 1945, came a tremendous flash and the deafening roar of an explosion greater in force than 20,000 tons of T.N.T. Thus, as a mushroom-shaped cloud rose 40,000 feet into the sky, the Atomic Age was born. Man had discovered how to release the enormous energy of the atom and once again had perfected the way to destroy his fellow men.

Within a month, A-bombs had been dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, devastating both cities. History may never forgive the United States for the vast destruction and annihilation which those two cities experienced.

In the years which immediately followed, emphasis was placed on increasing the number of bombs and making them more terrible. The first impact of the A-bomb was therefore physical. We had an effective and instantaneous weapon of vast destruction and an additional factor in tipping the scales of the balance of power more strongly in our favor. Psychologically, our exclusive possession of the A-bomb lulled the people into a false security and complacency. Not until Russia revealed that she, too, had discovered the secret of unleashing atomic power did these attitudes change. Since then we have been living under the pressures of fear which advance such devices of mass hysteria as the anti-Communist craze (carried to ridiculous extremes) and any other movement which provides a sense of increasing security.

Yet, despite the adverse psychological effects wrought, the vast unlimited field of peacetime uses for atomic energy was opened.

Atomic energy converted into mechanical power can produce the long-sought-for solution to the rapid depletion of our fuel resources. The newly-opening field of atomic engineering appears to be unlimited.

In medicine and science radioactive isotopes are already being utilized as tracers; other materials are employed for medical treatment. What medical cures and scientific advancements await discovery in this vast new field?

These are but two uses of atomic energy which the new age will see applied. Opportunities are unbounded in this rapidly expanding sphere of knowledge.

For the pessimist, there is the fear and the resignation to the fact that he, as the ever-present reactionary, must stand and watch while the world rushes by him.

For the optimist, there is the belief that we are passing from a great age to a greater one; that with courage and foresight, he may become part of and help to advance the irresistible force of progress. For him, the bright road to the future is just beginning.

All My Sons

By Gene Michalak

The plot of ALL MY SONS concerns a manufacturer who made faulty airplane parts during the Second World War.

ALL MY SONS, filmed in black and white and starring Edward G. Robinson, is an excellent story of greed which grips a man, causing the death of many soldiers, including his own son. Putting wealth above human life, this man accuses and convicts his best friend and partner of approving the parts which have not met the government's standards for airplane parts during the war.

The picture reaches a climax when the manufacturer receives a letter from his son which informs the father that his son is soon to go on a mission from which he expects never to return, and in which he says how ashamed he is of his father for causing so many deaths.

The picture is well directed and is enacted by Edward G. Robinson and a cast of other prominent actors. With a variety of scenic and close-up shots, the picture is well presented in a true-to-life manner which greatly adds to its success.

Civil Defense in the City of Hammond

By Donald Ullstam

"Determine what you will do with what you have, in the event of an aggressor's attack." This is a challenge which falls heavily upon everyone's shoulders.

In order to meet this challenge, we have to have a complete list of our facilities, we have to make full use of the existing facilities, services of our government, the American Red Cross, the medical profession, the trained and specialized personnel of industry and business, and the many patriotic societies.

We must always be on guard against an aggressor's attack. If such an attack should take place it would probably be bombers dropping atomic bombs. And I am sorry to say that Hammond is the neighbor of the steel mills, therefore we would be the first to be bombed.

The attack could result in panic which would in turn cause death on such a scale that the tasks of rescue would be far beyond any plan of our city. Thus it is impossible to escape the fact that mutual aid, cooperation and co-ordination must extend over our entire area and must be a vital part of our city's planning. This plan must be sufficient to cover all the unforeseen problems and unexpected developments.

The children in schools, the men and women at work, the families in their homes, and small fry outside playing all have to be protected from an aggressor's attack. So let's all undertake the task of minimizing the effect of an enemy attack under Civil Defense, cheerfully and courageously.



Peace!

By Wayne Stuart

The war was over. Civilization was preserved. The peace-loving people had driven the war mongers from the face of the earth.¹

Everyone turned his thoughts from war to peace. Mothers feared no longer their sons being killed. Business resumed production of automobiles and home appliances. Construction companies built finer, more modern buildings out of the rubble. Scientists worked night and day on a super bomb. They realized that to have peace, a nation must be prepared. People had resumed their normal lives with no thought of war. The world was united in the thought of eternal serenity.

During this bliss, one section of the world set up an ideal and put into a motto, "World Peace for Man." The other part of the world thought this was a fine idea and, not to be outdone, adopted the motto, "Universal Peace for All." The world was certainly filled with peace-loving people.

The "World Peace" leaders became suspicious of such an over-zealous reaction to the idea of peace (especially since the "Universal Peace" people had a better sounding motto). Upon investigation, they found that the "Universal Peace" people were not sincere. They had received this information from "people who know" and who would know better than they.

Being accused of this dastardly act, the "Universal Peace" people did some investigating of their own and came up with "official information" that the "World Peace" leaders were actually (terribly) oppressing their people. They would not permit this. They would free the poor "World Peace" peasants.

Upon hearing of the foul plot to overthrow the world, the "World Peace" leaders charged the "Universal Peace" leaders with enslaving their own poor peasants and then accusing the "World Peace" leaders of that act. The "World Peace" leaders also said "If you try to overthrow us, we will use our 'colossal' bomb which has been developed for just such an occasion." They also stated that they would do all in their power to relieve the poor "Universal Peace" peasants.

The "Universal Peace" leaders were absolutely afire with rage. They shouted, "If you so much as touch your 'colossal' bomb, we will use our 'stupendous' bomb. We have not been napping. We are prepared."

The insults and threats flew back and forth. The bombs grew and grew. The "Limburger" bomb, the "Mush" bomb, the "Sanitation" bomb, and the "Cold Germ" bomb followed in quick succession, until finally the supreme bomb was developed, the "Peace" bomb. A single bomb could completely eliminate life on one-half of the earth. Both sides had the bomb.

On the night of March 15, meetings were held in both camps. The air was thick with secrecy. The decision was made. Preparations were rushed to the maximum. The code name of the operation was "World Peace" in one camp and "Universal Peace" in the other. At exactly the same time, the bomb was loaded onto a robot-flown plane in each camp. The planes and the bombs were christened with the names of the respective operations, which were then painted on their sides. The planes took off. Each one's mission, to strike the opposition and create lasting world peace, was in the final stages. The die was cast.

Both were successful. Peace reigned at last. There was not one person on earth who disliked his neighbor. In fact, there was not one person on earth. The only living thing which was left was a single minute amoeba, and he considered for such a long time whether or not it was worth starting over, that, still undecided, he died of old age.

The moon rose over the barren world. The river roared to the rocks which sat in mute tribute to the earth which formed a restless blanket over the peace-loving "Frankensteins" and their "monsters." The world was finally at peace—permanently.

1. Nobody knows where they went, but they must have gone somewhere because everyone on earth wanted peace.



A Mosaic of War

By Kay Millies

Practice drills,

Wooden robots proceeding in rhythm

"You must be ready, we must be ready,
I must be ready."

Jokes, crap games,

Time killers—pain killers,

Private confessions of "the jitters,"

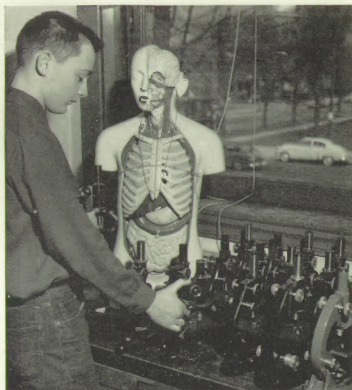
Nerves

Rigid crosses,

Mute monuments to an ideal,

Pallid arms reach out pleading for peace.

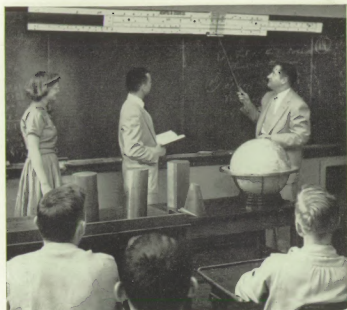




Penicillin

By Terry Ingram

Remember the day you cleaned out the bread-box? Since a cottony growth covered some of the bread, it was discarded. Perhaps you wondered if molds didn't cause a lot of damage. Some of them do, but relatives of this simple bread-mold are some of the most beneficial plants in the world. You know them as the molds on Roquefort and Camembert cheeses, but they are also known as the penicillin molds. Penicillin is the word that has stood for life itself for many thousands once doomed to die because of ineffective drugs. Penicillin is secreted during normal activity of these cheese molds. The bacteria-retarding effects of penicillin were known before 1940, but the full possibilities of these effects did not occur to us until several drug manufacturers developed methods to mass produce penicillin. Since then it has become one of the most notable advances in medical history. Next time you get seriously sick and the doctor administers a shot of penicillin, perhaps you can pacify your pain by thinking of that simple but beautiful cheese mold.



Advanced Mathematics Class

By Dick Getzinger

At Hammond High School it is possible to take four years of college preparatory mathematics in addition to that which is offered in the general and business courses. The four years of preparatory mathematics consists of one year each of beginning algebra, plane geometry, advanced algebra, and one semester of solid geometry and trigonometry.

At Hammond High School we think of mathematics as encompassing a very broad range. The various fields to which mathematics leads are as follows:

SCIENCE	(PURE SCIENCE	(Physical: physics, chemistry
	((The search	(astronomy, geology
	(for new	(Biological: botany, zoology, bacteriology
	(truths)	(Social: economics, sociology, psychology
	((Mathematical: analysis, topology, statistics
	(APPLIED SCIENCE	(Physical: engineering, chemistry, navigation,
	((Application of	(armed services, mining
	(knowledge to	(Biological: medicine, agriculture, forestry
	(living)	(Social: economics, sociology
	((Mathematical: actuarial field, statistics,
		(mechanics

What America Means To Me

By Judith Horan

- A — means All the wonderful things America has to offer.
 Things that you can find in no other country.
 M — is for Many freedoms we enjoy here—freedom of speech, freedom of press, freedom of religion, and many others.
 E — is for the Enlightened people of our country. It is for people who are well-informed on world matters.
 R — stands for the Rights of the American people—the right to vote, the right to attend school, the right to move freely from city to city, or state to state.
 I — is for the Immortal people in our history. People like George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, George Washington Carver, Ben Franklin, and many, many more.
 C — is for the Citizens of the United States, the people who elect the officials to be in Government and run our country in the best way possible.
 A — is for America and its democratic form of government of the people, by the people, and for the people.
 This is what America means to me!

Progress in Housekeeping

By Betty Hancock

Housekeeping has always been a national project. Mechanically-minded men have for generations been trying to make the housewife's daily work just a little easier. Of course, she still must go through the ritual of morning bed-making, dish-washing, and carpet-sweeping, but countless modern inventions have eased the strain of these chores.

When Gramma was a girl, she would rise early each morning and see Grandpa off to work. She knew that another day of womanly duties lay before her and she also knew that they were not pleasant duties. Out would come the old "Bissell" from the hall closet. Carpeting in those days ran from wall to wall and was well-padded underneath with straw. What Gramma expected to pick up with that sweeper is a very good question. It had no power. She merely ran it over and over the rug until her intuition told her the rug was clean; then she stuck the sweeper back into the closet.

To keep her food fresh and her milk cold, Gramma had a choice of two ways. She could dig a hole in the cellar, lay the food in it, and cover it with straw, or she could lower the food in a bucket into the well. Neither of these methods was satisfactory, but who had a better suggestion at the time?

The laundry was done in the kitchen, as was nearly everything else. Gramma felt very proud of her "Dolly" type washer. The "Dolly" was a hand-run gadget that was really just a washtub with a stick extending from it with which to poke the clothes; however, not every family had one.

Kerosene lamps were used throughout the home. Water was heated on the little pot-bellied stove for everything from cooking to bathing. When Gramma's ironing day came up, she got out her "sad" iron and heated it on top of the stove. You can imagine the time it took to do just one week's ironing.

With the day's work finished, Gramma decided to rest a bit. By resting, I meant Gramma would open up the gramophone and choose one of the newer cylinder records to play. Of course, she would darn Grampa's socks as she waited for him to come home.

Today a radical change can be seen in Gramma and me. With an electric washer and drier a week's laundry is done in a few hours. The carpet is swept clean in five minutes. My "Sunbeam" iron and mixmaster cut ironing and baking hours in half. I can keep food fresh for weeks in my automatic refrigerator. The radio, phonograph, and television provide excellent entertainment for all members of the family.

Yes, wonderful progress can be seen in America's number one vocation, housekeeping. Though Gramma appeared to be a frail, weak and helpless woman, she still managed to keep house with none of today's conveniences. Certainly, the homemaker of today has no right to complain. Yet, if she didn't and if Gramma hadn't, I'm afraid we would still be in Gramma's shoes fifty years from now.

Land of Opportunity

By Bob Flournoy

America means a land of things to me. It means a land of opportunity where everyone has an equal chance. A person in the United States has every opportunity to obtain at least a high school education. If he is ambitious enough, he can work his way through college. Even if a person has to work during the day, he can attend night schools so that he can obtain an education while he is working.

There are many opportunities to advance in business. If a person has initiative, skill, and self-confidence, there is no limit as to how far he can go. It isn't always the person with the inherited wealth or position that is on top. A great number of the men and women who are wealthy today are self-made.

In America it doesn't matter at what level a person starts out; he has just as good a chance to succeed as his neighbor.

America means a land of freedom. It means a land of freedom from fear where a person doesn't have to worry about being taken from his home in the middle of the night and never seeing his family again, or starving because he didn't produce his quota at the factory.

America means a land of freedom of speech where he can say what he thinks without fear of reprisal. It means a land where a person can tell everyone that he doesn't like the way the present administration is running the government and still keep his job.

America means a land of religious freedom. It means a land where a person can worship God in his own way without interference from anyone. Just as a person is not forced to worship God in a certain way, nobody forces him to worship God at all. Whatever he chooses to do is a matter for his own conscience.

Freedom and opportunity—these two words symbolize what America means to me.

An American's Right of Government

By Sheryl Woody

"We hold these truths to be self-evident—" When those words were written in 1776, the world laughed. How could a nation founded on such principles hope to survive? Today the world no longer laughs; for even though the United States has been in existence less than two centuries, the principles upon which it was founded have made it one of the greatest nations on earth. If the American colonies had never declared their independence, the United States of today would not exist. It is for this reason that the Declaration of Independence is significant of what America means to me.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident: That all men are created equal—" all men—not only those with white skins, but also those with black, brown, red, and yellow skins. This has probably been the most difficult principle for Americans to follow. Because of the fact that it was not forbidden in the Constitution, slavery existed in this country until it was terminated by the Civil War. Because less than a century has passed since that war, there are still a few people who persist in the belief that some Americans are not socially equal to others. However, since many young people of today are growing up in close contact with these "inferiors," that feeling is rapidly disappearing; and I hope that within a few decades it will be a matter of history.

"That they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—" It matters not what race or religion a man belongs, for all citizens of this country have equal claim to these rights. Here, the only distinction is due to the amount of ability and ambition possessed by each individual. This is especially true today in this period of national defense. Employers may not ask, "What church do you attend?" but rather, "Can you do the job?" The military services may not inquire of their personnel, "Are you a Democrat or a Republican?" but, "Are you able to do your part?"

"That whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it and to institute new government—" The right to alter the government is the most valuable possession of the American citizen. Our forefathers gave us a precious heritage, the privilege of a free vote. By exercising this privilege, which is actually more abused than any other, we have made our government what it is today, a servant of the people, responsible for its actions to those whom it governs. Because no one can deprive us of the privilege, we have no need to employ the terrible violence which seems to be necessary prior to changes of administration in certain other countries.

America is its people; I am proud to be a part of it. Equality, liberty, the right of self-government: these are the things that America means to me.

"Sweet Land of Liberty"

By Richard Kaye

What does a teen-ager think of America? What opportunities and freedoms do we enjoy here in America? Does private industry prosper here? How prosperous is it? How do we compare with other countries? To these questions I shall attempt to find an answer.

To a teen-ager the most noticeable features in America are the opportunities. I can read the books and publications I select, go to the school of my choice, and attend my own church. Here at school I can wear clothes I like, join clubs and participate in other activities. My education provides me with a training for the vocation I choose. I can obtain all the training I need if I take the opportunity. My education also prepares me for a personal life by giving me the experience and guidance needed.

I am provided with all the recreation that is necessary. The city provides parks; the schools offer activities, social events, and athletic matches; and other organizations present a variety of interests.

I think America has the finest youth in the world.

In our society I can always advance to a higher grade, no matter where I start. If I start out as a humble workman, I can advance by merit to an executive position with much responsibility. No matter who I am, where I started and what I earned, I can be "tops" in a field if I work hard enough at it. If I want to be something, all I have to do is to take the opportunities my country offers me in higher education, and with enough work I will succeed.

I am free to speak or write anything I wish or believe if I don't slander. I can't be jailed without a trial because the Bill of Rights guarantees legal trial. I may choose any religious faith I prefer and may call an assembly of people at any time I please. Last I may petition my government. For that matter, I can do anything I fancy as long as it falls within the limits of the law.

In our country private business is encouraged and is the most prosperous in the world. There are many opportunities for private enterprise in newly discovered fields, where a man from any walk of life has a chance to succeed without any governmental interference.

If we compare America to a socialistic country, we see how superior America is. In a socialistic country there is very little private business—the government owns all key industries: the mines, steel mills, refineries, and the transportation and communication systems.

Comparing America with communistic countries, we again see the United States superior. In communism the government owns everything. The private citizen owns no property and works for the government. Only a small number control the government; therefore a small number control the whole country.

In a dictatorship one man controls a whole nation. There is no freedom, and the people are in constant fear, for a dictator usually rules through his army. Since he is afraid of revolts, there is no law and a person is executed for a "political crime."

Our country is ruled by a representative government. All the people take part in their government, and thus the government is the voice of the people. The majority rules. The private citizens own the large industries and the government owns little in comparison, except in time of danger.

Our country has more opportunities, better education, more freedom, and more private industry than do other countries.

America is the best country in the world.

With My Eyes On The Flag

By Terry Ingram

One of the best-known documents in our country is the Bill of Rights. This bill, which sets forth some of our most treasured privileges, has as many view points as there are people to write about it. Now, let's take a student's-eye-view of these privileges in some of their everyday applications. Our first student is in the United States, while the second is in a typical oppressed country.

Our day starts with Jim's clock-radio softly playing a tune. He gets out of bed, goes into the bathroom, and returns to his room refreshed after a cold shower. Dressed in warm, good-looking clothes, he goes downstairs to eat a hearty breakfast of ham and eggs. After eating, Jim enters the living room to watch television until time to leave for school.

In school, a large, well-heated, well-lighted building, he associates with his friends until time to go to classes. Classes are taught by well-educated, experienced men and women. The teachers teach only their chosen subjects. Open discussions are often held and there is usually a comfortable, relaxed air about the room. Sports make up a great part of the school activities. Dances and parties are sponsored by clubs and the students mingle freely, since a person may choose his own friends.

Lunch consists of wholesome food served in the school cafeteria. Since there are no social bans against anyone because of his race, creed, or color, a student is free to sit where he chooses.

After school Jim goes to a meeting with some of his friends who are planning to have a party. The meeting is soon over and Jim goes to work in a small grocery store. The headlines on the papers at the corner state that a high official has been criticized by an average citizen in a public meeting. A civic organization is petitioning the city for a new ordinance. The cars going past the store carry license plates from many states. Walking home, Jim notices that almost every house has a T.V. aerial and a car sitting out in front.

The day of our foreign student is much different. He begins when Anthony gets up, dresses in drab clothes, and goes downstairs to eat a breakfast of bread and mush. He, too, goes to school, but it is not the same. The teachers are very strict, being well-versed in disciplinary measures. Political issues are discussed in class, but it is not much of a discussion since the teacher does most of the talking. She or he forms opinions of right and wrong sides of each issue and imposes these upon the pupils. The rooms are bare of decoration except for a flag of the ruling power and a picture of the leader of that country. Lunch is small and hurriedly disposed of in order to continue the "discussions."

There are no meetings of any kind unless there is a special permit and the meeting is attended by a member of an organization allied with the rulers. Since the State controls everything, there are no after school jobs to be had. Very few people own cars because of the high initial cost and the cost of gasoline and upkeep. Papers say only what the government wants them to say. To criticize an official or to petition the government is an unheard-of practice. To do so would mean "liquidation."

In our country, every minute of every day one of the principles set forth in the Bill of Rights is put into use. We cannot imagine what life would be like in this great country of ours, if a foreign power were to take over. We, who were born free, have no idea what it is like to be told where we can't go, what we can't do or say, or any of the other restrictions placed upon an oppressed people. God willing, we shall never know the feeling. Under our Constitution in this great land of ours, we have, in the short space of 178 years, built "one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

A Free Mind in a Free People

By Dan Barrett

"If there is any principle of the Constitution that more imperatively calls for attachment than any other, it is the principle of free thought—not free thought for those we agree with but freedom for the thought we hate."

—Oliver Wendell Holmes

I agree with this statement whole-heartedly. I feel that the American people have the intelligence to discern the truth from Communist lies. I believe in America one hundred per cent. However, the United States cannot exist on a bed of mental roses. The people must stop to think of what their freedoms mean to them. This cannot be done by merely listening to the American side of everything in world affairs. We cannot subscribe to the Pollyannaish idea that all is lovely in its present state. We must realize that there are problems. We must give the other side the right to express its views. Americans favor the underdog. Practically every Hoosier outside of the Muncie Central fans wanted little Milan to win the state title. Why? Because they had followed little Milan all season? No indeed. They were for Milan because that team was the underdog. If we suppress international groups which do not see eye to eye with us, then those groups will be the "underdogs" which will be fought for by the people.

Do the Democrats say when they are in power that no Republican opinions may be expressed? Perhaps they would like to, but they don't. How much more should this right be extended to international groups? We as Americans might be taking the first step to the removal of freedom of our own thoughts by taking away the rights of others. The Bible states, "Judge not and thou shalt not be judged." We might paraphrase this to read, "Take not other's rights and thy rights shall not be taken." We Americans ought to take Voltaire's philosophy to heart, "I disapprove of what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it."

America Versus A Foreign Power

By Bob Rigg

As I sat down to write this paper, I suddenly realized that, except for its being the country in which I live, the word "America" has had very little meaning for me. I have accepted the fact that we have always had and always will have all the freedoms and rights for which our grandfathers, fathers, and brothers have fought. If I would stop and try to imagine what the United States would be like if our country were invaded today by a foreign power, I think the word "America" would mean a great deal more to me.

If America were invaded, the loss of three important freedoms would probably be the first things missed by the average person. If you were around anyone whom you did not know, you would have to be on your guard, because speaking against the new government would be a major crime. You would also miss the presence of editorials in your local newspaper. Most of the "news" would be propaganda, and stories which spoke against the new officials would be omitted. Papers which managed to sneak out an edition criticizing the government would be closed, and the owner and the editor would be thrown into jail. Another freedom which you would immediately miss would be the freedom of religion. You would not only be unable to choose your own way of worshipping, but even, under some systems, be unable to worship God publicly at all. Churches would be closed, and any minister who continued to hold services would be jailed.

The people who were thrown into jail would then become aware of the loss of another of our rights—the right to a trial by an impartial jury. Their cases may be given some sort of hearing, but the verdicts would always go against the defendants.

Although many people don't accept the duty of voting, I still think everyone would think it was a privilege when it

was denied him. You as an average citizen would have absolutely no voice in the governing of your life. Another privilege which most young people think is a task would be missed when the right to get the education of their choice was taken away.

If your father worked in a business which was taken over by the government, as most of them would be, he would not be allowed to change jobs if he wanted to. The chance for advancement would be almost nothing. If a position were vacated by a death or some such circumstance, a member of the ruling power would get the job.

The right to own your own business would be taken away. All establishments would be taken over and run by the government, thus removing all incentive to get ahead.

Since I have imagined what conditions would be under a foreign power, I think the word "America" has a much deeper meaning for me.

The Meaning of America

By Ronald Burton

The meaning of America is sometimes hard to grasp. For me, as a student, the essence of the idea seems to be the things which I know most about and affect me the most. These are the three groups into which the following material has been organized.

I. *Fight for Freedom*

America means grim pioneers and continental Fighting together in weathers detrimental.

It means this, starting with a revolution, The beginning of our evolution.

It means war on the seas and John Paul Jones, A lust for freedom in men's bones.

It means fighting to make men free; Washington; Grant against Lee.

It means foreign shores where our men are dying! Faraway islands where our flag is flying.

All of these things to make men free!

II. *The Growth of the Nation.*

It means the colonies, doing their best. Explorers, in the wilderness meeting a test.

It means free men, looking heaven-ward. It means strong men pushing westward.

It means great new lands, broad and long. New rivers, the Mississippi young and strong.

It means a great new nation full of opportunity, A new land full of space and purity.

It means cities, forged from the plains And great crops, strengthened by the rains.

All of these things make men free!

III. *The little things*

It means the cop out on his beat; The kids playing baseball in the street.

It means the drugstore, down the block. It means every bird and bush and rock.

It means politicians, booed and cheered And a new administration, anticipated and feared.

It means our flag, beautiful in flight And people feeling proud at its sight.

All of these things the nation means to me And all of these things make America free.

There You Are!

"There You Are!" is an historical episode in rime of the unification of Italy and Germany. It was written by Ann Wagner, Anitra Reed, Jan McGeorge, and Toby Stern under the direction of history teacher William McNabney.

The characters perfected German and Italian accents to present accurately "There You Are!"

Bismarck—

I am Otto Von Bismarck.
I welcome you all here,
For this is the tale of Germany,
Our Fatherland so dear.

Now I shall introduce my friends;
My king's the first, you see. (bow)
Then comes my greatest general,
Herr Ludwig Von Moltke. (bow)

Von Moltke—

Your highness, this young man I see.
Perhaps he has a good idea
About this German unity,
Without the Austrian misery. (holds nose)

William—

Ah yes, Von Moltke; he's a whiz.
This Bismarck is the best there is.
He has a plan, as you will see—
This Iron Chancellor of Germany.

Now tell us, Chancellor so bold,
Let all your plans herein unfold.
Before our wine becomes too cold,
Upon your plans we would be sold.

Bismarck—

Now first I shall unite this land,
And needle France to beat the band.
To Austria I'll give the gate,
And Denmark, sir, shall meet its fate.
Next I'll say that questions great
Are not decided here of late
By speeches, tears, or slinging mud,
But by my policy, Iron and Blood.

Bismarck to Von Moltke—

Napoleon the Third, my friend,
I'll bring to war through telegram;
We'll do this through a tactful plot,
Which will in turn unite our lot.

Dance by Bismarck, Von Moltke and William—

To London Bridges—

Deutschland Uber Alles, Alles, Alles
Deutschland Uber Alles,
My fair Deutschland.

Enter Karl Marx

We want freedom, freedom not for you,
We want coke and cookies, iron and steel, too.
And if you do not give them
You know we shall be blue,
And then we'll have to fight for them
And klobber all of you.

Bismarck—

What ho! We have a rebel?
Come, Pope, and help me out.

Pope—

Not after what you've done to me.
Can't you see I pour?

Bismarck—

I'm sorry, sir, that I forgot and threw the Catholics out
But I will now rescind, you see, to throw this Commie out.

Now list to me, Karl Marx, my friend;
I've given you new deal.
And fifty years from now it will
To F. D. R. appeal.

I gave insurance to your clan
And tried my very best,
To give you shorter hours—
On Sunday let you rest.

Now all this legislation,
Progressive as it seems,
Has caused you agitation
Against my fondest dreams.

Now why can't you be satisfied
With all these kindly deeds?
Thus all the Germans gratify,
Not just the Socialist needs.

William—

Now, Otto, you've been great to me;
Now that I'm about to die
I'll tell you all the things you've done
So medals you can buy.
And all the world will look at you
In thanks for their black eyes.

You've made the Prussian good and strong,
He stands at ease the whole day long,
He sings a very lusty song
And never does his frau a wrong.

You've made the Germanies twice as big
With Schleswig, Holstein, Alsace, and Leige
Metz, Cologne, Lorraine, and Saar,
The Ruhr, and Rhineland, our brightest star.

Bismarck—

Thank you, Kaiser, Moltke, too.
I know the things I've done for now.
And now the Fatherland so dear
Is one big family without fear.

William—

Oh, mein papa, this song I now must sing
To me you wast so terrible, you lousy Prussian king.
And now that I'm about to die,
For me they'll toll the bell.
To show their love for me they cry
While I depart for Halle.
In Halle of Saxony I'll spend
My final days in rest.
For Austria this is the end
And Germany the best.

Bismarck—

So now Napoleon, my friend,
To me some money you must lend.
I'll have five billion francs for now,
And send you home your fields to plow.
And if no payment you should make
Your lily white neck I will break.
For Germany shall rule the world,
In every land her flag unfurled.

Napoleon III—

But Bismarck, sir, see how I cry!
It breaks my heart to see France die.
And when stone cold in graves we lie,
You'll be down there while I'm up high.

As for German unity
You'll set the stage of apathy.
And great you'll never never be,
Because you'd not play fair with me.

Von Moltke—

List not to him, my Chancellor great:
Much greater men have met this fate.
And Rosy's at the garden gate,
And I go find my buxom Kate.

We army men have work at home
Now that France is all alone.
We'll deal a brand new Kultur Kampf
And teach the boys to sing and stomp.

They'll pray and go to church each day
And drive the Catholics away.
We'll run the school our own new way
And make the lousy Frenchmen pay.

William—

What ho! A telegram arrives,
Not like the one at Ulms.
It's from the Pope; hear how it cries
There's trouble in his realm.

Pope—

Otto Bismarck, you recall
When once you almost had a fall,
For Karl Marx, socialist, did rise
And you the Catholics did despise.

But when the Catholics you did need,
So from your troubles you'd be freed;
We helped drive out the Socialist creed,
So to our wants you should take heed.

For here my troubles aren't so teeny;
They have to do with Joe Mazzini.
He's trying very hard, you see,
To unify our Italy.

Mazzini—

My name's Mazzini. I'm the man
Who's trying Italy to band.
Unlike Cavour, I think it's right
That for our freedom we should fight.

The people I feel we should inspire
A great republic to desire.
To encompass this main goal
We'll put to use our name "Charcoal."

The people once did realize
My goal, and set before my eyes
A union great, but friends, I fear
It only lasted for a year.

Pope—

Another problem comes to me:
It's Emmanuel, my enemy.
He gained the throne when papa died;
Sardinia and Piedmont were his to guide.

Emmanuel—

Yes, 'twas me that gained my papa's throne,
And for his wrongs wished to atone.
My politics is somewhat crude;
My minister is very shrewd.

Unlike Mazzini is Cavour,
Who has a plan that's very sure,
To bring this land to unity
And call this nation Italy.

His glasses rest upon his nose
Though he assumes Napoleon's pose;
To organize is what he knows—
Unlike Mazzini, he writes no prose.

And I, Emmanuel, shall be
The greatest of the century.
Cavour's success I watched with glee,
And now I'm ruler of Italy.

Cavour—

Though once a prisoner for liberal views,
Today I'm headlines in the news;
I gained the help of France to fuse
A union of these twenty-two.

Napoleon, the frightened rat,
Took his troops home and left us flat,
Because he feared the Prussian fat
And troubles from a Bismarck spat.

At the time I wished to fight,
I had to have Napoleon's might.
I did not know what would be right
When Garibaldi learned our plight.

Garibaldi—

I am Garibaldi, the last liberator,
And to all in this great land, I am considered Pater.
My foremost thought is freedom, for one and all alike.
My stupid friend, who now needs aid, is Count Cavour
(how trite).

From Genoa in '59" to Sicily I sailed.
And by all the people there, a hero I was hailed.
From Sicily across the straits I fought against the gale
And kept my promise to the throng; in this I did not fail.

I set up King Emmanuel as king of many lands,
And from the Pope I wrested all except the Vatican.

Pope—

Ah yes, from God this man has seized
The land that God created,
And now I am in misery
While he stands here elated.

Myself a prisoner I'll make, and lock myself behind this
gate.
For fifty years this is my fate till Mussolini becomes great.

Emmanuel—

I'm sorry, Pope, but can't you see
How these three men brought liberty,
And to this land a unity
A great and strong new Italy?

Venetia, Parma, Verona, Rome, Padua, Modena, Piedmont,
Bologna,

The Papal States and Sicily, Istria, Lombardy, and Tuscany,
All these states are now as one;
The noble cause has now been won.

At last there is peace, so let's have fun, relax and enjoy
Italian sun.

Pope—

We hope you have listened carefully—
Been entertained quite gleefully.
We have presented factually
The German and Italian unity.

Be careful, students, and be wise
There is more here than meets the eye.
We hope by now you realize
That you'll be tested by and by.



The True Spirit of an American High School

By R. Fehlberg

To me a high school is more than just a building. To me it is a great tradition which lives not only here at Hammond High, but in high schools throughout all America. It is a tradition that we can never let die, and as long as people exist on the face of the earth, I hope it will live somewhere.

Whether a person be the son of a millionaire or of a poor man, whether his skin be dark or light, whether his creed be Christian or Jewish, when he enters an American high school and passes within its walls, he has equal chances. He has the right to have fun, to gain knowledge, and assume leadership if he cares to. That is the true spirit of an American high school. I know it is the true spirit of my school, Hammond High.



Pupils' Pledge

We will never bring disgrace to this our Hammond High School by any act of dishonesty or cowardice, nor ever desert our comrades; we will fight for the ideals and sacred things of the Hammond High School, both alone and with many; we will revere and obey the Hammond High School laws and do our best to incite a like respect and reverence in others; we will strive unceasingly to quicken the pupil's sense of Hammond High School's civic duty; that thus in all these ways, we may transmit Hammond High School greater, better, and more beautiful than it was transmitted to us.



BOARD OF EDUCATION

Sitting: Mr. Columbus Smith, Mr. Charles Scott, Mr. L. L. Caldwell, Dr. Henry Eggers, Mr. Harold Chase.
Standing: Mr. R. B. Miller, Mr. John Bodman, Mr. John F. Beckman, and Mr. Donald Gavitt.

THE BOARD OF EDUCATION

Mr. Lee L. Caldwell, Superintendent of Schools, attended Simpson College, Iowa State Teachers College, and did graduate work at the University of Iowa and the University of Chicago. Mr. Caldwell enjoys gardening and reading and is the author of *Education Notes*; he devotes much time to community service.

Mr. R. B. Miller received his A.B. from the University of Chicago and his M. A. from Columbia University in New York. His outside interests are gardening, golfing, fishing, and taking moving pictures. Mr. Miller worked his way through high school and college. He went into teaching because he felt he could give great service to mankind.

Dr. Henry W. Eggers, President of the Board, is a graduate of Hammond High and of the University of Illinois where he received his M.D. in 1931. Dr. Eggers is a member of the American College of Surgeons, the Internal College of Surgeons, the International Congress of Obstetrics and Gynecology, the AMA, and Sigma XI. Dr. Eggers belongs to the Rotary Club and the Chamber of Commerce in Hammond. He is on the staff at St. Margaret's. Dr. Eggers outside interest are his family, his garden, and hunting and fishing.

Mr. Harold Chase, Secretary of the Board, is a Gary Emerson graduate. Mr. Chase, who is production supervisor at United Chemical and Organic Products Company, is on Stugen Board and the Hammond Recreation Commission. He follows all sports and enjoys fishing and gardening.

Mr. Columbus Smith, Treasurer of the Board, graduated from high school at Metea, Indiana. He came to Hammond in

1916 as a telegraph operator and ticket agent for the Pennsylvania Railroad. For the past 32 years he has been in his own Hardware—Plumbing and Heating business.

Mr. Charles N. Scott, Board member, graduated from Hope School, Orkney, Scotland. Mr. Scott, who has lived in Hammond for forty years, has been president of the Calumet National Bank of Hammond for the past twenty years. He was in the contracting and building business from 1914 to 1935.

Mr. John Bodman states that his function on the Board is "to use the authority and responsibility of the position to press in every possible way toward improvement of Hammond's educational system." Mr. Bodman is a 1930 graduate of the State College of Washington, is a member of the American Institute of Chemical Engineers and the American Oil Chemists' Society. His vocational occupation is that of manufacturing superintendent with Lever Brothers Company in charge of vegetable oil processing and production operations. Color photography is his hobby.

Business Manager, Mr. Donald Gavitt, is a Hammond High School and Wabash College graduate. His interests are his church, Kiwanis Club and hunting.

Mr. John F. Beckman, Board Attorney, is a life long resident of Hammond. He is married and has four children, three girls and one boy. Mr. Beckman, who practices law with the firm of Tinkham, Beckman, and Kelly, graduated from the Indiana University School of Business in 1938 and Indiana University School of Law in 1941.



Mr. Rapp

OFFICE STAFF

Pat Ovanek, who graduated from Hammond High in June, 1949, prepares transcripts and credits, types stencils, and miscellaneous materials.

Mrs. Hazel Lindstrom, graduated in June, 1925. When interviewed by a staff member concerning her job and herself, Hazel said, "I had been a typist on the Dunes Staff and helped out during a rush near the end of the semester. When there was a job opening in the office, I was glad to accept it. This job opening came four days after Commencement and I have been here ever since. My hobbies include letter writing—about thirty letters a month. I also like to try new recipes. Most of my time in the office is spent checking attendance, doing miscellaneous reports and *answering questions.*"

Joan Chapman has worked in the office since her graduation from Hammond High in 1933. Her job includes taking dictation, operating the mimeograph machine and typing. Joan's hobbies are embroidering and dancing.



OFFICE STAFF
Pat Ovanek, Hazel Lindstrom, Joan Chapman

Sitting: Miss Johnston, Mr. Coleman, Miss Bollenbach.
Standing: Mr. Hightower, Mr. Brock.



COUNSELORS

The Counseling Staff includes Mr. C. T. Coleman, Program Director, and Miss Bollenbach, Mr. Brock, Mr. Hightower, and Miss Johnston, freshman, sophomore, junior, and senior counselors respectively. Counselors aid the students in selecting the subjects to be taken each semester. Then Mr. Coleman takes over and assigns each student his schedule only to find a line of interminable length waiting outside 109 soon after for the purpose of changing schedules. And people ask why counselors turn grey.

Hammond High Faculty



First Row

MISS ABELL
MISS ALDERTON
MISS E. ANDERSON
MISS G. ANDERSEN
MR. BEYER

Second Row

MISS BOLLENBACH
MR. BOLT
MR. BROCK
MR. COLEMAN
MR. DEWALT

Third Row

MISS DIETERICH
MR. DUNHAM
MISS EXLEY
MR. FRUEHLING
MR. GARRETT

Fourth Row

MR. GEKELER
MR. GELLENBECK
MISS HAWVER
MRS. HAYS
MR. HENDRICKS

Fifth Row

MR. HIGHTOWER
MR. HILL
MISS JOHNSTON
MRS. KARRIS
MISS KENNEDY

Sixth Row

MISS KESSING
MR. KING
MR. KUCER
MR. LONG
MR. LUNDGREN

First Row

MISS E. McCULLOUGH
MISS H. McCULLOUGH
MISS McGRANAHAN
MR. McNABNEY
MR. MURI



Second Row

MR. NELSON
MR. OVERMAN
MR. PAPAIS
MISS PARVIS
MR. PRESTON



Third Row

MISS PRITCHARD
MR. REED
MISS REEDER
MISS REICHL
MR. RIDER



Fourth Row

MRS. ROBE
MRS. ROY
MR. RUPP
MR. SCHUBERT
MISS SCHUBKEGEL



Fifth Row

MR. SCOTT
MR. SODERQUIST
MISS STANLEY
MISS STRANGE
MISS TAYLOR



Sixth Row

MISS THIEL
MISS THOMAS
MISS WATERBURY
MISS K. WILLIAMS
MISS M. WILLIAMS



Seventh Row

MR. WONSOWITZ
MR. WOOD
MISS WORK
MISS YOUNG



MISS THELMA ABELL seemed to be just falling in line with an established precedent when she decided to teach, for her grandfather, father, mother, sisters, and brother all taught school. A member of the Math Department, Miss Abell came to H.M.S. after teaching at Edison for several years. Music, plays, movies, and good books are her most pleasurable pastimes.

MISS BETTY ALDERTON, a graduate of Denison University, is a member of the Math Department. This last semester she taught trigonometry, geometry, and consumers' math. Miss Alderton's outside interests are fishing, traveling, and hunting.

MISS ELIZABETH ANDERSEN, a graduate of the University of Minnesota, at first wished to teach her favorite subject, history, but today she is teaching business courses in Hammond High. Miss Andersen is active in the Hammond Civic League theater.

MISS GEORGIA ANDERSEN also joined both the American College of Physical Education and Indiana University. At first Miss Andersen taught physical education and swimming at Hammond High, but because of her position as social director, she now spends most of her time improving and directing the social program. Her interests outside are varied and generally practical, including building her new home, knitting, reading, working in church activities and traveling.

MR. NORMAN BEYER is glad he decided to teach, for he "has enjoyed the profession and its compensations offered by the vigor and spontaneity of high school youth." A sociology and economics instructor, Mr. Beyer enjoys sports, touring, reading, civic organization memberships, and putting.

A graduate of Columbia University and of Northwestern, MISS KATHERINE BOLLENBACH planned to enter chemical research; however, because of a shortage of chemistry teachers, she entered the teaching profession. Miss Bollenbach teaches English and this year is the senior counselor. Music and cookery hold her keen interest.

MR. ARTHUR BOLT began his teaching career because he was interested in working with young people. A member of the English Department, Mr. Bolt is also the sponsor of the school paper, *The Calumet Herald*. Home life seems to hold most of his interests outside of the classroom. "Next to the clergy, teachers give the most service to mankind. I did not choose to become a member of the clergy. Most occupations deal with monetary gains; teaching tries to promote mental gains. Minds are more valuable than money." With these words, MR. ROBERT BROCK consolidates the reasons for his decision to teach. His other interests include rearing his family, maintaining his home, and photography in that order.

MR. CLARENCE COLEMAN, who obtained his higher education at Yankton and the University of Chicago, is program director for the school. His interests outside of school center primarily in travel.

Because he likes to teach, MR. RAY DEWALT, a graduate of the State University of Iowa, is a member of the Hammond High faculty, specifically the Business Education Department. Mr. DeWalt's interests include reading, and "a non-profit organization consisting of my two daughter's family—two boys, a girl, a palomino saddle horse, bicycles, a dog, and several kites we can't get off the ground."

MISS MARION DIETRICH, a native of Hammond, attended Wallace School, Hammond High, and collected various college degrees at the American College of Physical Education, Columbia University, and Indiana University. He decision to teach was a simple one and still holds true—the likes kids! Miss Dietrich also enjoys handicraft, sports, principally golf, gardening, and camping.

MR. ROBERT DUNHAM received his business education at the State Teachers' College in Whitewater, Wisconsin, and the State University of Iowa. Financial advisor for the *Herald* and the Dunes, Mr. Dunham also is a member of the Business Education Department. Golf, bowling, and traveling in the West are his favorite recreations.

After spending two years at Kalamazoo College, MISS EDNA EXLEY attended and graduated from the University of Michigan. Her decision to teach English was made early. Traveling, reading and enjoying good music are Miss Exley's diversions.

MR. TED FRUEHLING attended Hammond High for his freshman and sophomore years and transferred to Wentworth High in Calumet City. After taking all business courses in college with no intentions of teaching, he worked in a bank for a year. Mr. Frueling is book store manager and head of the Business Education Department. His interests outside of school include his family, church activities, tennis, bicycling, and boating.

MR. JAMES GARRETT, a graduate of Chalmers College in Indiana, is head of the Mathematics Department. Mr. Garrett's spare time is given primarily to golf, fishing, and farming.

A graduate of Northwestern, MR. KENNETH GEEKLER is head of the Instrumental Music Department. Besides school and band work, gardening and flowers hold his interest, and traveling is another of his activities.

MR. LEE GELLENBECK, football coach, graduated from the University of Kentucky. Mr. Gellenbeck also teaches physical education and swimming. His interests outside of school are fishing, golfing and boating.

MISS LEONA HAWVER, high school librarian, obtained her A.B. degree at Indiana University and her B.S. degree at Western Reserve. Because she enjoyed reading, young people, and going to school, Miss Hawver decided to teach. She likes antiques, traveling, gardening, music and reading.

MRS. GLADYS HAYS graduated from Monmouth College in Illinois and, since then, has done work at the University of Chicago, Indiana University Extension, and Purdue Extension. A member of the English staff, this

choice was made by Mrs. Hays because she "enjoys teaching those who want to learn." Activities with little or no school connection that hold interest for Mrs. Hays are her family, music, the theater, travel, cooking, and reading.

MR. GLENN HENDRICKS graduated from the University of Chicago with his M.S. degree and was then inspired to teach, primarily because he likes kids. Today a member of the Social Studies Department at Hammond High, Mr. Hendricks generally teaches freshman geography. Fishing and hunting are his principal outside activities; he is also an American Legion member.

"Very early it seemed to me that one of the most important goals in life was to become a good and useful citizen. By teaching I thought I could have a part in helping young people to reach that goal." Thus, MR. NIGHTHOWER explains his reason for deciding to teach. A member of the Mathematics Department, he is a loyal booster of all Hammond High activities. In addition, his family and people in general interest him.

His interest in history and his enjoyment of being with young people prompted MR. JAMES HILL to teach social studies. Mr. Hill obtained his B. A. degree at Baker University and his M. A. from Colorado State; now he is taking graduate work at Columbia University. Collecting early American china, square dancing, and reading are his favorite pastimes.

MISS LAURA JOHNSTON decided to teach after she graduated from the State University of Iowa because she likes to work with young people. Walnut furniture, African vases, needlework, and letter writing get much of her attention. Miss Johnston also enjoys her apartment and guests.

After graduating from Iowa State Teachers' College with her B.A. degree and from the University of Iowa with her M.S. degree, MRS. DOROTHY KARRIS became a biology teacher. Her interests include her husband, their home, numerous sports events, making her own clothes, knitting, photography, and stamp collecting.

MISS HELEN KENNEDY, head of the English Department, decided to teach as a result of the favorable impressions made on her by students attending the Teachers' College near her home in Terre Haute. After obtaining degrees from Indiana State Teachers' College and the State University of Iowa, Miss Kennedy became a teacher. Miss Kennedy's avocations are writing, reading, cooking, housekeeping, traveling, and enjoying theater, television, and Smokey, her pet Persian cat.

MISS MAE KESSING, an alumna of Hammond High, teaches Spanish. Teaching holds a challenge to further the cause of education as well as enjoyment and satisfaction for her. Miss Kessing "likes everything in life but dirt, noise, and chewing gum." Reading is her favorite pastime but nature, in the form of long hikes, or good conversation gives her pleasure. MR. BOB KING graduated from Purdue University to take up coaching which he enjoys greatly. Interests outside of school revolve around athletics—golf and tennis.

One of the several alumni of Hammond High who have come back to teach is MR. STEVE KUCER. Upon his graduation from the University of San Francisco, he began his teaching career, which, although comparatively new, is getting its most vigorous exercise in Hammond High in the form of U.S. History. His decision to teach was influenced by the pleasure he takes in working with high school pupils. Fishing, sports, and traveling are Mr. Kucer's favorite pastimes.

In 1911 and 1914 MR. CHARLES LONG graduated from Eastern Illinois State Teachers' College and Lake Forest College respectively. Since then he has had graduate work at the University of Chicago, University of Wisconsin, and the University of Montpellier in France. A member of the Science Department at Hammond High, Mr. Long teaches chemistry. His outside interests are his home and his church.

After graduating from the University of Chicago, MR. LAWRENCE LUNDGREN, an alumnus of Hammond High, became a teacher because he likes people and academic pursuits, and because his own scholastic ability is stimulated through the school. His principal outside interests are his family, a wife, a small son, and a daughter—his home; traveling; fishing; reading; and singing. He teaches physics and psychology and has sponsored the Hi-Y for five years.

MISS EUNICE MCCULLOUGH of the English department graduated from Indiana University. When she was quite young, she wanted very much to become a doctor, but this ambition was thwarted by her father who felt that teaching was the vocation for a girl. Her outside interests are baking, painting, politics, and her farm home.

Admiration for her teachers and a desire to be like them prompted Miss HELEN MCCULLOUGH to teach. After graduation from Indiana State Teachers' College, Miss McCullough received a Master's degree in Education from Indiana University. She teaches freshman English. Other than teaching, reading, farming, and traveling take up much of her time.

Encouraged by her father, MISS ELLEN MCGRANAHAN decided to teach after she graduated from Indiana University with an A.B. degree. In addition to her good times with kids, Miss McGranahan's interests include symphony, theater, the opera, traveling, and collecting antiques. As a loyal Hammond High supporter, her interests in athletics include a wide range of sports. An English teacher at Hammond High, Miss McGranahan is also responsible for the Dunes production each year.

One of the several alumni of Hammond High, MR. WILLIAM MCNABNEY teaches World History. His undergraduate college work was completed at Indiana University and he is now working toward his Master's degree. Mr

McNabney was prompted to teach by "world travel to historical places with the armed forces, and by the futility of war." Music and electronics are his interests outside school.

MR. JOHN T. MURI, a member of the H. H. S. English Department, has obtained degrees from the University of Chicago and Indiana University. He has written articles for the English Journal and other publications. Each year he is the spelling master for the Hammond Times Spelling Bee and plays the organ for Commencement, basketball games, and special shows at the Civic Center. Music and motorcycling are his principal outside interests.

MR. EDWARD NELSON is an alumnus of Hammond High and Washburn College, and has just completed teaching here twenty years. He began teaching because he liked young people and loved coaching football. He served thirty-nine months in World War II in the U. S. Coast Guard and is a member of the Coast Guard Reserve. His other interests are his family, the American Committee in the American Legion, the Optimist Club, and the First United Evangelical Lutheran Church.

In his high school years, MR. LEMMON OVERMAN made plans to teach mathematics. After obtaining degrees from Earlham College and Columbia University, he began teaching. Mr. Overman spends much of his spare time with his family, his garden, sports, particularly basketball, or entertaining groups with his knowledge of telescopes and astronomy.

Because he desired to influence young people as he himself had been influenced by his teachers at Hammond High, MR. JULES PAVIS, swimming coach and biology instructor, decided to teach. His interests include his home, outdoor recreation, photography, travel, gardening, and woodcraft.

MISS PERLE PARVIS has studied at Notre Dame for two summer sessions, at Columbia University, Miss Parvis is resigning from Gregg College, and Indiana University. Miss Parvis is teaching at Hammond High to embark on an entirely new teaching experience—in Hawaii. Miss Parvis cooks, reads, handbooks, and goes horseback riding when the time permits.

"An absorbing interest in language and literature has little economic value to business or industry. I enjoy working with most young people, especially when I find that I have been instrumental in broadening their scope of understanding and appreciation of literature." These words seem to explain for MR. JOHN PRESTON's coming to the English Department of Hammond High, after graduating from Indiana State Teachers' College. His other interests include Scout work, the Hammond Civic Little Theater and travel.

After MISS PAULINE PRITCHARD graduated from Earlham College, she became a Latin teacher. Miss Pritchard's activities outside of school are bird study, sewing, traveling, picture taking on trips, and church and club work.

After attending Indiana University and the State University of Iowa for college work, MR. T. D. REED became a social studies instructor and later, the debate coach at Hammond High. Mr. Reed is the first Indiana speech teacher to receive a diamond key, because of the number of National Forensic League points Hammond High students have made under his direction. His outside activities are bowling, swimming, and hiking.

While attending eighth grade, MISS CRYSTAL REEDER first decided to teach. Her interests, hiking, reading, gardening, and bird study, typify the reason for her enjoyment of the biology classes she teaches. Membership in the National Biology Teachers' Association and the Indiana Audubon Society adds to Miss Reeder's interest in her work.

MISS JOSEPHINE REICH, German instructor, attended Mundelein College in Chicago and the University of Illinois. Her interests include gardening, sewing, cooking, eating, drama, music, literature, and travel, both on- and off-campus.

"The parents of tomorrow are the high school students of today. It's a life investment to teach understanding, moral courage and responsibility," says MR. JOHN RIDER, a graduate of Indiana Central College. Among his interests are writing, and the musical films. Mr. Rider is active in dramatics and teaches chorus and public speaking.

After graduating from Manchester College in Indiana, MR. PHYLLIS ROBE decided to teach school because "I enjoy foods and sewing so much myself, I feel that every girl should be taught to enjoy them also." Outside of school, Mrs. Robe's interests are homemaking, knitting and photography. Mrs. ROBE is the school nurse and she also teaches health and safety classes. She enjoys skiing, gourmet cooking, and keeping her husband well and happy.

MR. RALPH RUPP, Assistant Principal, was graduated from Oberlin College in Ohio, then attended the University of Chicago and Indiana University for graduate work. He was attracted to the teaching profession by his association with students and faculty. Currently head of the Science Department, Mr. Rupp teaches chemistry. His interests include reading, and cabinet making are his primary interests outside of school.

When MR. CECIL SCHUBERT had obtained degrees from Northwestern and the University of South Dakota, his intention was to become an accountant. He changed his mind, for when he began to teach he liked teaching well enough to give up his accounting aspirations. He is a member of the Business Education Department. Mr. Schubert's hobby is photography. Three older brothers who were teachers encouraged MISS JOY SCHUBERT-KEGEL to teach. Her interests include the theater, symphony, ballet, travel, and art conventions. Supervisor of Art in the Hammond City Schools, Miss Schubertkegel also teaches art classes at Hammond High. She lectures frequently at art conventions.

An alumnus of Hammond High, MR. JAMES SCOTT graduated from Drake University in 1951. Since then he has become a member of the Hammond High faculty, teaching history and coaching, because "I enjoy working with pupils in classrooms and on the athletic field." He was a basketball star at Drake as well as at Hammond High. Mr. Scott's outside interests are athletics and photography.

After studying at both Illinois Normal and the University of Illinois, MR. JAMES SODERQUIST launched himself on a teaching career for several reasons, namely an interest in young people and the knowledge that the vocation would hold both changes and challenges. Though he is a member of the Hammond High Social Studies Department, Mr. Soderquist means his only activity. His family and home, his church and community, and his interest in photography, amateur carpentering, and reading also take up much of his time.

MISS EDITH E. STANLEY attended Simpson College, the State University of Iowa, and the University of Chicago. She entered the teaching profession because she thought she would enjoy it. She is a member of our Hammond High English faculty, and has taught evening classes at Calumet Center and Purdue Extension.

MISS LEDICIA STRANGE, a graduate of Indiana University, began her teaching career at the encouragement of her family, teachers and friends. For several years she was the social department supervisor, but now she is co-sponsor of the Hammond High Association. At Hammond High she teaches English but outside of school she enjoys rare gardening, sewing, knitting and cooking.

The head of the Social Studies Department, MISS FRANCES TAYLOR, taught government and sociology during the '53-'54 school year. She began her teaching career after attending Indiana University and the University of Chicago where she received her degrees. Her many interests include traveling, reading, and gardening.

MISS GEORGIA THIEL, teaches sewing and home management in the Home Economics Department. Teaching was her choice of occupation after she graduated from the University of Illinois with her B.S. degree and obtained her M.A. at Columbia University Teachers' College. Miss Thiel is the Monitor sponsor. She has traveled extensively.

After receiving her A.B. degree from the State University of Iowa and her M. A. from Columbia University, MISS YERA THOMAS decided to enter the field of teaching. As a member of the Math Department, Miss Thomas usually teaches geometry. Her interests include traveling, taking colored pictures, driving her Buick, and fishing.

Head of the Vocal Department, MISS ESTHER WATERBURY directs numerous programs which she presents at school and for the public. She received her A.B. degree from Grinnell College and her M.A. from the Colorado State College of Education. Additional graduate work was completed at Columbia University, the University of Southern California, and the Christiansen Choral School. Miss Waterbury likes dress making, mountain climbing, square dancing, and antique furniture.

MISS KATHERINE WILLIAMS attended both Denison University and the University of Chicago. She decided to teach because she has always been interested in young people. At present, Miss Williams is a member of the Math Department, generally teaching algebra. Her principal interests include cooking, gardening, her family and friends, and the missionary work of her church.

MISS MARGARET WILLIAMS "never really decided to teach school," it seems that she "just always wanted to teach." At first she wished to teach math but became interested in teaching business while working between high school and college. Currently, Miss Williams is attending Indiana University for graduate work. Her interests include reading, sewing, and traveling.

Track coach and sponsor of the Wingfoot Club, MR. JOHN WONSOWITZ returned to the Social Studies Department after serving in the Navy during the war. The decision to teach after graduation from Ohio State University was stimulated by his desire to work with children and to coach boys. Fishing and traveling are among Mr. Wonsowitz's hobbies.

MR. JAY WOOD obtained his degrees from Indiana State Teachers College and Indiana University. Teaching school was his vocational choice because he wanted to help young people prepare themselves for their future work. He enjoys church work, has traveled extensively, namely to Cuba, Canada, Mexico and all through Europe, and has taken many pictures of his travels.

MISS MARGARET WORK obtained her B.A. degree at Ball State Teachers' College and her M.A. at the University of Michigan. Miss Work teaches Latin because she "likes young people and enjoys working with and helping them." Her favorite pleasures include attending plays and operas, hiking, swimming, studying, studying archeology, traveling, and reading.

MISS VIRGINIA YOUNG obtained her B.S. degree from Purdue University and will complete her master's this summer at Butler University. Her decision to teach was made as a result of her "interest in teaching, interest in young people, and the joy of working with people." In Hammond High, Miss Young is one of the girls' physical education teachers. Travel, outdoor activities such as fishing, and camping, and reading are her principal interests outside of school.



Miss Parvis

Miss Perle Parvis

By Babs Seely

We are now at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Parvis whose daughter, Perle, aged six, cooks by standing on a stool to reach the top of the stove. No matter what the occasion, if Perle knows about it, she bakes a marble cake; later it becomes angel food cake.

It's several years later and Perle is taking prizes for her homemade bread.

Still later, during high school, she is the cook for all company meals; there is everything from hand-dressed fried chicken to some fancy cake or pie. All are Perle's handiwork.

Next comes college. She receives a Bachelor of Science degree in commerce from Indiana U.; a diploma from the Normal course of Gregg College; works one year beyond a degree in English, journalism, and psychology.

After this comes further study, only this time it is at Pope's School of Fancy Cookery. Now she is a cook's ideal; she is pictured above with her parade of favorite preparations: glazed shrimp, bonbon olives (ripe olives stuffed with fillet of anchovy and decorated with colored cream cheese), slami and roquefort cornucopias, muerbes (butter cookies in fancy shapes and sizes), and a lemon chiffon cake. She likes to fool around with party food, because it looks so pretty.

To top this all off, next year Miss Parvis is going to be teaching in Hawaii. And, no doubt, she will continue to awe her friends and neighbors with her cooking.

Miss Esther Waterbury

Behind her is a robed chorus, a symbol of the hundreds of students whom Esther Waterbury has directed at Hammond High. Her programs are attended by people from every part of the Calumet Region; they have become a tradition to our student body. We shall always remember—three hundred voices singing "Holy City" directed by Miss Waterbury.



Miss Waterbury



Mrs. Papais, Jule John, and Mr. Papais.

Hammond High's Boy Wonder

By Babs Seely

I doubt if you have the slightest idea who our boy wonder is. Who is he? Our one and only Mr. Rupp, the man with a saw. He is not only a handy man to have around the basement, but also a handy man to have around the assistant principal's office. He is the assistant principal.

Well, back to his superb craftsmanship in wood. Most of us, if we're normal, ask, "How did you get started, Mr. Rupp?"

His answer would sound something like this, I hope, "I don't really know. I guess it was just the interest I have always had in wood craft."

Gee, now we know as much as we did before.

Unlike most people interested in this field, he doesn't like to do the same styles over and over again, but I guess it would get monotonous doing the same thing too often.

He says he can go into his workshop and lose himself. Of course, Mrs. Rupp helps him get lost in his work by being good help.

That he makes everything from soup to nuts in both cherry and walnut is but a slight understatement. To our teachers, he's a walking doll with a saw and a piece of sand paper.

Want any new, hand-made furniture? Any old, auction furniture fixed up? Mr. Rupp can do it, if he wants to and has the time.



Mr. Overman

A Star is Born

By Babs Seely

A dream came true at 10:30 p.m. February 16, 1954, when into this world came an eight pound, two and one-half ounce wailing baby boy, Jule John Papais by name.

Can't you just picture him?

It's football season, the crowd starts to roar; across the goal line crawls a dipered figure to score the winning touchdown. It's Jule Papais, following in his daddy's knee tracks. One hundred eight yards, folks; this kid is a wonder, and absolute wonder.

It's track time; The coach is in a dither; we need this event to win the meet. Who's that on the starting line? He's wearing white baggy pants and carrying a rattle! Why, that's Jule Papais! They're off! Look! Who's that on the finish line already? That's our dipered friend and star, Jule.

It's track time; the coach is in a dither; we need this thing; the best I have ever seen, or will see!

Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Papais, and thanks from Hammond High School.



Mr. Rupp

Flowering Mathematician

By Babs Seely

It's June, the sun is shining, and the flowers are about to burst into full bloom for the first time since last fall; the ground is freshly tilled around the tea rose plants at the Overmans. In a few days the beautiful array of color will be in full swing and Mr. Overman, a mathematics teacher, will be as busy as the numerous bees in his garden; but while the bees collect nectar, Mr. Overman will be collecting his pet pests, aphids.

Ten or twelve of the tea roses in Mr. Overman's garden are well-traveled plants, for they came up from Richmond, Indiana, Mrs. Overman's former home.

Mr. Overman claims that raising roses isn't his hobby, but is an outgrowth of a garden infatuation for plants in general. His roses are of varied colors which include white, yellow, pink, and red. Of all his roses his favorite is a bright red one called "Better Times." As an estimate, he would say he has from forty to fifty different rose plants.

If you too count buds, Mr. Overman will show you his garden, his rose garden.



They are alive and well somewhere,
The smallest sprout shows there is really no death,
And if ever there was it led forward life, and does not
wait at the end to arrest it,
And ceased the moment life appeared.

—WALT WHITMAN

In Memoriam

WILLIAM H. DIERCKS - SEPTEMBER 24, 1954



SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS AND SPONSORS
Sitting: Mr. Preston, Judy Shields.
Standing: John Rapp, Judy Williams, Tom Alt.
 Miss Margaret Williams was co-sponsor.

Senior Class

Senior class officers were Tom Alt, president; John Rapp, vice-president; Judy Shields, secretary; and Judy Williams, treasurer. The valedictorian Allen Tucker maintained an "A" average for four years; the salutatorian was Ruth Ann Acker. Jill Luellen received the D.A.R. Pilgrimage Award, and Ed Vennon received the D.A.R. Good Citizenship Award. The Association officers were Jerry Foote, president; Ed Vennon, vice-president; and Nancy Mason, recorder. The class sponsors were Miss Margaret Williams and Mr. John Preston.

The 1954 class had 65 of its 302 members in the National Honor Society. Members of National Honor Society the first semester were Ruth Ann Acker, Mary Berg, Alan Bergstedt, Corliss Cox, Nancy Cutshall, Susan Duncan, Joan Eads, Phyllis Eaton, Jerry Foote, Barbara Gabrys, Aldora Graf, Catherine Gray, Judy Hanagan, Lorraine Hankman, Roger Hinesley, Joyce Hoekema, Donald Hoffman, Barbara Hough, Merrill Hubbell, Kathryn Inkley, Carol Jurgenson, John Kennedy, Janet Langdon, Jill Luellen, Sheldon Lynn, Ray Polone, John Rapp, Karen Schuler, Barbara Schultz, Donna Snyder, Dorothy Soja, Betty Takacs, Rolene Thielbar, Linda Toren, Allen

Tucker, Harvey VanDyke, Ed Vennon, Paula Victors, Ronald Woerner, Nancy Yaple. The members of the second semester National Honor Society were Sheldon Abrahamson, Harlan Achor, Marjorie Bodman, Tom Granack, Alice Gussman, Phyllis, Hedwall, Pat Janiga, Dolores Jansma, Dorothy Kretsch, Jean McPherson, Judy Meyer, Kay Millies, Tom Modrak, Ronald O'Connor, Gloria Peglow, Merle Pfeil, Ann Pruyne, Shirley Renaud, Maxine Robbins, Beverly Schmidt, Judy Shields, Robert Smith, Virgil Thomas, Margaret Whitaker, and Virginia Ziehl.

Among the big senior events were the dress dance at St. John Panel Room and the world premiere performance of the senior play, "Line of Scrimmage". Class Day was June 2; Baccalaureate was June 6; Senior Banquet was June 8; and Commencement was June 9.

Below are Alan Tucker, valedictorian; Ruth Ann Acker, salutatorian; Ed Vennon, winner of the D.A.R. Good Citizenship Award; and Jill Luellen, winner of the D.A.R. Pilgrimage Award.



Alan Tucker



Ruth Ann Acker



Ed Vennon



Jill Luellen

S e n i o r s



First Row:

SHELDON ABRAHAMSON, who has sold more autos than any other boy in school, has been vice-president of the Automobile Club, treasurer of the Dramatic Club and was a Monitor. He has belonged to the Ace of Clubs, Jr. National Honor Society, and played on the tennis team.

HELENE ABRAMSON, who likes all kinds of desserts, has managed to keep herself trim in G.A.C. She has been in Spanish Club, and Dramatic Club, and sold lots of 1954 Dunes.

HARLAN EUGENE ACHOR has participated in cross-country, debate, and speech arts. He has been in German Club and House of Representatives.

Second Row:

Activities that have kept RUTH ANN ACKER busy have been National Honor Society, J.C.L., German Club, Booster Club, and Pre-Nursing. She was valedictorian of her 8th grade graduating class but she admits there were only 13 in the class. She is salutatorian of the 1954 class.

JOHN AGERTER has been active in Student Activities and intramural basketball and softball.

VERNELL ALLEN has been active in Y-Teens, Chorus, and Red Cross. She was a Nurse's aid.

Third Row:

TOM ALT, president of the senior class and the Jr. National Honor Society, has worked in the Court and Senate, has sung in the 8 Notes, and was on the track team.

From Edison came TOM AMBLER who shone in basketball and track. He likes food and girls. Tom earned his spending money at Jim and Joe's Gas Station.

JIM ANDERSON.

Fourth Row:

MARIS ARMSTRONG, a familiar figure in the Bookstore, has sung in Girls Chorus, Glee Club, and Choral Club. Maris is a whiz on skates.

SHIRLEY BABB, from Columbia, likes to collect programs from plays and eat butter-scotch pudding. This happy redhead has belonged to Y-Teens.

CAROLYN BARNARD has participated in J.C.L., Ace of Clubs, G.A.C., and Student Activities. She has been a Monitor also. Carolyn plans to go to Purdue.

JOHN BASHAM

DORIS BAYLY, who likes to munch french fries and to drink Pepsi, come to us from Edison. She has been in Y-Teens and Automobile Club.

RONALD BENGTSON, Hi-Y president, has been a Senator and a House Rep. He has played in the Band and served as a Monitor. Ron came from Morton and is going to Indiana U.

Second Row:

LOUIS BERATIS boasts of a first prize in a ping-pong contest. He has participated in the Accordion Club, Automobile Club, intramurals, and has helped the cheerleaders with "eetsy-beetsy." Louie is an outstanding art student.

From Washington came athlete JIM BEROELOS who has participated in track, basketball, and cross-country. He belonged to the H-Men's Club and has served as a Monitor.

At Munster MARY BERG worked on the Spectator and belonged to the Play Shop. At H.H.S. she has sung in the Choir and the Chansonettes. A National Honor Society member, Mary's going to William and Mary College in Virginia. She won a bronze medal in the State English contest at Bloomington.

Third row:

ALAN BERGSTEDT was vice-president of his freshman class and editor of the Spectator at Munster. At H.H.S. he has belonged to the House, National Honor Society, and was president of the Auto Club.

BOB BLACKMON has been on the varsity basketball team. He was a House Rep. and sold Telebook records.

MARGIE BOARDWAY, who plans to be a model has belonged to G.A.C., Student Activities, House, Choir, and the Chansonettes. Margie worked at the candy counter in the Paramount.



S e n i o r s

First Row:

At Edison MARGORIE BODMAN belonged to Junior National Honor Society and was on the Transmitter staff. At H.H.S. she has sung in the Glee Club, Melodores, Chansonettes, and Choir. Margie will attend Grinnell College.

BEVERLY BOGDAN has belonged to Glee Club, Student Activities, and Y-Teens. Beverly came from Edison where she belonged to the Library Club.

BARBARA JEAN BROBST, the "baby-sitter" of the year, has been a member of the Art Club, F.T.A., and Pre-Nursing Club. At Munster she was on the Spectator staff.

Second Row:

EVA BROWN

JOANNE BUCKNER, from Munster, has belonged to Y-Teens, Automobile Club, Girls Chorus, and Student Activities. Joanne has a vast collection of records.

MYRA BUDD of Washington Junior High School works at York's and plans to attend college. Myra loves to eat shrimp and to knit. She has been in Chorus I and II.

Third Row:

HELEN BUDNYK wants to go to college, teach first grade, and eventually get married. She has belonged to Y-Teens, Student Activities, and has worked on the Prom Committee.

ADRIENNE CANNING has belonged to Y-Teens and has worked in Student Activities of H.H.S. Adrienne came from Munster and plans to marry soon after graduation.

JANET CARTY has been working at Smith Motors where she hopes to continue as a stenographer. She has already earned several certificates for shorthand and typing. Janet entered H.H.S. from Edison.

Fourth Row:

At Springfield High, GAIL CARRIGAN sang in the Choir and belonged to the G.A.C. She was in the Jr. National Honor Society at Edison and has been in the Spanish Club and F.T.A. at H.H.S. Gail plans to go to Valparaiso University.

NANCY ELLEN CHANDLER has served as monitor, has worked on the Prom Committee, and has participated in Student Activities, Spanish Club, Automobile Club, Red Cross, Y-Teens, and Senior Band as a twirler. Nancy's special interest is riding in open convertibles.

DOLORES CHYNOWETH is a little blond girl with a lot of pep and patience. She has belonged to Y-Teens, Monitors, Dunes Staff, and Girls Chorus. She's a real basketball fan.



First Row:

LOUIS CLAYTON, an Expanded Arts Club member, likes to spend his spare time "hopping" up his car and eating fried chicken.

BARBARA COLLINGWOOD has been an interested club girl at H.H.S. She has belonged to Y-Teens, Student Activities, J.C.L., and has been a Monitor. She was chairman of the entertainment committee for the Prom and chairman of the decoration committee for the senior dance. Barb served in the House of Representatives.

MARGERY CONDREY was a cheerleader at Munster. At H.H.S. she was in "Meet Corliss Archer" and was assistant director of the senior play "Line of Scrimmage."

Second Row:

RONALD JON CONNORS is a widely-traveled boy and plans to travel more. At Hobart High he belonged to the Red Cross Council; at South Shore High, R.O.T.C.; and at H.H.S. he has been a Monitor and a member of the Intramural Council. He's going to Mexico after graduation.

MARILYN ELIZABETH CONRAD sang in the Glee Club and was a member of the Echo Staff at Lafayette. At H.H.S. she has been in Booster Club, Spanish Club, Expanded Arts, G.A.C., and has been on the Herald Staff. After attending Olivet Nazarene College, she plans to go to Africa for missionary work.

DIANA M. COOK has played as accompanist for the Glee Club and Chansonettes. She has been on the Herald Staff and in Student Activities. Diana has won several awards in piano work from Northern Indiana Solo Contests.

Third Row:

DOROTHY COOPER from Munster has worked in the Bookstore and has been in the Automobile Club, Dramatic Club, Jr. National Honor Society, and Monitors. Dot likes angel food cake with caramel frosting.

Glee Clubs Melodores, Madrigal Group, and Choir have appreciated CORLISS COX and her soprano voice. While at Edison she was on the Transmitter staff, Corliss was in the National Honor Society and won a first prize in the American Legion Essay Contest with a paper entitled "Survival of Our Liberties."

PHYLLIS G. CUNNINGHAM was in Edison's Library Club and in H.H.S.'s Expanded Arts Club. She plans to be married by 1955.



S e n i o r s



First Row:

NANCY ANN CUTSHALL has been writing to a pen pal in Germany during the four years of her perfect attendance at Hammond High. She plans to become a home economics teacher. Nancy has been vice-president of F.T.A., president of the German Club, a House rep., and a member of the National Honor Society.

FLOYD ALLEN DEEN has belonged to Chorus, Club and Visual Aids. He came from Edison and is going to Purdue.

DENNIS A. DeLAPP has played intramural volleyball and has driven his English Ford around the streets of Hammond. Dennis is going into the Navy after graduation.

Second Row:

HELEN De LONG has sung in the Choir.

JEANETTE D. DENNISTON has been a Monitor and in Auto Club, Y-Teens. Her favorite class was office practice with Mr. Dunham.

IRENE HELEN DISCHER has been secretary of Dramatic Club and a soloist in speech and debate. She has worked on the cafeteria staff and was co-chairman of the Prom Bid Committee.

Third Row:

LORRAINE DITTRICH was on Edison's Library staff and in the Glee Club. She has worked in the H. H. S. Bookstore.

JOAN DUHON has served on the Dunes staff and was a member of Y-Teens. She likes to wear argyles.

CHARLES DORSEY has been a Monitor and has belonged to Expanded Arts and Automobile Club. He also served on the Prom Decoration Committee. Chuck is the seventh H. H. S. graduate in his family.

Fourth Row:

SUSAN DUNCAN at Dyer High was in Science Club, treasurer of the Sunshine Society, and art editor of the Dyer yearbook. At H.H.S. she has been in Booster Club and president of Expanded Arts.

WILLIAM LEONARD DUNCKER participated in Student Council, Red Cross, and basketball at Marlon. At H.H.S. he was vice-president of H.Y.

VIRGINIA DWOSNIK has been an active member of Sr. Band and Orchestra. She has participated in G.A.C. and Student Activities and has been on the business staff of the 1954 Dunes.

First Row:

JOAN EADS has been a prominent dancer in many stage performances during her years at H.H.S. She has belonged to the National Honor Society, German Club, Senate, and was outstanding in Red Cross work.

TOM EADS has played tenor alto, and baritone sax in the Senior Band. He has been an outstanding salesman for the Herald staff and he has sung second tenor in the Choir. Tom would like to go into business administration.

PHYLLIS EATON, who wants to get into the professional world of music, has been vice-president of the Choir and was in the Madrigal Group and Melodears. She has been a Monitor, a House Rep., and in National Honor Society.

Second Row:

JOHN EBERT is usually seen with his trumpet. At Edison he was interested in music and played in the band. At Hammond High he has been in the band, orchestra, and was an important member of the Melodians. He plans to go to either Butler or Indiana State Teachers College.

WILLIAM EDWARD ECKISS from Columbia has taken part in Band, freshman cross-country, Auto Club, and intramural basketball and softball. Bill has an interest in coin collecting.

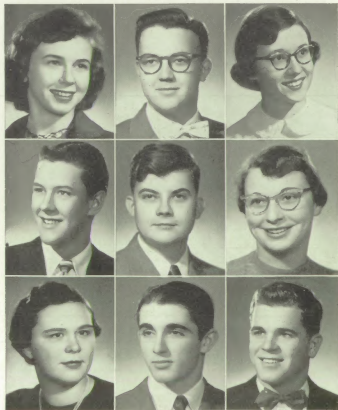
CAROL EIN from Lafayette enjoys dancing, swimming, playing basketball, and cooking. At Hammond High she has been a member of the Herald staff, in Auto Club, G.A.C., Student Activities, and Monitors. After completing high school, she plans to attend Indiana University.

Third Row:

BARBARA ENNIS has been on the Library Staff, in Y-Teens, Choir, and Student Activities.

TIM ETTER was the first string quarterback on the Chicago Daily News All Western Division Team and member of the Hammond Times All Star Team; Tim, a member of the varsity football team for three years, has participated in basketball and baseball. He has been in the Senate, has been president of the H-Men's Council and the Intramural Council.

GARY FARN has been on the varsity football team, the track team, and played freshman basketball. He plans to attend Western Michigan.



S e n i o r s

First Row:

FRANK FEHRING, a member of the track team at Edison, is interested in golf, fishing, and shooting pool. He plans to be a printer and someday own his father's print shop, F. N. Fehring & Son Printing. Frank is a busy demon in his 1951 Chevrolet convertible.

PHYLLIS ANN FEHRING has been active in the Library Club, Student Activities, Dramatic Club, and G.A.C. Phyllis won two awards in Mardi Gras stage shows.

BONNIE FITZGERALD has belonged to Y-Teens, N.F.L., Student Activities, German Club, and Auto Club. Bonnie is going into kindergarten teaching.

Second Row:

JACK FLORENCE has been active in H-Men's Council, track, swimming, cross-country, and Wingfoot Club. Jack is a life guard at the Civic Center.

JERRY FOOTE Association President, has played football and participated in H-Men's Club. Jerry was also in the Senate and in National Honor Society.

MARILYN FORD has taken part in Student Activities, Booster Club, Red Cross Council, and Pre-Nursing. She plans to be a typist after graduation.

Third Row:

DIANA KAY FORSBERG, formerly a student at East Chicago Washington, has been active in Choral Club, Monitors, Y-Teens, and was on the Prom Decoration Committee. She is best known, however, for her work as secretary of Student Activities. Key plans to be married soon.

SANDRA SUE FOUDRAY is very much interested in dress designing, singing, and drawing. She has participated in the Bohemian Club, Booster Club, A Cappella Choir, and Pre-Nursing Club. She is an avid lover of Italian food. Sandra plans to attend the Art Institute in Chicago.

ANITA FOWLER during her freshman year at Irving was president of the freshman class, a cheerleader, secretary of Student Council and a reporter for the Hillite. At Hammond High she has been active in Student Activities. She also has won certificates in shorthand and typing.

Fourth Row:

SHARON FRANKOVICH

LLOYD FREDLEY, Morton graduate, took second place in Lake County shooting contest. Lloyd likes painting, swimming, horses, and cars. Lloyd is planning to make the Armed Forces his career. While at Hammond High he has participated in football and German Club.

JACK FROMM likes fried potatoes, chicken and milk. He plans to attend Indiana University next year. At Hammond High Jack has been a very valuable member of the swimming team, winning two major letters.



First Row:

JUDY FUNK has been active in Spanish Club and Y-Teens. She is an Edison graduate.

BARBARA ANN GABRYS, a Saint Casimir School graduate, has been a member of the National Honor Society, International Club, J.C.L., and Y-Teens. Babs has been awarded certificates in shorthand.

JUDY GANTENBEIN served on the Transmitter at Edison. At Hammond High she has been in Booster Club, Student Activities, Aula Club, Y-Teens, and was on the decoration committee for the Prom. Judy has worked at Nagdeman's her last year in school.

Second Row:

EILEEN GEISEN has been in Y-Teens.

A major letter football man, JIM GEHRKE also has been a Monitor and has played in intramurals. While attending Munster School, he played basketball.

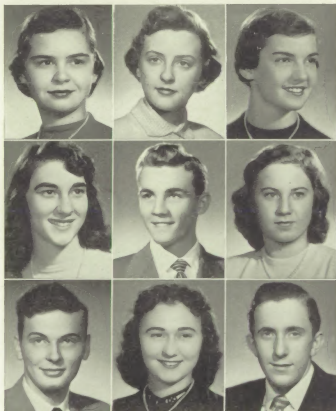
FRANCES GILLAND came to Hammond High in 1953 from Hazelwood High in Colbert County. She was a debater and in the Lafayette Society while at Hazelwood.

Third Row:

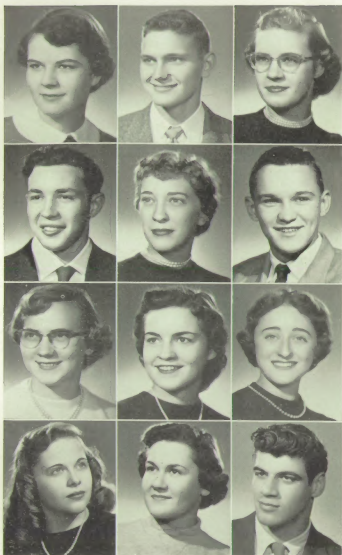
Another future Indiana University student, DON GOINS, has been active in Choral Club, Choir, Eight Notes, and in Monitors. Don likes to sing in men's quartets.

Although roller skating is her favorite pastime JOAN GOLUMBECK has found time to participate in Dramatic Club, Senior Band, Orchestra, J.C.L., Pre-Nursing Club, and in Student Activities.

A Washington Jr. High graduate, DICK GOODLANDER, has been in Band and Automobile Club at Hammond High. He is interested in music.



S e n i o r s



First Row:

Ace of Clubs, Jr. and Sr. National Honor Society, German Club, and being a Monitor captain have not stopped AIDORA GRAF from her hobby of international correspondence. She has been vice-president of Bohemian Club and in the Booster Club also.

TOM GRANACK excelled in golf and basketball. He has won various awards in golf.

CATHERINE GRAY, secretary of the Homemakers Club, has been in the Ace of Clubs, Spanish Club, Senior Band, and has been a Monitor. She plans to attend a business college.

Second Row:

DON GROBNER has been a House of Representative member and in the Automobile Club. He drives a red convertible, which he plans to take with him next fall to Indiana University.

JUDITH KAY GULA received a pin as an award for participating in the Mardi Gras Stage Show. She has been active in Swimming Club, Life Saving Club, Choir, and the House of Representatives. Judy worked on the 1953 Prom committee. She had a part in the senior play.

DON GULLICKSON attended Washington Jr. High before coming to Hammond High. He has been a Monitor, in H-Men's Club, intramurals, football and baseball. Don hopes to make good in the business world.

Third Row:

ALICE GUSMAN went to Columbia School before coming to Hammond High. While here she has been in the Senior Band, Dramatic Club, J.C.L., Pre-Nursing Club, and in Student Activities. She plans to be a nurse.

MARY JANET HAHN was co-editor of the Transmitter and in G.A.C. at Edison. At Hammond High she has been in the Senate, Y-Teens, and Auto Club. She has won several awards in piano.

JUDY HANAGAN was treasurer of the Irving Student Council. At Hammond High she has been in National Honor Society, Booster Club, Jr. Red Cross, and Choir. Judy plans to enter elementary teaching after attending Ball State at Muncie.

Fourth Row:

BETTY HANCOCK has belonged to Y-Teens, Speech Arts, Automobile Club, Monitors, Glee Club, and Dunes Staff. Her hobby is roller skating. After graduation Betty would like to travel around the world.

LORRAINE A. HANKMAN came to H.H.S. from St. Casimir's. She has belonged to Jr. and Sr. National Honor Societies, Student Activities, and Y-Teens. Lorraine collects musical records, and has won 60, 80, and 100 wpm transcription certificates in shorthand.

GUS HARTOONIAN, better known as the "Cartoonist" plans to make cartooning or sports his future. He has belonged to H-Men's Club, Expanded Arts, and played basketball and baseball.

First Row:

RICHARD HARVEY has participated in German Club, baseball, and in the Intramural Council. At Edison he served in the Student Council and played basketball.

HARRY HAUSENFLECK has participated in track, basketball, football, and was in the House of Representatives. He came to Hammond High from Edison. Harry wants to go to college.

CAROL DEAN HAZEN, a dance enthusiast, plans to attend Purdue Extension in the fall. At H.H.S. she has participated in J.C.L., Ace of Clubs, and G.A.C. She was a student teacher at Lafayette School.

Second Row:

PHYLLIS HEDWALL has been in Senior Band, German Club, and Student Activities.

RICHARD HEMINGWAY has played varsity football, varsity baseball, and was president of intramurals. At Morton he was president of the freshman class and participated in football, basketball and track.

DARLENE HESS has been in Red Cross.

Third Row:

JOHN HESS has participated in track and cross country.

STANDFORD HESS won an "H" for his musical achievements in both the Junior and Senior Band. He has taken an interest in intramurals and Automobile Club. Stan plans to enter Indiana University in the fall.

RUTH HESTERMAN has participated in Dramatic Club, Y-Teens, Booster Club, Student Activities, and G.A.C. She has won several shorthand awards.



S e n i o r s

First Row:

ROGER HINESLEY, leader of the Melodians, was Freshman Class president, Dramatic Club president, Secretary of Student Activities, and in Jr. and Sr. National Honor Societies. Roger states, "My driving license has been put to use depreciating the value of and raising the insurance on both my father's car and my mother's clunker."

CHARLES HOBBI

JOYCE HOEKEMA, a Munster Public School graduate, has won two scholarship pins and is a member of Jr. National Honor Society. Joyce plans to study at Purdue Extension to be a chemist or an author.

Second Row:

DONALD HOFFMAN was awarded the American Legion Award at Columbus School. At H.H.S. he has been in Automobile Club, German Club, intramural basketball, and on the Library staff. Don plans to attend college and then join the Navy.

ELEANORE ELIZABETH HOLKA has been active in Dramatic Club, G.A.C., Newcomers Club, and Hiking Club. She plans to attend business college with the same perfect attendance record she has maintained at Hammond High.

From Edison came ROBERT L. HOLLER, who plans to go to the Indiana School of Dentistry. Bob has been a member of the German Club. He has worked at Norm's Food Market.

Third Row:

FRED HOPMAN, JR. has participated in Auto Club, Student Activities, and worked on the decoration committee for the 1953 Prom. Fred will enter I.U. next fall.

JUDITH H. HOBAN, from Edison, has participated in Y-Teens, Auto Club, J.C.L., Student Activities, and Choir. Judy's ambition is to marry a millionaire.

BARBARA JO HOUGH has belonged to Ace of Clubs, Glee Club, National Honor Society, Monitors, and worked on the 1953 Prom. She plans to go to Valparaiso University after graduation.

Fourth Row:

MERRILL HUBBELL has been president of Girls Chorus, and was in Glee Club, Choral Club, and Choir. She has participated in Booster Club, Student Activities, and Jr. and Sr. National Honor Societies.

FAITH HUISENGA, from Washington Jr. High, is an avid match book collector. She has belonged to the German Club and the Band.

KATHRYN ANN INKLEY, president and valedictorian of her grade school class of Burnham, Illinois, was the Thornton Township Spelling Champ. Kathy won an American Legion Award to go to Girl's State last year. At Hammond High she has participated in the Jr. and Sr. National Honor Societies, was treasurer of Y-Teens, and a Monitor.



First Row:

BOB IRISH has had a special interest in stage and dramatics. Besides being manager of the stage crew, he took part in the fall play of 1953. He has been active in Auto Club and the House.

HERBERT JABLONSKI has sung in Boys Chorus, Choral Club, and Choir. Herbie plans to serve in the Army and then enter the Chicago Conservatory of Music.

JERRY JACOBSON has been a sophomore Judge, in the House of Representatives, on the freshman basketball team and varsity football team. At Edison he was vice-president of Student Council.

Second Row:

JERRY JAMES, an Edison graduate, has participated in Girls Chorus and Glee Club. She worked as a bookkeeper at the Johnston's Texaco Station last summer.

PATRICIA ANN JANIGA, a graduate of Edison, was active at H.H.S. participating in the Ace of Clubs, Jr. and Sr. National Honor Societies, Student Activities, German Club, Automobile Club, and Y-Teens. In her senior year she was Acting Secretary of Student Publicity. She was co-editor of the Dunes and Manager of the Telebook record.

Monitor captain DOLORES JANSMA has participated in Y-Teens and Auto Club. She likes to collect picture postcards.

Third Row:

GLADYS JUNE JOHNSON has been active in Y-Teens, Pre-Nursing, and girls basketball at H.H.S. Her outside interests are music and roller skating. She won a band award.

PAULETTA JOHNSON has been in Y-Teens, Band, Red Cross, and Pre-Nursing Club. Pauletta's hobby is collecting articles for her hope chest.

Swimming Club, Dramatic Club, Auto Club, Y-Teens, and Ace of Clubs have kept SARAH JOHNSON busy at Hammond High. Sarah had a part in the senior play. She has won several shorthand awards.



S e n i o r s



First Row:

JUANITA JONES has participated in Spanish Club and Plant Club. J. J. wants to be a secretary and has worked for Dr. Jones. She has won several shorthand awards.

CAROL ANN JURGENSON has been in Jr. and Sr. National Honor Societies, Student Activities, Y-Teens, and German Club. She is interested in office work and may attend Western Michigan College. Carol likes chocolate cake.

ANDREW JOHN KALAN will always be remembered for his participation in the "Drifters". He has played in the Senior Band and Orchestra and was a member of the Newcomers Club. Andy plans to attend Purdue and major in pharmacy.



Second Row:

PAT KELLY, who drives her own car, has belonged to Monitors, Auto Club, Expanded Arts, Booster Club, and Student Activities. Pat plans to get married in June.

JOHN KENNEDY has been a member of the Junior National Honor Society. His hobby is playing basketball. John plans to go to Purdue and become a chemical engineer.

SANDRA KINGETER, has been active in Choir, Student Activities, Y-Teens, Booster Club, and G.A.C. Sandra has won various shorthand awards and is planning to be a secretary.



Third Row:

Although working long hours for her band letter CHARLENE MARIE KISER found time for Bohemian Club, Dramatic Club, and the Herald Staff. She likes to write short stories and to eat fried chicken.

RICHARD KISH has been active in the Wingfoot Club, cross-country, intramural baseball, Choral Club, and was manager of the track team. Rich received a track letter.

BEVERLY JEAN KLAUBO plans to become an I.B.M. operator. She likes hamburgers and french fries. Her hobby is exploring the field of photography.



Fourth Row:

PETER KLOBUCHAR, member of the varsity basketball team, claims basketball as his hobby. He plans to attend college after graduation. Pete has been active in H-Men's Club.

HOWARD A. KNIPPLE, at Edison, participated in Glee Club, Visual Aids, and Hi-Y. At H.S. he has been president of the Auto Club and sang in the Choir. Howard's special interest is amateur radio.

LAWRENCE KOCAL, a former Edison basketball player, has been in Monitors, football, Choir, Eight Notes, and Madrigal Group. He has won various ensemble medals and a football letter. Larry has been a lifeguard at Cane Beach.

First Row:

LORELEI KODICEK, who left us in February, has been active in the Red Cross and on the Herald staff.

DONALD KOLB, an Edison graduate, likes steak and ice cream. His hobby, collecting coins, has kept him busy, but he has found time to take part in Red Cross and work on the Library staff.

WILLIAM KORBA came to Hammond High from Edison. He would like to attend Purdue University or Michigan State. Bill is the sixth Hammond High graduate in his family.

Second Row:

JUDIE KOURIS, a Monitor, has been in Dramatic Club, Y-Teens, and Choir. She had a part in the senior play and was chairman of the Bid Committee for the Senior Dance.

RICHARD KOWAL has received a major letter for his participation in track and cross-country. He has been an H-man, a member of the Wingfoot Club, and on the freshman football team. His hobby is taking moving pictures.

DONALD KRAWCZYK was in Student Activities, freshman intramural tennis and basketball, German Club, and Automobile Club.

Third Row:

DOROTHY JEANNE KRETSCH has been in the Ace of Clubs, Automobile Club, Choir, Madrigal Group, and on the 1953 Prom Decoration Committee. She was treasurer of the Dramatic Club and president of the Glee Club. "Coke's" hobby is playing the piano and she has received three firsts in regional contests.

ROBERT KRUDUP, an Edison graduate, plans to attend Purdue University.

CHARLOTTE KRYGOSKE, an Edison graduate, likes swimming and horseback riding. She has belonged to Y-Teens and Girls Chorus. "Chaddy" worked at Karner's Bakery during high school.



S e n i o r s

First Row:

DONALD KUCER, a graduate of St. Mary's, has participated in basketball and baseball. After graduation he plans to attend a barbers' college in Chicago.

STANLEY J. KULKA, an ex-post office worker, plans to attend Oklahoma University. At Irving he was active in sports. He has been on the Hammond High track team.

BOB LAHEY has taken part in intramural softball and basketball. He plans to take over his father's business after he graduates from Drake University.



Second Row:

RUTH ELA LAMPRECHT has been active in Spanish Club and Choir, and a member of the Dunes Staff. She has won several awards in piano contests and has accompanied the Choral Club. After attending Moody Bible Institute in Chicago she plans to teach piano.

ROSEMARY JOAN LANE, 1954 Dunes co-editor, has been a member of the Pre-Nursing Club, German Club, G.A.C., and worked in the Bookstore. "Mike" was an the 1953 Prom refreshment committee. Her hobby is collecting horse statues and horseback riding. She is planning to attend Elkhart University.

JANET LANGDON, from Washington Jr. High, has been president at German Club and F.T.A. She has been in the House, Senate, and the Senior Band. Janet was first place in district and state music contests in flute, piano, and ensembles.



Third Row:

LOUIS LaPOSA has been on the varsity football team.

CHARLES LAWSON, a Lafayette product, has been president of the Senior Band and active in Orchestra and German Club. He has won several music medals and plans to join a symphonic orchestra.

VERNON LeFEBRE, whose hobby is automobiles, came to H.H.S. from Maywood. At H.H.S. he played in the Orchestra.



Fourth Row:

DON LINGS, Washington Jr. High grad, has participated in football, baseball, H-men, intramurals, and Monitors. Dan was voted to the Hammond Times All-Star football team.

PEGGY LOGGINS

BRUCE LONG would like to study art in the future. He came from Edison where he participated in freshman football and Hi-Y. At H.H.S. he has participated in sophomore football. Bruce's interests are boxing and weight-lifting.



First Row:

WELDON LOVELL has been on the tennis team.

LARRY LUCAS has participated in track and golf and was a football manager. At Edison he sang in the Glee Club. He was letters in football and track.

JILL LUELLEN, D.A.R. award winner, has been sophomore and junior class secretary, accompanist for the Choral Club, senior class Senator, and member of Swimming Club and Art Club.

Second Row:

SHELDON LYNN is a Washington Jr. High School graduate. Sheldon has been freshman vice-president, a House Representative, a member of debate teams, and won a major award in tennis.

JERRY MANDZIJ was in Hi-Y at Edison. He has been a football manager at H.H.S., and has participated in Hi-Y, intramural basketball and softball.

NANCY MASON has been recorder of the Association and president of Choral Club, in Choir and debate, and an enthusiastic cheerleader during her four years at Hammond High. She plans to go to Northwestern.

Third Row:

BETTY MATE, Red Cross Representative from her home room, member of the International Club, G.A.C., and Choir, is interested in photography. Betty hopes to go to business college.

ANITA MATHIS has won typing, shorthand and swimming awards besides being active as Secretary of the Y-Teens, member of the G.A.C., Swimming Club, Red Cross, and Student Activities. Anita comes from Jeffersonville and plans to be a stenographer.

JAMES MAYBERRY has been on the Intramural Council, in Visual Aids, and in the Automobile Club. He was on the state championship swim team.



S e n i o r s



First Row:

DALE McCULLUM has been in Senior Band.

BARBARA McGAVIN has been in Y-Teens and Student Activities.

RUSSELL McLEOD

Second Row:

LEE ROY McNEIL has been a member of the varsity track team for three years, treasurer of the Wingfoot Club, member of H-Men, and a Monitor.

JEAN McPHERSON, a graduate of Lafayette School, has participated in Choir, Choral Club, debate, Monitors, and Homemakers Club. She has worked at the Hoosier State Bank and plans to go to Wheaton College.

JOHN MEHRBRODT, has been a House Representative. He plans to attend Indiana University.

Third Row:

CAROL ANN MEYER has been in Y-Teens and Auto Club. Carol plans to attend Lincoln College in the fall.

JUDY MARILYN MEYER has been secretary of the Ace of Clubs, Dramatic Club, and junior class vice-president. She also was a member of the Jr. National Honor Society. Judy plans to major in public speaking at college.

MERRILL L. MILES, JR., who is a graduate of Washington Junior High School, has participated in Senior Band, freshman football, intramural basketball, Hi-Y, and Auto Club.

Fourth Row:

KAY MILLIES joined the Pre-Nursing Club and plans to enter nurses training. A graduate of Edison, she was on the honor roll there. At H.H.S. Kay has been in the Jr. National Honor Society, German Club, and Y-Teens.

AUDREY MILLS, a graduate of Munster School where she was cheerleader, plans to go to Purdue. At H.H.S. she has been in Glee Club, Y-Teens, and Booster Club.

THOMAS MODRAX can be seen driving his blue convertible at any time during the day except when classes are in session. Tom received letters in football, basketball, and track at Edinon and at Hammond High.

First Row:

CLAUDETTE MOODY was in Chorus, Choir and Y-Teens.

PATRICIA ANN MOSCATELLO was a member of the 1954 Dunes Staff. Pat likes collecting miniature glass animals and cooking. She won a blue ribbon recently for one of her delicious cakes.

GWEN MULLER, an outstanding vocalist, has been a member of the Chansonettes, Melodians, and Choir. Gwen plans to attend Grinnell College to prepare for a career as a teacher.

Second Row:

JACK WYSLIWIEC, freshman football and baseball manager, has belonged to Auto Club. He was in intramurals and was a Monitor. Jack came from Maywood and will go to Indiana Extension after graduation.

ANITA NAGEL has been in the Booster section and has sung in Girls Chorus. In her freshman year she was a member of Play Shop in Munster.

MARILYN NAGEL has been in Swimming Club, Y-Teens, and Booster Club. She belonged to Play Shop in Munster.

Third Row:

IRWIN NAGLE

JOHN R. NALEZNY did much in music at Irving Jr. High. At H.H.S. he has belonged to the Accordion Club, Senior Band, and Radio Club. At Irving he was on the football team and in the band.

JOHN NEISWINGER, who says he is going to marry a movie star and loaf all day, has been in German and Auto Club. While dreaming about the future, he found time to be in intramural basketball.



S e n i o r s

First Row:
JOHN NELSON

RAYMOND JOSEPH NOLDIN has taken an interest in all H.H.S. sports. He was an Intramural Council and in H-Men's Club. He has won a major letter in football and a minor letter in baseball.

RONALD O'CONNOR from All Saints has worked as a gas-pump jockey on his own time and has been on H.H.S. football squads. He was president of his sophomore class.

Second Row:

GEORGE J. PAPPAS was on the varsity football team and took part in intramurals. He was a Dunes Agent and in his freshman year was class treasurer. George won two letters in football.

JANET PAXTON worked at the Parthenon after she transferred to H.H.S. from Noll. Janet collects pennies.

GLORIA JEAN PEGLOW has been in German and Dramatics Clubs. She has also been a Monitor and a helper in the cafeteria. Gloria may go to Concordia Teachers College.

Third Row:

ARLENE JEAN PEPPERDINE served on the Transmitter and sang in the Girls' Chorus at Edison. She has sung in the H.H.S. Chorus and Glee Club and has worked with the Y-Teens. Arlene wants to go on to business college and become a comptometer operator.

DOLORES JANE PERA, a shorthand and typing whiz, has served on the H.H.S. cafeteria staff and has been in Pre-Nursing Club. As a freshman she was interested in Speech Arts. Dolores likes sports and loves to play an accordion.

MERLE PFEIL JR. is interested in astronomy and photography. He has been a member of the German Club and Jr. National Honor Society. Besides being a Herald photographer, Merle has found time to sing in the Choir and the Eight Notes.

Fourth Row:

GERALDINE JOAN PIORKOWSKI, known as Willie the Wildcat, has been active in music groups including the Choir, Melodears, and Madrigal Group. She has served as president of the Dramatic Club and secretary of the court. Geraldine hopes to study music.

KRISTINE MARIE PLOSKI has been active in Glee Club and Choral Club along with Pre-Nursing, Dramatic Club, and Y-Teens. She plans to go to business college after graduation.

PETER PLOTKE edited sports for the Herald, and bowled on an intramural team. He has been in the German Club, Visual Aids, intramurals, and the orchestra. He likes chicken and spaghetti in particular.



First Row:

RAY POLONE was in the "Line of Scrimmage."

RICHARD PORTZ

JOHN C. PRUITT was interested in football and baseball at Niles Township in Skokie, Illinois. At Hammond High he has been a House Representative and a Latin Club member. He likes cars and has worked in a gas station. He plans to go into chemical engineering.

Second Row:

ANN PRUYN is a real life saver, aquatically, that is. She has been in G.A.C., on the Prom Committee, and in the Jr. National Honor Society. She likes drawing, playing the piano, and swimming.

GEORGE PSAROS has played basketball and volleyball. He has been a member of the Art Club and the Automobile Club. He plans to go to Art College in Chicago.

SHIRLEY M. RALPH, a "54" cheerleader, has been interested in girls sports activities. She has participated in G.A.C., was on the G.A.C. Board, and splashed with the Swimming Club. Shirley also has had time for Dramatic Club, Glee Club, and Girls Chorus.

Third Row:

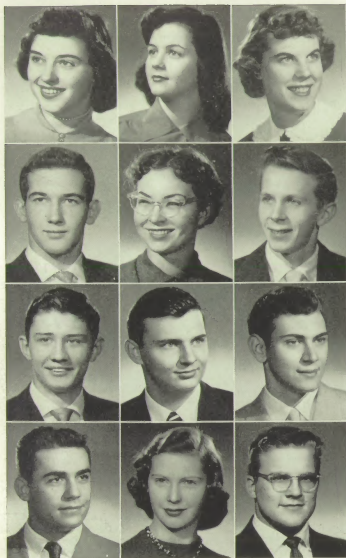
JOHN RAPP, "54" senior class vice-president, is quite a convincing talker, for he has won numerous debate championships. He played on the Tennis Conference Championship team in the fall of 1953. He has been on the National Honor Society, on H-Men's Council and in the House of Representatives.

JUDITH ANNE READ, has been very active in G.A.C., Y-Teens, Glee Club, and Chorus. She likes pizza.

BONNIE REASOR has participated in J.C.L., Y-Teens, Glee Club, Choir, and was a Monitor at Edison. Bonnie is another cat-fish at heart, for her hobby is swimming.



S e n i o r s



First Row:
RHEA SCHALET plans to be a comptometer operator after graduation. Rhea's special interests are sewing and making her own clothes.

CURTIS SCHATTE

BEVERLY JOY SCHMIDT has been a member of Y-Teens and worked in the cafeteria. She dances, bowls, and plays golf. Beverly plans to be an airline hostess.

Second Row:
KAREN LEE SCHULER, vice-president of Glee Club and treasurer of Choir, has belonged to Jr. and Sr. National Honor Society. She was a co-chairman of the program committee for the 1953 prom and has worked in Student Activities. Karen is an avid Scout fan and has won several awards for craftsmanship.

CHARLES SCHULMEYER, winner of a minor and a major "H" in swimming, has been a House Representative and has belonged to the Wing Foot Club, Booster Club, and Monitors. He also ran for the cross country squad.

BARBARA RUTH SCHULTZ has been president of the Pre-Nursing Club, and has belonged to the National Honor Society, and the Swimming Club. Barbara came from Munster and would like to attend Ball State and then go into nursing. Her hobby is swimming and boating.

Third Row:
PAT SCHULTZ has been a member of the Y-Teens.

A low voiced redhead with an interest in drama is MARILYN SCHUMM. She has belonged to the Dramatic Club and has had roles in "Meet Corliss Archer" and the "Storm". Marilyn plans to attend Hartnett Business College.

BILL SCHWINGENDORF has starred in cross country and has been in the Wingfoot Club. He has also been on the varsity baseball team for four years.

First Row:
SUE REIFF has been active in the Red Cross and Nurse's Staff. Her hobby is ice-skating.

Dramatic Club treasurer, Secretary of Student Publicity, chairman of the Prom Decoration Committee, member of Student Activities, editor of Telebook for the Dunes have been some of the activities which constituted SHIRLEY JEAN RENAUD's high school life.

ARLENE RIBICKI has been treasurer of both Chorus and Choral Club, and has taken part in Glee Club, Choir, Auto Club, and Girls' Swimming Club.

Second Row:

One of the Herald's cubs, BILL RICHARDS, was in freshman and sophomore football and cross-country. He has been an alternate House Representative. Bill enjoys hunting and fishing.

MAXINE ROBBINS has been in German Club, Monitors, Jr. Honor Society and Sr. Honor Society.

DANIEL ROSENHORST has been in the Senior Band.

Third Row:

TOM ROSOWICZ starred at Hammond High in football, baseball, and basketball. He has maintained a high scholastic average which has enabled him to belong to the Jr. and Sr. National Honor Society.

THOMAS PETER RUFF, a future history teacher, has participated in football, Spanish Club, and baseball. He has been in Intramural Council, and was chairman of the Prom Decoration Committee.

GEORGE RUTLEDGE

Fourth Row:

GEORGE SAKELARIS

BARBARA JEAN SANGSTER has played the clarinet in the bands at both H.H.S. and Morton. At Morton she was in the National Jr. Honor Society; at H.H.S. she has been the treasurer of the Auto Club and has helped in Student Activities.

DAVE SCHAFER, who collects "Hot Rod Magazines", has been valuable in football and other sports here at school. He has been an H-Man and won a "most valuable player" award.



S e n i o r s

First Row:

From Edison came CAROLE SEIGEL who likes to dance and attend plays. She has belonged to Y-Teens, Glee Club, and Student Activities. Carole is going to Indiana University.

SHIRLEY MARIE SHANNON would like to be an airline stewardess. She has participated in Student Activities, Y-Teens, Monitors, and Automobile Club.

At H.H.S. THEODORE (TED) SHATKOWSKI has been in the Radio Club, on Visual Aids Staff and Stage Crew. Ted's hobbies are aviation, photography, and homework.



Second Row:

JUDY SHIELDS has been senior class secretary and belonged to Expanded Arts, Senior Band, Monitors, and Student Activities. Judy plans to attend Purdue Extension after graduation.

At H.H.S. JO ANN SIGLER has been a member of F.T.A., J.C.L., Student Activities, Auto Club, and Jr. National Honor Society. Jo Ann says she likes everything except spinach. She's going to Purdue.

Y-Teens, Pre-Nursing, and Homemakers Club have kept GEORGIANNA SLUSSER active while at H.H.S. At Columbia she won awards in Girls' Patrol. Georgianna likes to watch T.V.—and eat!



Third Row:

JEANNE SMITH, member of Student Activities, Dramatic Club, Debate, Y-Teens, and J.C.L., came from Washington Junior High. Jeanne's hobby is cooking.

JOYCE SMITH, who belonged to Homemakers, Pre-Nursing, Y-Teens, and Glee Club, likes to bowl and ice skate.

DONNA SNYDER, secretary of the Jr. National Honor Society, has been recorder of the House and vice-president of both the sophomore class and of Red Cross. Her interests include music and church activities. Donna plans to attend Wheaton College.



Fourth Row:

DOROTHY ANN SOJA, has belonged to the Ace of Clubs, Y-Teens, J.C.L., Student Activities, and National Honor Society. Six of Doty's sisters are H.H.S. graduates.

JUDY SOLOMAN has belonged to the Dramatic Club for two years and took part in the fall play.

DARLENE SOMMERS, won shorthand and typing awards and plans to be a secretary. Darlene has participated in Red Cross and Dramatic Club, has worked in the cafeteria and has been a House Representative.



First Row:

WALLIS PATRICIA SOPATA has been a Jr. Red Cross Representative, and has belonged to Pre-Nursing Club, Glee Club and Choir. She hopes to be a registered nurse and get a degree in nursing. Patty sold candy after school last semester.

ARCHIE SPOERNER has been valuable in basketball, cross country, and track. Archie will attend Indiana University.

MARILYN STABLER, active in Scout work, has a Brownie troop of her own. Marilyn has taken part in Y-Teens, German Club, Pre-Nursing, House of Representatives, and Orchestra. She appeared in "Line of Scrimmage".

Second Row:

ARLENE STAHLER in Chorus and the Homemakers Club at Hammond High, came from St. Paul's and plans to continue working at the Illinois Bell Telephone Company where she has been employed as a switchboard operator.

LAWRENCE STEMPOWSKI, from Edison, has been on the track team and on the basketball B-team. At Edison Larry was on the Student Council.

FRANCES JACQUELINE STEPHENS has been a House Representative, in Choral Club, and a Monitor. She has participated in Pre-Nursing and Red Cross.

Third Row:

BARBARA STINSON, a familiar figure in the bookstore, came from Washington Jr. High. She likes to play miniature golf and to bowl. Barbara also worked in the "basket room."

BARBARA STOKES, from Lanier in Munster, has belonged to the Red Cross and Automobile Club. Barbara likes swimming and skating and has a large record collection.

ARLITH ARLYN STRICKLAND has belonged to Automobile Club, Chorus, and House of Reps. She came from Lanier in Munster and she is going to be a computer operator after graduation. Arlith's interest is horses and she is Trigger's Number One fan.

S e n i o r s



First Row:

JIM SULLIVAN has been in Spanish Club, Newcomers Club, and intramurals. He has worked as a House Representative also.

ELIZABETH ANN TAKACS has participated in Ace of Clubs, J.C.L., Student Activities, Monitors, and National Honor Society.

MARY TAPPER has worked in the Library and has been a member of the German Club. She came from Washington Junior High and says she is going to North-western.



Second Row:

While at Munster ROLENE JAY THIELBAR was a cheerleader and president of the Dramatic Club, Bookstore, Glee Club, and National Honor Society have been some of her H.H.S. activities. Rolene says her special interest is watching the Wildcats!

VIRGIL THOMAS was president of Irving Hi-Y and played four years of football for Hammond High. His most treasured honors are belonging to the Knighthole Club and the Beanie. Virgil is a Junior G-Man and a Howdy-Doody pal.

JEAN EVELYN THOMPSON, Prom committee chairman, has sung in Choir and Glee Club. At Edison she participated in Y-Teens and was on the Transmitter staff. She plans to continue working at Nodeman's after graduation.



Third Row:

SHARRON TILDEN came from Edison where she was on the Transmitter staff. At H.H.S. she has been in Glee Club, J.C.L., Y-Teens, and Student Activities. Sharon plans to attend a college in California.

An active girl at Marton, LINDA RUTH TOREN belonged to G.A.C., Press Club, and Student Council. At H.H.S. she has participated in Auto Club, and Junior Honor Society. Linda plans to enter Purdue in the fall.

Senior Band, German Club, F.T.A., and J.C.L. have been ROBERT TRINKS' activities. Bob won a first in the district solo and ensemble contest and he plans to be a teacher after attending Concordia Teachers' College.



Fourth Row:

Voledictorian ALLEN TUCKER has participated in debate, National Honor Society, H-Men, House Reps, and has played on the tennis team. Allen plans to go to Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

DORIS VAIL, a member of Senior Band, Orchestra, Red Cross, and International Club, has been treasurer and also vice-president of Pre-Nursing Club. Doris teaches her own class at Sunday School.

HARVEY L. VAN DYKE, intramural bowling secretary, has belonged to the National Honor Society, stage crew, and has worked as a physics lab assistant. Harvey came from Oak Park.

First Row:

JOHN VAPENSKY says he would like to become a sports writer and that his hobby is collecting pennies. He worked on the Transmitter at Edison and on the Herald at Hammond High.

EDWARD VENNON has been junior class president and Association vice-president. He has belonged to the National Honor Society, H-Men and has been basketball manager for three years. He plans to go to Northwestern.

PAULA RUTH VICTORS, Spanish Club vice-president, has worked on the library staff and stage crew. She has been in National Honor Society and served as Monitor captain. Paula won first place in the regional Spanish tests and second in the state contest.

Second Row:

BILL WAGNER has been active in all debate activities.

Football, J.C.L., Auto Club, and Student Activities have taken up most of LARRY WALKER'S time, but his special interest is horse racing. Larry plans to go into business with his father after graduation in June.

KARYL ELAINE WALTHER, who plans to enter nursing, has belonged to Choir, J.C.L., Auto Club, and was president of the Girls Chorus.

Third Row:

BILL WARMUS, who attended Edison, and who has been very much interested in golf, played on the conference title H.H.S. team. He also has been in H-Men, Intramural Club, in Monitors and in Student Activities. Bill likes to read science books and eat steaks, salads and cakes. He plans to go into the army and then to college.

BILL WEIL worked on the 1953 Prom decorating committee. Bill has been on the swimming team also.

MIRIAM WEINER belonged to the Dramatic Club and Y-Teens of Edison. She was in Red Cross, Auto Club, and Dramatic Club at H.H.S. Miriam plans to go into x-ray work.



S e n i o r s

First Row:

PATRICIA LOUISE WELLS, an Expanded Arts member, likes dancing and roller skating. Pat's hobby is keeping scrapbooks.

JUDY WHITAKER, a Y-Teen and Red Cross member, says she likes egg salad and fried chicken. Judy came from Edison.

MARGARET WHITAKER, who sang in the Chansonnettes, Madrigal Group, and Choir, has been senior judge of the Student Court and business manager of the Herald. Peg plans to attend Ball State and enter elementary teaching.

Second Row:

Y-Teens, Dramatics, Chorus, Choral Club, and Student Activities have been the interests of RITA ANN WHITEHEAD, who came from Washington Jr. High. Rita likes to bowl.

ELAINE WIKAR, member of Pre-Nursing, Nurse's Staff, International Club, Homemakers and Y-Teens, plans to begin office work after graduation. Elaine's hobby is painting figurines.

JOHN WILHELM—Dunes salesman, H-Y secretary, and House Rep.—has sung in the Eight Notes and A Cappella Choir. John's father, class of 1924, was Hammond High's first Association president. John plans to go to Wabash College after graduation.

Third Row:

JUDY WILLIAMS, junior and senior class treasurer, has belonged to the Swimming Club and Auto Club. Judy has worked as a student teacher while at H.H.S. and plans to attend Purdue U. She is a gifted dancer.

At Munster, JUDY WILSON was freshman class president and co-editor of the Spectator. At H.H.S. she has been president of Pre-Nursing Club, president of Girls Chorus, and a Monitor. She worked on the Student Activities program. Judy keeps a treasure chest of high school souvenirs.

National Honor Society, Choir, and German Club at H.H.S. and football at Edison have interested RONALD WOERNER. After graduation Ron wants to attend I.U. and major in business management.

Fourth Row:

NANCY VARLE worked on the Munster Jr. High School paper, and at H.H.S. has been active in Pre-Nursing, Automobile Club, G.A.C., stage crew, and was a Monitor.

BILL YARCK has been on the varsity swimming team.

KARIN YOUNG at Washington Jr. High was in G.A.C. and on the cafeteria staff. At Hammond High she has been in Pre-Nursing, and Senior Band. Karin plans to go into nurses' training after graduation.

Fifth Row:

ROY YOUNG likes movies, books, and television. Roy came from Flat Rock Grade School in Illinois and plans to go directly into the Navy after graduation.

VIRGINIA ZIEHL has been secretary of F.T.A. and Orchestra, and was on the Prom Decoration Committee in 1953. Virginia also has been in Booster Club and in Speech Arts.



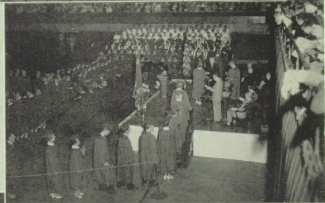
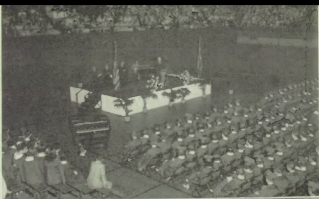
SENIORS NOT PICTURED

Carol Bell
Charles Bunner
Carmen Cornejo
James Douglas
Donald Grady
Larry Hewitt
Gary Immig

Pat Kaminsky
Robert Koscielnik
Jerry Love
Myra Lynch
John Mockeviak
Nellie Marlow
Jack McWilliams

Dean Memering
Eugene Michalak
Marlene Orf
Frieda Phillips
Donna Schonk
Bill Sebastian
David Shaw

Richard Smith
Robert Smith
Evalyn Stivers
Shirley Stuard
Luella Williams



Commencement Tears

By Jack Jones

"My boy is graduating tonight. I suppose yours is too."

"Yes, my son is right down there with the rest of them. He wouldn't eat a bite for supper; he said he felt funny."

"My boy laughed all day."

"Which is your boy?"

"Do you see that handsome lad in the third row?"

"Yes."

"My boy is sitting next to him."

"I feel so sad."

As the haunting sound of "Pomp and Circumstance" rings out through the auditorium, two boys talk in the third row.

"My mother was very nervous today. She kept saying, 'Junior, don't fall off the stage!' She made me feel funny."

"Yeah; I laughed all day too."

"It seems like just yesterday that I graduated from grade school."

"I know what you mean, ha, ha!"

"I don't see why you're laughing like that. I'm going to miss this high school. I'll never hang my coat in my familiar old locker again. I won't see the same faces when I go off to college."

"Is that a tear in your eye?"

"No, I always wash my eyeballs every two hours to get the dirt out."

"I don't feel so sad."

"They're getting ready to hand out the diplomas."

"Here goes the last mile."

The line slowly files across the stage as the diplomas are handed out. Each student thinks hundreds of thoughts as he clambers up the stairway to the stage.

"Just a few more steps and I'll get my diploma. I'm sure I earned it. Well, here it comes. My! This man has a strong handshake. Ouch, he squeezed the lymph out of my blister. A very nice man he is."

"Oh, gee! That poor girl fell off the stage. I hope she didn't hurt herself. She's saved. She landed on her diploma."

"Ah! We get to sit down again."

"Say, Buster, you've got a tear in your eye too. I thought you laughed all day."

"This tear is just a front! It's an alligator tear!"

"Shake hands, pal!"

"Good luck in your future life!"

"Thanks, the same to you!"

Two of tomorrow's leaders are now graduated.

FRIDAY EVENING

By Lois McLeod

It's Friday night, six o'clock. The stars are just beginning to come out in a beautiful array. The ice, though slippery, looks like great ponds of silver beckoning to you. The automobile horns play a happy tune as you're on your way to a game, a basketball game. The automobile lights are paving your way as you go.

When you get there, you notice the friendly jostling of the crowd. See the happy faces around you, and how they seem to welcome you?

Finally you and your friends find seats. What a place to sit! You can see all parts of the floor, and you will be able to see all the plays. They're playing the National Anthem. See the people stand up and proudly sing? That's right, sing your heart out. Everyone around is trying to be a Mario Lanza or a Lili Pons.

Now the game has started. When the ball is tossed up it looks like a balloon filled with helium. The centers look as if they have springs attached to their feet and they were suddenly let go. We've got the ball. Look at that boy dribble! Have you ever seen a more precise team? Yell, yell your lungs out! Tomorrow's Saturday. They're tossing the ball back and forth bringing it closer to the basket. They look as if they're playing hot potato. That's it, that's the way to play. They're hanging on to the ball as if they have glue on their hands. We've done it, we've got a basket. Shout, yell, sing, anything—only make a racket and lots of it.

The other team has the ball. They're going down the floor like herd of thundering horses with fire in their eyes. Oh! What a basket! A one hander! Even though it's for the other team, you have to admit it was good.

So goes the score, back and forth, back and forth. Here we come down the floor. Look, he's dribbling again. He's doing very hard and intricate tricks while he's dribbling, and he's doing them quite well. Wait! What's this? Oh no, the other team's stolen the ball. Why did he have to be such a show-off and dribble so fancily? He's a show-off and not a team worker at all. That's it, be fancy, lose the ball, see if I care, all we can do is lose. Well, quick—get somebody under the basket. What's wrong with our team? They're falling all apart. No team spirit. What? Oh no! Can't our team play basketball? The basket for the other counts and he was fouled in the act of shooting.

Now everyone just sits there like bums on a log. What's wrong with them? Now's the time to yell. Finally our team's out ahead. Naturally, our team just clicks together. Have you ever seen a bunch of boys working together better? Now the kids are yelling. When we're ahead, they decide to yell.

We've won! We've won! Stand up and proudly sing your school song. You and your girl friend go outside till the place is cleared, and then you can return and go to the Soc-Hop. How nice it is outside, not too cold, just right. Look! Look coming down the walk. It's he. He's going to the Soc-Hop. Finally the chaperones have opened the doors, and the kids rush in as if there were a big sale in one of the department stores.

Just think how wonderful the Soc-Hop is! It's just like running around in your bare feet, something which your mother won't let you do at home.

After you have put your coat up and have taken your shoes off, you decide to walk around the floor with your girlfriends. Notice how beautiful the music is? Have you ever heard anything more dreamy?

There he is! Wonder what he's doing? Oh, he talking to a group of boys about the basketball game. Is it possible? It's eleven fifteen. The dance ends at eleven thirty. It just doesn't seem possible. Now I really believe in the expression "tempus fugit." Hmm, wonder where he is? Haven't seen him for quite a while. Why there he is, he's talking to a girl. A girl? Who is it? What is it? You say to yourself, "Oh well, I don't care. I'm not going to pay any attention. It doesn't bother me. I wonder what he's saying?"

No it's not going to bother you. Boy, doesn't this walking around in your stocking feet seem dumb? If your Mother doesn't want you to do it at home, why should you do it in public? That music is terrible. It's too loud, for one thing; how can anyone dance to it?

Time to go home. Well, it's about time. It seemed as if the dance would never end. Boys, is the crowd noisy, practically shouting in your ears. What are they pushing for; they've got all night. Finally you get outside. It seems terribly cold. You should have stayed at home and watched Howard Miller. Listen to those horrible horns just blaring in your ears. Why don't people put ashes on this ice? You could fall and break your leg on this stuff. The cars lights blind you. You can't see where you're going. Look at those stars, scattered as if someone just tossed them up into the sky.

You promised one of your friends you would wait for her till her bus came. Why you ever did it you'll never know.

What's this? A car is stopping. Probably another bunch of wise-acres. Who is it? Why, it's he. He asks you if you want a ride. Naturally you can't accept. You live only two houses away. You thank him though, and as he drives away, you notice what a beautiful night it really is.

The stars are beautiful. The horns are playing a happy melody matching the quick beat of your heart. What's this? Somebody has thrown ashes on the ice on the beautiful pond of silver.

As you walk home and enter the house you admit to yourself that it was a good game—and a wonderful evening.



JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS AND SPONSORS

Shirley Copelin, Miss Abell, Veronica Bogdan.
Standing: Bob Riggs, Gib Blackmun.
Mr. Bolt was co-sponsor.



Junior Class

The Juniors elected Gib Blackmun as president; Shirley Copelin, vice-president; Veronica Bogdan, secretary; and Bob Rigg, treasurer. The sponsors of the junior class of '54 were Miss Thelma Abell and Mr. A. T. Bolt. Mr. H. M. Hightower is the junior class counselor.

Highlights of the year for juniors were the Washington-New York trip and the prom.

"Moonlight and Roses," the theme of the junior-senior prom, was depicted by a spring-time garden featuring white garland draped columns, a large swing of fantasy, roses floating in a garden pool, a blue sparkling sky, and white and pastel colored garden furniture.

Chairmen who worked on the plans for the Prom were Kit Bishop, Pat Urban, decorations; Dale Erickson, checkroom; Judi Powell, tickets; Peg Brunswick, Carol Millikan, program; Terry Murphy, entertainment; Ann Kutak, Barbara Kirkeiner, publicity; Jane Reese, refreshments; Dave Bement, chaperones.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Alt, Miss Thelma Abell, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Bolt, Mr. and Mrs. Homer Hightower, Miss Margaret Williams, Mr. John Preston, Miss Katherine Bollenbach, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Rapp, Mr. and Mrs. Anton Tapper, Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Murphy, and Mr. and Mrs. Warren Williams were prom chaperones.

After the Prom all who had reservations went to Woodmar Country Club for entertainment.



First Row:
Judy Abney
Mary Acker
Pat Adaba
Dave Ambler
Carol Anderson
Judy Anderson
Max Anderson

Second Row:
Gale Autry
Tina Ballo
Don Barrett
Dorothy Barrett
Lisa Barrett
Fred Bauer
Bill Beatty

Third Row:
Bob Beaver
Ray Beck
Dorothy Bell
Dave Bement
Dorothy Benko
Joe Bertrand
Kit Bishop

Juniors

First Row:
Gib Blackmun
Veronica Bagdon
Sylvia Bognar
Stanley Boleski
Sue Brisko
Joanne Brooke
Alan Brown

Second Row:
Peggy Brunswick
Bob Buckvich
Richard Burkhalter
Jananne Callahan
Orel Callahan
Ralph Camp
Jean Campbell

Third Row:
Sue Carleton
Lucille Carnett
Betty Carpenter
Frank Carroll
Barbara Chastler
Charlene Chastler
Jerry Chip





First Row:
David Christianson
Sanja Christianson
Ray Chynoweth
Sandra Camstack
Deanna Cooper
Shirley Capelin
Dorothy Cornelius

Second Row:
Gloria Crute
Fred Dabney
Lorraine Depa
Rosemary DeVries
Bonnie Dibblee
Jacqueline Dillon
Jacquelyn Dodge

Third Row:
Bill Daehring
Margie Draxler
Judy Driscoll
Diane Dunham
Joan Duran
Jack Edwards
Sandra Edwards

Juniors

First Row:
Shirley Gard
William Garvey
Doris Gasparovic
David Gahrke
Pat Gemmel
Pat Gentry
Janet Givel

Second Row:
Robert Flourney
Ada Forsythe
Richard Frank
Madelon Fredericks
Vera Frahllich
Nancy Fry
Billy Funk

Third Row:
Marlan Efran
Dale Erickson
Pag Etter
Larry Fairchild
George Fechalas
Sherrill Fiebelkorn
Malcolm Fisher





First Row:
Beverly Gledhill
Carol Gool
Tom Gorecki
Lee Grant
Pat Gregor
Donna Grigby
Jack Gumbinsky

Second Row:
Carol Gust
Carol Halliwell
Pat Hamilton
Marilyn Halls
Patsy Haney
Larry Hardegen
Bonnie Harfield

Third Row:
Diane Hatrack
Don Havling
Terry Hector
Neil Heisler
Paul Hendricks
Mary Hensley
Jean Highland

Juniors

First Row:
Warren Hildebrandt
Shirley Hitt
Rita Hofmiller
Berlin Houchin
Regina Inwald
William Ivey
Joe Janiga

Second Row:
Betty Jenkins
Janice Jett
Janet Johnson
Ron Johnson
Sandra Johnson
Jack Jones
Nancy Joras

Third Row:
Stanley Kaminski
Gilbert Kapanols
Roger Kellison
Philip Kelly
Carol Kerber
Marcia Kessler
Barbara Kirkeiner





First Row:
Coradee Kleihege
Mike Kline
Louise Kadicek
Allen Kolb
Richard Kamyotte
Alyce Kors
Trudy Krawczyk

Second Row:
Susan Kretsch
Joe Kubis
Dan Kusmaul
Anne Kulek
Mary Ann Kuzos
Esther Lamprecht
Art Langendarff

Third Row:
Rex Lawrence
Dan Lewis
Carol Lichtenstein
Jack Lipman
Shirley Lantz
Elsie Lutz
Charles Macenski

Juniors

First Row:
Jim Mackey
Joan Magda
Ian Mahan
Doris Markel
Roberto Marlow
Gloria Martin
Sandra Martin

Second Row:
Jaime Martinez
Danna Mathena
Sharon Mayberry
Pat McAarty
Leanne McClellan
Pat McCracken
Bob McLlray

Third Row:
Lois McLead
Carol Melcher
Pat Merritt
Karen Miller
Carole Millikan
Tam Minas
Kay Moore





First Row:
Pat Morningstar
Shirley Mosca
Richard Moss
Carol Muir
Marlene Neubronner
Jaann Olson
Bill Payne

Second Row:
Paul Penman
Ronnie Perry
Madelyn Pertile
Alice Peters
Gloria Petersen
Nancy Phares
Russell Phares

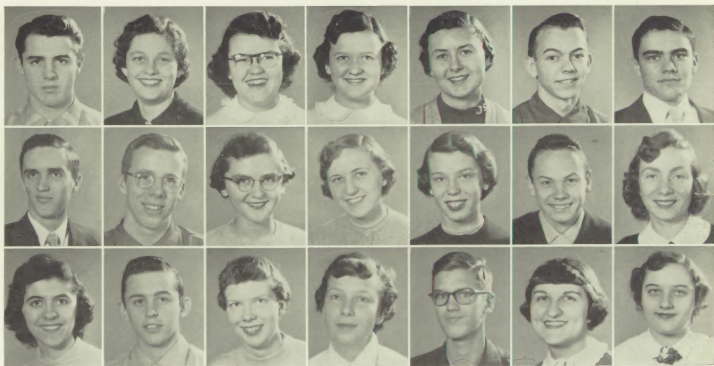
Third Row:
Geraldine Pickel
Sharon Pierce
Donna Plopper
Judy Powell
Marvin Powers
Lois Rau
Jean Reed

Juniors

First Row
Ken Reed
Marcia Reed
Jane Reese
June Reese
Jo Anne Riechers
Bob Rigg
Gordon Robbins

Second Row:
Arlene Salady
Gordon Rosenau
Gerry Rosicha
Betsy Rudolph
Elberta Russell
Jack Rutledge
Nancy Ryden

Third Row:
Arlene Salady
Jan Sanders
Kay Sanger
Jean Savage
James Schmidt
Carol Schroeder
Hildegard Schweitzer





First Row:

Virgil Scott
Barbara Seely
Kendall Shank
Barbara Shanner
Betty Shanner
Mary Sharber
Barbara Siberi

Second Row:

Judy Smith
Larry Smith
Dwayne Savola
Steve Sawachka
Janet Stabler
Barbara Stanners
Tom Steuer

Third Row:

Jack Stevenson
Harshel Silvers
Bette Stoddard
Wayne Stuart
Jeannette Sweniko
Irene Szakach
Joan Tanis

Juniors

First Row:

Paula Tapper
Harriet Thompson
Danna Thornton
Florence Uram
Pat Urban
Tam Van Senu
Bill Venzke



Second Row:

Terry Vis
Joan Wakefield
Bill Walker
Gladia Watkins
Sharon Webber
Cliff Well
Jeanne Wells



Third Row:

Judy Wheeler
Ronald White
Jerry Whiting
Carol Wigley
Suzanne Wilhelm
Gene Williams
Susan Willhew



Fourth Row:

Beverly Winkles
Sheryl Woody
Geraldine Zaleski
Mary Zudock





SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS AND SPONSORS
First Row: Sylvia Kish, Dianne Poyer, Janice Carley
Second Row: Mr. Brock, Mrs. Robe, David Cole.

Sophomore Class

The class of 1956 was given a transfusion at the very outset of the year. The students who had gone through their freshman year at H.H.S. were joined by students from Munster and Irving.

The first important act of the class was the election of its officers. Dianne Payer, Dave Cole, Janice Carley, and Sylvia Kish, were elected president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer. The sophomores are sponsored by Mr. Brock and Mrs. Robe. Mr. Brock is also sophomore counselor.

Such courses as English, geometry, Latin, world history, public speaking, biology, consumer information, and personal

bookkeeping were taken by the sophomores.

The sophomores continued the good reputations that they had built as freshmen. They were active in the fields of sports, debate, and music. Many sophomores were active members of both the special interest and service clubs.

The class enjoyed two parties which were well attended. The sophomores had an eventful, successful year during which they learned many things. Perhaps the most important was democracy, which was learned by service in the Association. As prospective juniors, they are looking forward to a year that will be as successful as their second year.

First Row:
 Ray Abrahamson
 Bonnie Adams
 Janet Albright
 Bruce Allen
 Dianne Allison
 Glenn Anderson
 Paul Anderson



Second Row:
 John App
 Nancy Archibald
 Peggy Ashton
 Marlene Atkinson
 John Ayers
 Dorothy Ayersman
 Judy Babcock



Third Row:
 Loretta Bain
 Dorothy Banoski
 Nancy Barnes
 Ruth Barrett
 Barbara Barford
 Paul Barton
 Keith Becker





First Row:
Sharon Beebe
Carol Benz
Karen Berg
Jerome Berkowitz
Bernice Bernacki
Lila Bevan
Janice Billingsley

Second Row:
Donald Bingham
Mary Lou Birkett
Karen Ballek
Judy Berman
Karen Berman
Helen Bowker
Charles Bayer

Third Row:
Pat Brennan
Janet Brom
Dorothy Brumm
Ronald Brumm
Rosalie Bunnell
Ronald Burton
Hugh Butcher

Sophomores

First Row:
Diane Calligan
Marlene Callis
Shella Cameron
Carlton Canaday
Janice Carley
Kurt Carlisle
Nancy Carr

Second Row:
Leonard Carnagey
Phyllis Carrigan
Jerry Cashdollar
Jerry Challoner
Nancy Cherman
Bette Clark
Harold Cleland

Third Row:
David Cole
Nancy Collins
Elaine Colvin
Betty Canaver
Victoria Carneja
Evelyn Carnelius
Fred Cotton





First Row:
Arlene Cramer
Ada Cravens
Pat Curtis
Tam Daniels
Fred Dankavis
Diane Davis
Judy Davison

Second Row:
Ken DeFrato
George Ann Dennis
Arlene DeRazier
Darlene Diblee
Dan Diehl
Susan Dick
Linda Dimmock

Third Row:
Marlene Dobrynski
Eleanor Doyle
William Dyke
Gerold Dzurovac
Marcia Easton
Lynn Ech
JoEllen Enright

First Row:
Suzanne Eveff
Bill Feholias
Larry Fisher
Kathryn Floris
George Feldman
Clayton Fleming
Caral Florence

Second Row:
Judy Florion
Karl Foote
Bill Ford
Andrew Forrest
David Foster
Billy Foster
Jack Foudray

Third Row:
Millie Freedman
Lynn Freeman
Barbara Frostick
Jack Gorrison
Edna Gelsen
Dick Getzinger
Jack Gibson

Sophomores





First Row:
Sandra Glenn
Pat Gorman
Becky Graff
Judy Grove
Ran Guinn
Ray Hoos
Paul Hagberg

Second Row:
Sarah Hamilton
Chuck Hand
Margaret Hanas
Carol Hardegan
Russell Harden
Rayburn Harper
Lais Harris

Third row:
Judy Harrison
Terry Hartigan
Phyllis Harvey
Carol Hausenleck
Bob Hawk
Rhoda Hedges
Eleanor Helfen

Sophomores

First Row:
Jim Herakovich
Leah Hess
Marilyn Hesterman
Alice Hickie
Marlene Hildebrandt
Deana Hill
Peggy Hinton

Second Row:
Myro Holzberg
Sally Horvath
John Houseworth
Pauline Hronapols
Janice Huck
Sandro Huebner
Janet Huppenthal

Third Row:
Terry Ingram
Betty Inkley
Robert Jackson
Joe Janusonis
Mary Jeffries
Betty Johns
Bill Johnson





First Row:
Carroll Johntson
Jone Johnson
Ted Johnson
JoAnne Jusick
Dolores Juzwick
Del Kacher
Richard Kaye

Second Row:
Barbara Keener
Richard Keil
Judy Keilman
Shirley Kestner
Robert Kirby
Sylvia Kish
Eileen Knabe

Third Row:
James Kostopoulos
John Landin
Rosella Long
Janice Lanham
Ken LaPlatt
Adagene Lauerman
Deanna Leaverton

Sophomores

First Row:
Dan Leckrone
Dorothy Lee
Jo Ann LeVay
Wayne Liss
Barbara Littiken
Joanne Loeffler
Bob Loss

Second Row:
Larry Luellen
Betty MacMillan
Peggy Maddox
Carl Main
Mildred Mamala
Jim Martin
Karl Martin

Third Row:
Van Mason
Rodney Matusovsky
Darlene Matson
Sharon Matthews
Mary McCoy
Phyllis McDonald
Fran McGeorge





First Row:
Jan McGeorge
Lynne McKenzie
Mary McKinnon
Jean McLaughlin
Wayne McLean
Pat McNamara
Pauline McPherson

Second Row:
Ronald Maltcalf
George Mickew
Pam Minas
Bill Maeller
Fred Manberg
Carol Moore
Dan Moore

Third Row:
John Moran
Marilyn Morris
Janet Maseley
Dianne Muller
Ida Nance
David Neely
Mary Jo Neidow

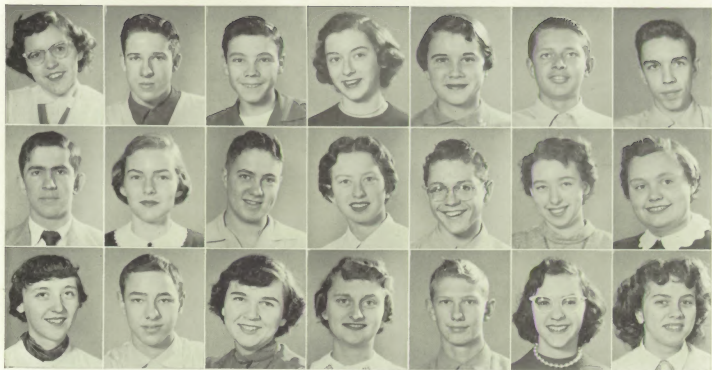
First Row:
Nancy Nelson
Arlene Narwood
Terry O'Connor
Gloria O'Dell
Skip Opperman
Nelda Orange
John Osborne

Second Row:
Maria Panares
Judy Papa
Joann Pappas
Arthur Parker
Mary Paxton
Dianne Payer
Wayne Pecher

Third Row:
Suzanne Peterson
Martha Pickel
Alice Piccuch
Celeste Prater
Bob Pressler
Gerald Preusz
Marvin Pruitt

Sophomores





First Row:
Mary Ann Pulkowski
William Purbough
Clyde Rector
Anitra Reed
Marilyn Ribicki
Robert Rich
William Ricks

Second Row:
Gary Robbins
Janet Robbins
Edward Rose
Elsa Rosenak
Ron Rosko
Diane Roush
Barbara Rowley

Third Row:
Lorrie Rozcicho
Larry Ruff
Carol Sabinske
Sandra Sarber
Robert Saunders
Sharon Schabel
Patty Schachte

Sophomores

First Row:
James G. Schmidt
Carol Schmitt
Virginia Schreiber
Betty Seddlemeyer
Bob Seibert
Herbertine Shaw
Judy Shaw

Second Row:
Robert Shaw
Peter Shideler
Robert Shook
Richard Schultz
Catherine Slanae
Roger Slosser
Barton Smith

Third Row:
Lynette Smith
Marilyn Smith
Ruth Smith
Joy Solenberger
Tom Spoerner
Phyllis Spycholski
Norma Stabler





First Row:

Betty Staroscak
Connie Stephens
Toby Stern
Dauglas Stevens
Daraletha Stacker
Anthony Sutoresny
Phyllis Sutter

Second Row:

Judy Sweitzer
Valerie Takacs
Neil Tanis
Carolyn Terry
Clara Theilbar
Dianne Thomson
Rex Thompson

Third Row:

Lola Thornton
Joe Tkacz
Denny Tabin
Allen Truhn
Dorlane Trump
Nancy Tunis
Margaret Turpin

First Row: Lower Picture:

Janice Tuttle
Donald Ullstam
Shoran Uim
Janet Underwood
Judy Van Buskirk
Larena VanGilder
Janet Waechter

Second Row:

Ann Wagner
Glenda Waldrop
Rayetta Waldrop
Joelyn Walker
Sandra Wampler
Neola Warber
Sharon Ward

Third Row:

Wilma Webb
Ruth Ann Webber
Donald Wells
Lyle Wheelock
Stanford White
Ina Whitehead
Velma Whitney



Fourth Row:

Anita Wikor
Wayne Wickelgren
Jacqueline Wieland
Nancy Wilkins
Nancy Williams
Suzann Williams
Judy Wilson



Fifth Row:

Virginia Witter
Robert Woerpel
April Zella
Marlene Zurawec

SOPHOMORES



FRESHMAN OFFICERS AND SPONSORS
 Standing: Jomary Hightower.
 Left to right: Betty Bogdan, Miss Kessing, Mr.
 Wood, Tom Smiddy, Sherrill Miller.

Freshman Class

"My doggone locker won't open! I've already received three court notices and two fines today. All I need now is a screw driver to unhinge the door." These remarks, accompanied by heckling from several amused sophomores lingering across the hall, represent a typical predicament of the average Hammond High freshman on his first day in attendance.

Even such innocents as Tom Smiddy, Jomary Hightower, Betty Bogdan, and Sherrill Miller, president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer, were seen stumbling around the halls under the weight of six or eight books, an unnecessary feat performed only by uninformed freshmen.

Although few freshmen were gullible enough to buy locker insurance or wait in endless lines to purchase mythical elevator tickets, it was reported that many freshmen, among

them Pam Minas and Terry McCullough, the two senators, stood in line during lunch hours to throw paper airplanes through Mr. Hendrick's broken windowpane. This incident might be a slight exaggeration of the actual pranks of the freshmen.

There were freshmen in most of the clubs for which they were eligible. Intramurals held the interest of many who represented their class ably.

The freshman class did a very good job not resenting being called "freshies," but rather proving that their status was one of which to be proud. Whatever contradictions there might be to this statement, the upperclassmen must agree that freshmen are an essential part of a rich and full high school life.

*"Her memory makes our common landscape seem
 Fairer than any of which painters dream,
 Lights the brown hills and sings in every stream."*

—WHITTIER

In Memoriam

EDNA WONNACOTT - MARCH 17, 1954



First Row:
Ken Abbott, Janet Abraham,
Sherman Abrahamson, Larry Acheson,
Norma Acker, Phillip Albert,
Judith Allen, James Atkinson.

Second Row:
June Bain, Bob Bandchich,
James Barrett, Sandra Beaman,
Sandra Bean, Bob Beizle,
Cheron Benoit, Connie Benoit.

Third Row:
Carol Bess, Harriet Best,
Betsy Beyler, Frances Blackman,
Lucille Blythe, Geraldine Baeticher,
Betty Bogdan, Peter Bomberger.

Fourth Row:
Thomas Brendel, Shelia Broderick,
Bobbie Brown, Diane Bruce,
Shelby Bryant, Judy Calhoun,
Christy Carleton, Sharon Childress.

Freshmen

First Row:
Jean Cilek, Robin Cline,
Ray Cole, Suzanne Conrad,
James Correll, Bonita Cornell,
Irvin Cross, Judy Crouch.

Second Row:
Catherine Crumpacker, Caroen Curtis
Thomas Day, Dennis Deen,
Sonya Disney, Carolyn Dodge,
Phyllis Dalk, Judy Duncon.

Third Row:
Dixie Eastin, Janice Eckenrode,
George Eder, Iris Efron,
Dave Ellis, Marilyn Ellis,
Carolyn Emerine, Oleda Emerson.

Fourth Row:
Billy Faissler, Margaret Fedar,
Richard Fehlberg, William Fehlberg,
Thomas Fennell, Judy Fenstermaker,
Margo Ferree, William Flalo.





First Row:
Leora Floyd, John Forkesdi,
Marie Frost, Jane Fuller,
Beverly Funk, Paul Gallagher,
Frank Gollas, Penelope Gardiner.

Second Row:
Margaret Gentry, Alice George,
Fred Gescheidler, Linda Glass,
Donno Glenn, Caroline Golgarf,
Norman Graf, Robert Gronack.

Third Row:
John Gray, Marilyn Grinberg,
Marjorie Gross, Russell Gullickson,
Bill Haas, Margaret Hafner,
Laurel Hall, Karl Hollgren.

Fourth Row:
Jack Harrier, Mary Hartnett,
Dorothy Heckman, Clyde Hedrick,
Sheila Heisner, Gloria Hennessee,
Betty Hess, Robert Hess.

Freshmen

First Row:
Beryl Hewitt, Jomary Hightower,
Sharon Hoemann, Karen Hofferth,
Rita Hoffman, Louise Horvath,
Mary Hosier, Grace Howarth.

Second Row:
Shirley Hug, Bob Hutchinson,
Bonnie Jacobs, Arlene Jenkins,
Pat Jenkins, Carol Jessup,
Judith Jett, Jerome Johnson.

Third Row:
Phyllis Johnson, Bob Jones,
Judy Jurgens, Bob Jurgenson,
Paul Kachoris, Arlene Kodron,
Peggy Kagy, Nancy Kline.

Fourth Row:
Dale Kennedy, James Kessler,
Jack Kidder, Nancy Kiger,
Beverly Kirkeiner, William Kirkeiner,
Jack Klee, Lynn Kline.





First Row:
Wade Knorr, Wayne Knorr,
Annette Kocal, Kae Kolb,
Margaret Kopp, Eleanor Kotso,
Doris Krawczyk, Margot Krieger.

Second Row:
Marilyn Krizmis, Elaine Kruger,
James Kucer, Mike Kuchos,
Mary Kulak, Judy Langmaid,
Richard Lewis, Belle Libster.

Third Row:
Max Loden, Sylvia Long,
Brenda Lovell, Richard MacNary,
Bob Madura, Nancy Mangold,
Kurt Markel, Phyllis Markwood.

Fourth Row:
Betty Marshall, Sandra Mathena,
Darlene Mathis, Marshall McCoy,
Wayne McIntyre, Ellen McKinley,
Stuart Meyers, Judy Minzer.

Freshmen

First Row:
Gloria Midkiff, Lynette Milazzo,
Elaine Miller, Sherrill Miller,
Theresa Worwe, Peter Milebar,
Rosemary Misoro, Donald Mudd.

Second Row:
Mike Mulligan, Jay Nagdeman,
Cynthia Natske, Dick Nelson,
Dennis Nickerson, Carole Nichols,
Gail Noldin, Gail Opdahl.

Third Row:
Charles Opperman, Elizabeth Orr,
Carolyn Paddock, Donald Penassow,
Harry Pappas, Judy Pearson,
George Pera, Bernadine Piekarczyk.

Fourth Row:
Karen Pierce, Pat Pinkerton,
George Poklewski, Arthur Potts,
Jack Powell, Jean Powell,
Rosella Powell, Peter Price.





First Row:
 Tam Pressler, Judy Prugh,
 Kathryn Quartier, Esther Rausch,
 Judy Reed, Antone Remich,
 Rannie Richwine, James Roames.

Second Row:
 Jared Rabenhorn, Robert Rocky,
 Chuck Rahde, Patty Raminger,
 Cynthia Ross, Paul Ross,
 Mary Razich, Margaret Rudolph.

Third Row:
 Edward Ryan, Frank Sacullo,
 Bruce Schafer, Helen Schau,
 Judy Schriever, Christine Schroeder,
 Nancy Schuler, Ermo Schumeyer.

Fourth Row:
 Meredith Schultz, Charles Schwingendorf
 Tam Sell, Sarah Sibert,
 Thomas Smiddy, Ronald Snow,
 Robert Soderstrom, Rosalie Soter.

Freshmen

First Row:
 Charlie Spiber, Cheryl Stimert,
 Jim Storey, Jaclyn Stoul,
 Jerry Stroughn, Tam Summers,
 Judy Tangerman, Cynthia Tolara.

Second Row:
 Phyllis Taylor, Mary Thompson,
 Arden Truppe, Gloria Tumbula,
 Chris Voris, Judy Waddell,
 Linda Warriner, August Wartenberg.

Third Row:
 Harace Weak, Lloyd Wiborg,
 Juliann Wildermuth, Sue Williams,
 Jim Witham, Patty Witkowski,
 Arthur Wright, Norman Zeittlin,

Fourth Row:
 Joan Ziller, Robin Zollo.





MONITORS

First Row: Miss Theil, Delores Chynoweth, Sylvia Bognar, Louise Kodicek, Carol Wigley, Bettie Jenkins, Rhoda Hedges, Betty Takacs, Lynn McKenzie, Margie Drazlar, Judie Kauris, Judy Shields, Deana Grigby, Kathy Quarrier, Patty Mae Usdanovich.
 Second Row: Phyllis Eaton, Jeannette Dennistan, Patty McArdy, Carolyn Schroeder, Dot Kretsch, Dwayne Savola, Mary Hensley, Carol Anderson, Shirley Copelin, Lita Barrett, Becky Groff, Paula Vectors, Myra Halzberg, Karen Borman, Marguerite Carstensen.
 Third Row: Mart Efran, Fred Bauer, Russell Phares, Dave Cole, Lorry Walker, Pete Shideler, Rita Hofmiller, Aldora Graf, Deanna Cooper, Sylvia Kish, Judy Wilson, Connie Stephens.
 Fourth Row: Dick Hemlingway, Bob Barnes, Fred Dabney, Ran Johnson, Gory Robbins, Andy Forrest, Warren Hildebrondt, Bill Warmus, Sheldon Abrahamson, Tom Daniels, Terry Ingram, Sherman Abrahamson, Bob Irish.

MONITORS

The Monitors were under the supervision of Miss Theil sponsor, and Betty Takacs, Secretary of Student Safety. Besides keeping order in the halls the monitors were kept busy keeping the halls clean and quiet during class periods, checking admits and lockers, and giving court notices to violators of school rules. The monitors, one of the largest service clubs at Hammond High, are stationed throughout the halls.

SENATE

Contrary to public opinion, even with Robert's Rules of Order in practice, the legislature's job in a government isn't always as one might imagine, at least not at Hammond High. If you disagree, just ask one of the Senators that meet in room 214 during club periods on alternate Tuesdays. Among the important and very serious tasks of appropriating money, originating and approving bills, and debating in earnest, is a mixture of teenage enthusiasm and light-heartedness that transforms a Senate meeting from a period of dreary discussion and hard work to one of friendly competition and fun. A spirit of

courtesy and respect for others' opinions prevails along with youth's inevitable touch of humor.

For example, this year when a bill came up concerning the allowing of junior and senior boys to invite freshman and sophomore girls to the Prom, the Senators, being almost equally divided in opinion, took sides and there followed many a long and heated verbal battle. Often some of the enthusiastic members didn't confine their debates to the Senate floor. In fact for days, each time a certain senior girl who was definitely against this bill would meet a certain junior boy, whose viewpoint was definitely opposite, she would stoutly declare, "I'm against it!" He in return would very obligingly answer, "I'm for it!" This had been happening regularly each time they'd meet in the halls for several weeks, and so you can imagine her amazement when she uttered her customary "I'm against it!" one day and he firmly replied, "So am I!" And you can imagine her amusement when he grinned sheepishly and added, "I broke up with my sophomore girl friend last night!"

And so it goes; a Senator's job isn't the easiest, and many times Mr. Hill's guidance is needed in a highly contested issue; but, on the whole, being a Senator in Hammond High School's student government can be lots of fun. If you don't believe me, just ask one!



SENATE

Sitting: Nancy Mason, Terry McCullough, Dave Ambler, Mr. Hill, Ran Bengtson.
 Standing front: Jerry Foote,
 Standing: Doris Markel, Joan Eads, Jill Luellen, Dave Bement, Roy Abrahamson, Dan Moore.
 Not Pictured: Pam Minos.



HOUSE

First Row: Pauline McPherson, John Wilhelm, Bonnie Hartfield, Bob Lass, Margo Krieger, Barb Kirkeiner, Judy Crouch, Kit Bishop, Pat McCracken, Wayne Wickelgren, Joe Tkacz.

Second Row: Larry Fisher, Pat Garman, Terry Ingram, Alan Tucker, Jay Nagdeman, Jim Kucer, Harriet Best, Dorothy Benko, Betty Hess, Toby Stern, Rodney Matosovsky.

Third Row: Judy Harrison, Kurt Markel, Ronnie Richwine, Dan Grabner, Ted Schultz, Harry Hausenfleck, Cliff Weil, Chuck Schulmeyer, Evelyn Cornelius, Sue Conrad.

Fourth Row: Judy Pearson, Margie Boardway, John Pruitt, Bob Blackman, Allen Kolb, Barbara Keener, Marl Efran, Pat Urban, Shel Lynn, Ed Vennon, Warren Hildebrandt, Miss Strange.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

A school as large as Hammond High takes many students to run a student government. The largest group in our student government is the House of Representatives. Its members work very hard and accept their responsibilities willingly, but the average House Rep has fun while working for the Association.

Remember the Mardi Gras? Many House Reps worked long hours on the decorations outside the auditorium.

Remember the March of Dimes? The House of Reps collected the money. They also see that every election of class officers is fair and square. Reporting to their advisory is a duty. Yes, being a House Rep is a responsibility, but it is also fun.

THE COURT

The Court consists of chief magistrate Charles Macenski and four judges: senior, Peg Whitaker; junior, Dan Lewis; sophomore, Dick Getzinger; and freshman, Jack Harrier.

During the trials, which are numerous and varied, these judges were aided by Gerry Piorkowski, recorder; Dale McCullum, bailiff; and Mr. L. E. Overman, faculty advisor, who can answer questions but is not allowed to vote.

Every other week the court meets and tries law breakers, who may have eaten in the halls, caused a disturbance, or entered the halls without an admit.



CABINET

First Row: Betty Tokacs, Secretary of Safety; Shirley Renoud, Secretary of Publicity; Pat Janiga, Acting Secretary of Publicity.

Second Row: Charles Macenski, Secretary of Discipline; Patty McArdy, Secretary of Red Cross; Kay Forsberg, Co-Secretary of Student Activities.

In Front: Roger Hinesley, Co-Secretary of Student Activities.



COURT

Left to right: Dick Getzinger, Dale McCullum, Gerry Piorkowski, Mr. Overman, Charles Macenski, Peg Whitaker, Daniel Lewis, Jack Harrier.



NURSE'S STAFF

Sitting: Mari Jane Blount, Judy Pope, Dorothy Lee.
Standing: Mrs. Roy, Barbara Schultz, Sharon Pierce.

PRE-NURSING

If you do not know what the Pre-Nursing Club girls do to make life bearable, you should drop in some Wednesday after school and find out.

If you ever are in the need of a prospective nurse, just whistle and . . . Well, anyway we'll take good care of you.

If you like 'les femmes' in number, then statistically we should appeal to you for there are 22 of us. Of course if you're particular about grade levels, we can boast of some girls from every class.

If you ever want to meet our officers, they are president, Barbara Schultz; vice-president, Marilyn Ford; secretary-treasurer, Ruth Acker; and program chairman, Nancy Yapple.

Let there be no more "ifs" about it. Why not join next semester? Note: There are also such things as male nurses.

HOMEMAKERS CLUB

The delightful aroma of food made by the girls in Homemakers Club was enough to lead anyone to their booth at the Mardi-Gras! In this club, Barbara Shanner wielded her rolling pin as president, aided by Nancy Mangold, vice-president. Ruth Ann Webber was secretary and Janet Waechter, treasurer.

HI-Y

1st Row: John Wilhelm, Fred Dabney, Bill Duncker, Ron Bengtson, Mr. Lundgren.

Second Row: John Plain, Jack Powell, Bill Kirkeiner, Richard Fehlberg.

Third Row: Bob Jackson, Ronald Robbins, Jerry Mandzil, Jared Robenhorst.

Fourth Row: Doug Stevens, Terry Ingram, Karl Hallgren.

Fifth Row: Don Fredley, Roy Polone, John Landin.

HOMEMAKERS

Left side, front to back: Bettie Jenkins, Elaine Colvin, Janet Huppen-thal, Nancy Mangold, Janet Waechter.

Right side: Judy Van Buskirk, Rosalie Bunnell, Betty Shanner, Shirley Copelin, Jacqueline Dillon, Barbara Shanner, Mrs. Robe.



PRE-NURSING

Mrs. Roy, Sandra Foud'ay, Connie Benoit, Doris Vail, Barbara Brobst, Barb Schultz, Nancy Mangold, Dolores Pera, Pat Sopata, June Reese, Ruth Ann Acker, Cheron Benoit.

Jacqueline Dillon was program chairman. During the year the Homemakers sponsored many breakfasts, took a trip to Chicago, and had a big Christmas party. Mrs. Phyllis Robe was the acting sponsor in the absence of Miss Hansen.

HI-Y

"Clean living, clean speech, clean sports, and clean scholarship" is the platform of an international organization called the Hi-Y. The Hammond High Hi-Y club has been built around this platform since 1922.

The club sponsor at Hammond High is Mr. L. A. Lundgren. The officers this year are Ron Bengtson, president; Bill Duncker, vice-president; John Wilhelm, secretary; and Fred Dabney, treasurer.

During the year the boys attend camps and come home from Kokomo, Kentland, and other camps with memories of fun and service.

Because it is a service organization, the Hi-Y has projects throughout the year. The outstanding ones are the distribution of Thanksgiving baskets and the collection of contributions for the annual Heart Fund drive in February.

Through their work in the Hi-Y, many boys have become active in Y.M.C.A. work in college and in later life.





JUNIOR CLASSICAL LEAGUE

"Slave! Slave! Bring some honey. Pour more water. Crack those nuts." These are cries heard at the Junior Classical League's bi-annual Roman Banquet on the birthday of Rome. This banquet is attended by "Romans" dressed in pastel-colored togas and tunics. Slaves dress in knee-length tunics and bright red pointed hats. The slaves are always running about carrying food to and from the many "Roman" guests. After the meal is finished, a play is given, songs are sung, and homage is paid to the gods, all in Latin of course. With this the banquet ends, but memories of it will last long in the minds of those who attended.

This banquet is a part of the successful work done by the officers: Sandra Edwards, president; Judy Anderson, secretary; Sandra Johnson, vice-president; Franklin Carroll, treasurer; and the faculty booster and advisor, Miss Work.

The Junior Classical League is an active club that sponsors, besides the Roman Banquet, a cake walk at the annual Mardi Gras.

In closing the members of J.C.L. would like to invite all of you Romans to attend the next Roman Banquet.

Spanish Club

By Madelon Fredericks

Buenos dias, senores y senoritas. Did you know instead of shaking hands when Spaniards meet someone they know on the street, they embrace each other?

Los Buenos Vecinos, the Spanish Club, has been in existence twelve years. It was started for students who are interested in Spanish and want to learn more about the Spanish speaking people. The club helps to improve the use of Spanish too, because at some of the meetings small groups hold conversations in Spanish only.

Before Christmas vacation the Spanish Club sponsored a trip to the Museum of Science and Industry for Mexican Day where they saw a display of Christmas trees and a Mexican play demonstrating how Mexicans celebrate Christmas.

Also at Christmas time the Spanish Club sang Christmas carols in the halls. A few of the songs were "La Navidad Blanca" (White Christmas), "Noche de Paz" (Silent Night), "Oid un Son en Alta Esfera" (Hark the Herald Angels Sing), and "Cascabels" (Jingle Bells).

In March the group had a Song Fiesta and invited Spanish classes of other Hammond schools to participate.

The sponsor of the Spanish club is Miss Kessing, and the officers are Carole Millikan, president; Dorothy Benko, vice-president; Janet Givel, secretary; and Peggy Brunswick, treasurer.

J. C. L.

First Row: Patty Rominger, Judy Schriefer, Phyllis Johnson, Cynthia Ross, Dixie Eastin, Iris Efran, Marilyn Ellis, Judy Anderson, Harriet Best, Beverly Funk, Sandy Edwards, Stanley Kaminski, Mort Efran.
Second Row: Mary Rozich, Jane Fuller, Judy Meinster, Nancy Kiger, Laurel Hall, Jan McGeorge, Dianne Thomsen, Katie Crumpecker, Annette Kocal, Harold Joyce, Don Barrett, Jack Gumbinsky.
Third Row: Miss Work, Janet Abraham, Elaine Kruger, Norma Acker, Caroline Golgari, Suzanne Peterson, Marlene Collis, Darlene Trump, Pat Gorman, Ruth Ann Acker, Frank Carroll, Charles Schwingendorf.
Fourth Row: Brenda Lovell, Bev Kirkeiner, Eleanor Doyle, Carroll Johnson, Mary Lou Birkett, Judy Abney, Jane Reese, Carole Millikan, Sandra Johnson, Mary Acker, Karen Berg, Peter Shideler, James Carroll.

GERMAN CLUB

First Row-at-table: Pat Janiga, Larry Luellen, Janet Langdon, Nancy Cutshall, Janice Huck.

Second Row: Bonnie Fitzgerald, Nancy Chernan, Phyllis Harvey, Joanne Loeffler, Diane Calligan, Phyllis Carrigan, Jean Highland, Dorothea Stocker.

Third Row: Phyllis Hedwall, Marlene Neubronner, Marcia Easton, Karen Borman, Nancy Collins, Barbara Frostic, Loretta Bain.

Fourth Row: Dick Getzinger, Peter Wilks, Dave Gehrke, Fred Monberg, Chuck Lawson, Robert Trinks, Phil Kelly, Janice Tuttle, Sandy Edwards, Miss Reichl, Paula Topper, Sandra Sarber, Ruth Ann Acker, Aldora Gra, Paula Victors, Phyllis Eaton, Susan Kretsch, Lorraine Diltrich.
Fifth Row: Rodney Matsosky, Carl Main, Skip Opperman, Carl Hestermann, George Feldman, Larry Ruff.

GERMAN CLUB

The German Club is organized for the sole purpose of enjoying oneself among people with the mutual interest of German language. The club under the sponsorship of Miss Jo Reichl has many activities which develop that idea. A successful project has been the coffee shop at the Mardi Gras. The proceeds enable the club to send Red Cross packages to Germany and to enrich its own treasury, too. Nancy Cutshall is president; Janice Hunt, secretary; and Larry Luellen, treasurer.

FUTURE TEACHERS OF AMERICA

The Future Teachers of America is a very important club at Hammond High. It tries to acquaint its members with their prospective occupation, teaching, of course. Speakers tell them the many advantages and disadvantages of teaching. This valuable club is under the direction of Miss Kessing; Mr. Soderquist; president, Janet Langdon; vice-president, Nancy Cutshall; secretary, Virginia Zielh; and treasurer, Phillip Kelly.

FUTURE TEACHERS OF AMERICA

Standing: Mr. Soderquist, Nancy Cutshall, Janet Langdon, Barbara Brobst, Phillip Kelly, Len Conroy, Bob Trinks, Betty Inkle, Dolores Pera, Kathryn Inkle, Lynne McKenzie.



SPANISH CLUB

First Row: Carol Anderson, Peggy Brunswick, Judy Anderson, June Reese, Robert Rich, Barbara Litken, Sue Wilhelm, Lynn McKenzie, Janet Givel, Jerome Johnson, Pat McCracken, Madelon Fredericks.

Second Row: Dorothy Benko, Tina Ballo, Carole Millikan, Shirley Gerd, Diane Davis, Barton Smith, Don Moore.
Seated at piano: Sonja Christenson, Betty Inkle.

STUDENT ACTIVITIES

First Row: Kay Forsberg, Mort Efron, Carol Jurgenson, Louise Kodicek, Judy Gantenbein, Karen Curtis, Carolyn Emerine, Phyllis Fahring, Bonnie Fitzgerald, Barbara Collingwood, Nancy Chandler, Delores Zust, Marg Boardway, Roger Hinesley.

Second Row: Janice Latham, Sheila Cameron, Marilyn Ribicki, Pam Minas, Peg Hinton, Karen Borman, Kit Bishop, Judy Harrison, Arlene DeBosier, Marlene Callis, Pat Usdanovich.

Third Row: Peg Etter, Deanna Cooper, Nancy Ryden, Babs Seely, Dorothy Soja, Virginia Dwoznik, Dorothy Cornelius, Bonnie Adams, Darlene Trump, Dorothy Benko.

Fourth Row: Veronica Bogdan, Pat Urban, Louis Rau, Pat Janige, Darbara Ennis, Becky Groff, Ada Cravens, Kay Moore, Peg Brunswick, Anne Kulak.

Fifth Row: Betty Takacs, Marge Condey, Evelyn Cornelius, Carol Muir, Jan McGeorge, Charlene Chasteler, Joan Duran, Karen Berg, Mary Acker, Terry Wright.

Sixth Row: Sandra Kingeter, Sherry Matthews, Ann Wagner, Sue Kretsch, Judy Wilson, Elaine Hatfield, Shirley Kestner.

Seventh Row: Judy Keilman, Carol Hazen, Jan Mahan, Joanne Loeffler, Dianne Payer, Fran McGeorge, Elenore Helfin, Loretta Bain, Dove Gehrke, Fred Hopman.

STUDENT ACTIVITIES CHAIRMEN
Sitting: Becky Groff, decorations; Virginia Dwoznik, checkroom; Barb Ennis, tickets; Margie Boardway, entertainment.

Standing: Roger Hinesley, secretary, Kay Forsberg, co-secretary, Dorothy Soja, Lorraine Hankman, refreshments.

STUDENT ACTIVITIES

After waiting in line for tickets to the dance, the couple proceeded to the dance floor of the attractively decorated room. Later they were served refreshments by Student Activities workers. The couple enjoyed their evening.

How was the dance made possible? The publicity committee induced students to come; the ticket committee collected the nominal charge; the friendly checkroom committee welcomed them; and the expert jobs of the decoration, refreshment, and entertainment committees changed an ordinary dance into a memorable experience.

Hammond High provides an excellent social program and the members of Student Activities receive a certain satisfaction from working in the various groups.

Roger Hinesley and Kay Forsberg were the co-chairmen who, with a staff of about 150 Hammond High students and the help of Miss Georgia Andersen, directed the Activities.

PLANT CLUB

Who needs a green thumb? Not the members of the Plant Club, for they learn how to take care of plants. During the meetings the members discuss plants, insects, and other phases of biology which help them to grow healthy plants. They also learn to enjoy and appreciate Nature. They have taken trips through the Herb Gardens, the City Bacteriology Department,



and the Friendship Gardens. The officers of the club are Richard Frank, president; Virgil Scott, vice-president; Alice Piecuch, secretary; and Dolores Juzwick, treasurer. Miss Reeder, sponsor, the officers, and members of the club supply and care for the plants in many of our classrooms.

EXPANDED ARTS CLUB

Take a chance on a real, live, baby kitten! This call rang out from the Expanded Arts booth the night of the annual Mardi Gras. Through the halls of Hammond High this call announced the auction of three baby kittens, the most surprising and original stunt of the evening.

The club booth, cleverly resembling an artist's studio, attracted the crowds. Three of the booth's visitors went home very happy over the kittens cuddled in their arms.

The artists' sale of handmade leatherscraft, portraits, and Christmas cards gave evidence of many hours of hard work by the club members.

As in the past three years, the halls and windows of Hammond High were bright at Christmas time with color and beauty. Hand-painted, stained glass windows, greens, sculptured birds, and a creche, a glowing religious setting in the case display, set the scene. An enormous Christmas tree adorned with ornaments and foil chains climaxed the constructions by the members of the club and art classes.

Carefully planned and intricately balanced mobiles, suspended from various spots in the halls, cafeteria, and Room 5, commanded respect and admiration from the student body.

The annual initiation banquet holds a great deal of fun and surprises for members of the Art Club. An initiation with a well-planned theme follows a sumptuous potluck dinner.

Exciting events for each semester are the Thanksgiving and Easter competitions in carved apple heads and dressed Easter eggs; and trips to Chicago to visit current exhibits, leading art schools, and advertising displays in the shops.

All these exciting events were planned by the officers of last semester and this semester under the sponsorship of Miss Olga Schubkegel. Last semester's officers were president, Ron Burton; vice-president, Sherrill Fiebelkorn; secretary, Ron Perry; and treasurer, Larry Fairchild. This term's officers are Sue Duncan, president; Kit Bishop, vice-president; secretary, Sherrill Fiebelkorn; and Judy Shields, treasurer.

EXPANDED ARTS

Around table: Keith Becker, Miss Schubkegel, George Poklewski, Richard Shultz, Van Mason, Larry Fairchild, Bob Madura.
Sitting in Back: Jackie Planer, Susan Duncan, Jeane Wells, Alice Peters, Barbara Main, Rosella Powell.

PLANT CLUB

Rosella Long, Virgil Scott, Alice Piecuch, Miss Reeder, Richard Frank, Dolores Juzwick.





THE BOOKROOM STAFF

The Bookroom Staff is under the supervision of Mr. Fruehling, Mr. Rupp, and Miss Carol Matson. The bookroom, which trains students for real business experiences, handles all financial transactions for the school and keeps the books of school organizations. The staff has an annual spring dinner at a local restaurant.

BOOKSTORE STAFF

First Row: Mr. Rupp, Rolene Thielbar, Jim Mackey, Don Epstein, Lorraine Hankman, Barbara Stinson, Bonnie Martfield, Janet Johnson, Mr. Fruehling. Second Row: Mary Armstrong, Lorraine Gilchrist, Beverly Winkles, Judy Reed, Betty Shanher, Terri Vis, Carol Halliwell, Judy Wilson. In Front: Carol Matson.

VISUAL AIDS

Mr. Wood is sponsor of Visual Aids. Del Kacher was chief operator. The members showed movies and slides, operated public address systems, and supervised the use of radios and recordings. The staff aided in the production of Telebook.

VISUAL AIDS

First Row: Phillip Kelley, Richard Moss, Fleming Clayton, John App, James Atkinson, Joe Strick, Tony Remick, Len Carnagey, Tom Reissig, Mr. Wood. Second Row: Ken Peterson, Terry O'Connor, Jack Tillner, Billy Foster, Harold Joyce, Jack Osborne, Alan Olson, William Ricks, Carlton Canaday, Bob Bissell. Third Row: George Mickow, Jim Schmidt, Del Kacher, John Nalezny, Don Grady, Ted Shatkowski, Gilbert Kaponis, Jack Gibson, Bob Loss, Larry Ruff, Malcolm Fisher.

THE LIBRARY STAFF

The Library Staff assists Miss Hawver, the librarian, in issuing and receiving books.

LIBRARY STAFF

First Row: Jean McLaughlin, Kathryn Flaris, Ann Forrest, Bette Stoddard, Louise Kodick, Mary Lou Tapper, Janet Givel, Toby Stern. Second Row: Miss Hawver, Mary Lou Birkett, Dan Lockrane, Bill Doshing, Marilyn Schuler, Judy Babcock, Elizabeth Orr, Carole Millikan, Judy Abney. Third Row: David Christianson, Dick Getzinger, Dan Barrett, Don Kalb, Don Hoffman, Don Fessenden, Leslie Tankel, Eddie Rose, Ronnie Perry, Frank Korbo.

AUTOMOBILE CLUB

"No, I'm sure the one on the right has the right of way," came a girl's voice.

"Neither one does. Here! See, the answers are on the back. Neither one," replied a boy.

"But the driving manual states a similar situation and the car on the right has the right of way," said the girl.

The above argument may be heard during a meeting of the Automobile Club which has many discussions and movies dealing with driving problems. Heated discussions on traffic laws are guided by president Howard Knipple; vice-president, Alan Bergstedt; secretary, Jill Luellen; treasurer, Jean Sangster and sponsor, Mr. Beyer.

AUTOMOBILE CLUB

First Row, sitting on floor: Karyl Walther, Carol Ein, Joanne Sigler, Sarah Johnson, Nancy Chandler, Bonnie Fitzgerald, Shirley Shannon, Jeanette Dennison, Doris Bayly, Betty Hancock, Judy Haron. Second Row, standing: Judy Williams, Jean Sangster, Jill Luellen, Pat Janiga, Pat Kelly, Karen Schuler, Arlene Ribicki, Dolores Janms, Stan Hess, Dave Ervin, Bob Irish. Third Row: Dick Goodlander, Bill Eckiss, Stan Bolaski, Gordon Robbins, Tom Eads, Larry Walker, John Nelsinger, Ralph Camp, Don Hoffman, Don Epstein, Shel Abrahamson, George Peoras, Louis Beratis, Jack Mysliwiec, Rich Kish, Mr. Beyer, Captain Mahoney.





SENIOR NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY

First Row: Ruth Ann Acker, Catherine Gray, Aldara Graf, Kathryn Inkley, Paula Victors, Merrill Hubbell, Susan Duncan, Janet Langdon, Joan Eads, Mary Berg, Linda Toren.
 Second Row: Barbara Hough, Carliss Cox, Nancy Yaple, Ralene Thielbar, Betty Takacs, Nancy Cutshall, Lorraine Hankman, Phyllis Eaton, Carol Jurgensen, Dorothy Sajo, Barbara Gabrys.
 Third Row: Allen Tucker, Sheldon Lynn, Ray Polone, Harvey Dyke, Roger Hinesley, Don Hoffman, Ed Vennon, Ron Woerner, Alan Bergstedt, John Rapp.

NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY

The object of National Honor Society is to "create an enthusiasm for scholarship, to stimulate a desire to render service, to promote worthy leadership, and to foster the development of character in Hammond High School." The first essential for membership is the maintenance of a "B" average, but other things are considered too. Members are chosen for good citizenship, honesty and for readiness to put aside personal consideration in the best interests of the school and to fellow students. The sponsors are Miss Katherine Williams and Mr. Charles Long.

JUNIOR HONOR SOCIETY

The final bell of the day rings and people rush from all directions to the table in front of the bulletin board. Junior Honor Society is holding a bake sale. The homemade cookies, cupcakes, and candy are spread in delicious array over the table, but not for long! By four o'clock hardly a crumb is left.

By the sale of bakery goods, the members of the club collected enough money to supply a needy family with food at Christmas.

First semester officers of the "Junior Honor," as those who are in a hurry call it, were David Cole, president; Toby Stern, vice-president; Judy Harrison, secretary; and Evelyn Cornelius, treasurer.

The purpose of Junior Honor Society is to stimulate interest in scholarship and in service to the school and community.

Thanks should be given to Miss Exley and Mrs. Hays club sponsors.



JUNIOR NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY

Dave Cole in front.
 First Row: Judy Harrison, Janet Brom, Maria Panares, Evelyn Cornelius, Carl Lichtenstein, Miss Exley, Mrs. Hays.
 Second Row: Karen Borman, Toby Stern, Ann Wagner, Suzanne Petersen, Doty Lee.
 Third Row: Becky Graff, Royetta Waldrop, Karen Berg, Pat Gorman, Marilyn Hasterman.
 Fourth Row: Rodney Matasovsky, Bob Seibert, James Schmidt, Marlene Hildebrandt.

ACE OF CLUBS

First Row: Jamary Hightower, Marilyn Grimberg, Paul Kacharis, Iris Efran, Jackie Planer, Larry Aheson, Bob Hess, Nancy Mangold, Elaine Kruger.
 Second Row: Mary Rozich, Norma Acker, Jack Harrier, Beverly Kirkeiner, Billy Faissler, Miss Pritchard, Sherman Abrahamson, John Gray, Elizabeth Orr, James Correll, Robert Soderstrom, Kurt Markel.



ACE OF CLUBS

The Ace of Clubs is the only honorary club open to the freshmen. It is really the ACE of clubs to any freshman smart enough or lucky enough to become a member of it. At each meeting, games which are both entertaining and educational are played. The Ace of Clubs also has projects, among which is the cake walk at the Mardi Gras.

Y-TEENS

Everyone will remember the Egg-centric Egg-cursion and little Egg-stasy. The Y-Teens was one of the co-sponsors of this very different all-school party. The club does other things besides holding clever and successful parties. They have movies, speakers, and demonstrations. Any Y-Teen will tell you about the beauty demonstrations, during which some brave girls volunteered to have their hair cut, (so far with no regrets).

The Y-Teens are also active in Y work, attending many conferences. The faculty advisors are Miss Betty Alderton and Mrs. Dorothy Karris; the president, Barbara Kirkner; the vice-president, Lisa Barrett; the secretary, Anita Mathis; the treasurer, Marjorie Drexler; the music director, Dianne Muller; the program chairman, Marilyn Morris.

DEBATE

Under the coaching of T. D. Reed the debaters and speech members traveled to many schools for invitational debate and speech meets.

Navy Pier was the scene of the first major debate championship won by a Hammond High team for several years. The championship team consisted of Ann Wagner and Dan Barrett, affirmatives, and Anita Reed and Allen Tucker, negatives. John Rapp also saw action as the team's alternate. Allen Tucker won the outstanding speaker's award.

At the Howe Military meet, Dan Barrett finished second in the 25 school tourney. At the State N.F.L. tourney Dan added a blue ribbon and a trophy to the red ribbon at Howe. Dan became the 16th person to win a state solo championship under the instruction of Mr. T. D. Reed.

At the spring N. F. L. Congress Sheldon Lynn was elected to the National Senate and also received the gold medal for the superior speaker of the Senate. Dan Barrett was elected to the National House at Greensburg. Allen Tucker won the silver medal in the House.

This is the fifth year in the last seven that H. H. S. has had an entry in the national tournament.

SPEECH ARTS - N. F. L.

Sitting: Wayne Wickelgren, Alan Tucker, Ronald Burton, Belle Libster, Tony Remich, Judy Reed, Lila Bevan.
Standing: Mr. Reed, Tom Brendel, Dan Barrett, Bob Loss, Sheldon Lynn, Clyde Hedrick, John Rapp, Ann Wagner, Roger Hinesley.



INDIVIDUAL DEBATORS

First Row: Ann Wagner, Dan Barrett, Anita Reed.
Second Row: Allen Tucker, Sheldon Lynn, Mr. Reed, debate coach.



Y-TEENS

First Row: Mary Hartnett, Sharon Hoemann, Marilyn Krizmis, Adagene Lauerman, Charlotte Guss, Marilyn Grimberg, Glenda Waldrop, Judy Pearson, Margaret Cornejo, Sharon Nelson, Louise Harvath, Florence Coomer, Gloria Tumbula.

Second Row: Kathryn Inkley, Nancy Phares, Annie Burns, Laura Appleman, Patty Witkowski, Sandra Kestner, Sue Wilthew, Shirley Kestner, Elaine Hatfield.

Third Row: Judy Grove, Juliann Wildermuth, Jamary Hightower, Beverly Kirkeiner, June Bahr, Brenda Lovell, Darlene Mathis, Margo Ferree, Shirley Hug, Dorothy Heckman, Lola Thornton.

Fourth Row: Peggy Kagy, Beryl Hewitt, Penny Gardiner, Dolores Juzwick, Diane Calligan, Joan Highland, Bonnie Kerber, Sheila Heisner, Carol Bers.

Fifth Row: Carol Schmitt, Ruth Ann Smith, Cynthia Natzke, Bonnie Cornell, Judy Gough, Dorothy Barrett, Jean Savage, Joan Brooke, Robin Cline, Beverly Funk, Laurel Hall.

Sixth Row: Gerrie Rozcicho, Barbara Kirkeiner, Lisa Barrett, Anita Mathis, Margie Drexler, Marilyn Morris, Miss Alderton, Mrs. Karris.

RED CROSS

First Row: Judy Wheeler, Judy Hanagan, Valerie Takacs, Maria Panores, Jackie Dillon, Nancy Chandler, Shirley Copelin.

Second Row: Margie Drexler, Millie Freedman, Peggy Maddox, Judy Meinzer, Lois McLeod, Judy Pope, Adagene Lauerman, Sheila McLaughlin.

Third Row: Mini Weiner, Carol Moore, Elsa Rosenak, Judy Wilson, Florence Coomer, Judy Allen, Connie Benoit, Patty Rominger.

Fourth Row: Miss Thomas, Patty McAarty, Diane Dunham, Lee Grant, Donna Snyder, Marlene Hildebrandt, Leslie Tankel, Jerome Johnson, Don Kolb, Jack Kidder.

Dye Ervin, Pat Sopata, Marilyn Ford, Nancy Archibald, Janet Abraham, Sue Kretsch, Patty Borragree, Janet Underwood, Leah Hess, William Dyke.

JUNIOR RED CROSS

The work of the Junior Red Cross is divided into three main parts: local, national, and international. The Hammond High group works to fill boxes for children of war-torn countries and has adopted a Korean war orphan. The organization works under the supervision of Miss Taylor and Miss Thomas, and officers Pat McAarty, president; Donna Snyder, vice-president; Diane Dunham, secretary; and Lee Grant, treasurer. Other officers are Jean Highland, city council secretary, and the city council representatives, Anita Reed, Pat Sopata, and Carol Moore.



ORCHESTRA

First Row: Frances Boswell, Marlene Dobrynski, Marlene Jakubiec, Caroline Colgart, Virginia Ziehl, Marilyn Stabler, Beryl Hewitt, Davie Norris.
 Second Row: Ronald Robbins, Gary Robbins, Raymond Polone, Vernon LeFebvre, Larry Smith, Wayne Wickelgren, Toby Stern, Sherrill Carnagey, Andrea Kalon, Annie Burns.
 Third Row: Mr. Gekeler, Virginia Dwoznik, Virginia Schreiber, Nancy Cutshall, Sheryl Woody, Gloria Midkiff, Janet Langdon, Ronnie Brown, John Ebert, Philip Kelley, Chuck Lawson. Seated at piano—Mary Janet Kasko.



TROMBONE TRIO
 Ron Brown, Len Carnagey, Chuck Lawson



FLUTE TRIO
 Gloria Midkiff, Janet Langdon, Marge Drexler



TRUMPET DUET
 Philip Kelley, John Ebert

JUNIOR BAND

First Row, sitting: Beverly Grey, Martha Pickel, Edna Geisen, Geraldine Pickel, Raymond Gize, Justine Habelt, Judy Meinzer, Arlene Glinksi, Janet Hupenthal.
 Second Row: Jim Whitaker, Ronnie Flora, Tony Flores, Jack Hagen, Dolores Juzwicz, Dorothy Ben-ski, Rita Hoffman, Charles Wober, Jackie Stout, Mary Ann Thompson, Jack Spillers.
 Third Row: Jerome Johnson, Steve Imrich, George Ader, August Wartenberg, Ronnie Brown, Chuck Lawson, Don Grady, Robert Hutchinson, Len Carnagey, Don Fessenden, Marshall McCoy, Roy Cole, George Paklowski.





SENIOR BAND

First Row: Jane Johnson, Sarah Sibert, Philip Kelley, Richard Burkhalter, John Ebert, Gordon Robbins, Eddie Bowman, Alan Powell, Geri Rozcicha.
 Second Row: Bill Fehlberg, Margie Drexler, Joanne Riechers, Lorrie Rozcicha, Suzann Williams, Ruth Ann Sluyter, Sheryl Woody, Peggy Ashton, Jan Mahan, Sue Conrad, Barbara Litiken, Dave Forsberg.
 Third Row: Faye Wells, Doris Vail, Alice Gussman, Herbertine Shaw, Phyllis Spychalski, Jerome Johnson, Bill Zenzke, Chuck Lawson, Virginia Dwoznik, Leah Jakileho.
 Fourth Row: Peter Price, Margaret Fedor, Nancy Cutshall, Ken Peterson, Robert Trinks, James Schmidt, Ted Johnson, Marle Frost, Virginia Schreiber, Harriet Thompson, Joan Golumbeck.
 Fifth Row: Nancy Collins, Len Carnegie, Ronnie Brown, Fred Dankovich, John Nalezny, Don Grady, Arthur Stemp, Dean Memering, Keith Becker, Sandra Johnson, Phyllis Hedwall.

SENIOR BAND

The Senior Band elected for its officers Charles Lawson and Ronald Brown, president and vice-president, respectively. The executive committee consisted of Alice Gussman, John Ebert, and Philip Kelley. This is the first year the band has had any form of government in practice. The court had the power to fine any member who didn't practice a sufficient amount of time. The Senior Band went to Harvey to see and hear the U.S. Marine Band. The Band Concert was broadcast in 3-D sound over station WJOB in Hammond. In the State Contest the band placed first and received a trophy for a fine performance. Aside from two concerts this year, the band played for a number of civic occasions such as the Loyalty Day Parade, Clean-Up program, and several ball games.

Accomplished Ambition

By Diana Cook

For the past seven years, I have participated in an annual music contest which supposedly determines one's degree of ability at the keyboard. None of the succeeding years, however, is quite as important as the first one. I was eleven years old when I began my career in contest. My piano teacher and I had selected a number with such an impressive title—"Four Variations on a Theme by Paganini" (and I must add in small print, slightly simplified version.) But there would be no "Butterflies on the Lawn" or "Romping Rabbits" for me certainly.

My mother and father accompanied me that Saturday morning and we sought out the drafty church where I was to prove my worth. Other prodigies like me scattered themselves about the room and we listened to each other perform. Finally my name was called and I carried my music over to the judge, remembering my teacher's final words, . . . "and remember to open the music for the judge."

As I sat on the squeaking bench, I knew that this was the time I had to play best. Every practice session and piano lesson for the past months had built up to this one performance. I can still remember the make of piano which was used but I don't remember my thoughts while actually playing. I probably finished my number, retrieved my music and left. The next step was to learn my rating.

It wasn't until later in the day that I could learn the fateful decision. On bulletin boards were posted all the names of contestants and eventually next to the names would be written I, II, or III.

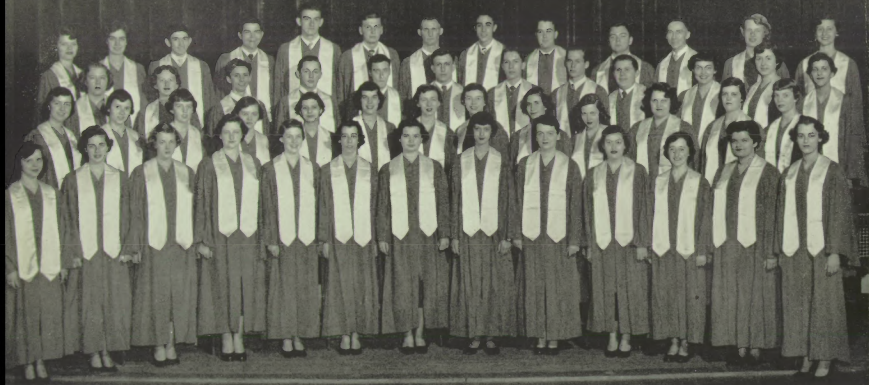
Later in the afternoon the crowd around the board grew larger. People closed in, tromping on each other's feet, vainly seeking the numbers which had not been stated yet. Finally a bespectacled, efficient woman came trotting down the hall armed with fountain pen and the ratings. A cheer arose from the throng and the crowd royally swept aside. Quickly she jotted down the numbers and one could hear shrieks of pleasure or moans of disappointment as the budding artists saw their respective numbers.

I worked my way forward and looked for my name and I saw next to it a neat, blue-inked 'I'! I looked again and it still said 'I'! I felt satisfaction and contentment and I was glad I had worked for it.

MAJORETTES

Dee Leaverton, Pat Gemmel, Shirley Gard, Mary Ann Kuzos, Ann Papa, Margot Krieger.





CHOIR

First Row: Garry Piorowski, Donna Plopper, Sanja Christensen, Barbara Chans'er, Marjorie Badman, Gwen Muller, Sandra Foudray, Pat Michalak, Peg Whitaker, Bonnie Reason, Judy Hanagan, Dorothy Kretsch, Dianne Muller.
 Second Row: Carliss Cox, Phyllis Eaton, Claudette Moody, Donna Grigsby, Judie Kauris, Arlene Ribicki, Caryl Walther, Jean Thompson, Mary Berg, Betty Hancock, Judy Horan, Judy Driscoll, Sue Carleton.
 Third Row: Sandra Kingeter, Elsa Rosenak, Charles Macenski, Herbert Jablonski, Bob Barnes, Dan Barrett, Len Carnegie, Joe Janiga, Wally Claassen, Marjorie Boardway, Janet Langdon, Veronica Bogdan.
 Fourth Row: Mary Zudeck, Donna Snyder, Fred Dabney, Howard Knipple, Merle Pfeil, Dan Gains, Larry Kecal, Tino Ballo, Tom Eads, Stanley Kaminski, John Wilhelm, Karen Schuler, Pat Urban.

A CAPPELLA CHOIR

A Cappella Choir, wearing new purple robes, sang formal concerts at Kiwanis Club, the Calumet National Bank, the City Hall, the Easter program, the Music Festival and Commencement.

Officers were Fred Dabney, president; Phyllis Eaton, vice-president; Peg Whitaker, secretary; and Karen Schuler, treasurer.

CHORAL CLUB

First Row: Joan Magda, Nancy Fry, Dorothy Benko, Doris Markel, Diane Dunham, Joan Tanis, Mary Jo Neidow, Barbara Main, Elaine Harwell, Peg Etter.
 Second Row: Betty Hammond, Judy Smith, Pat Morningstar, Jane Reese, June Reese, Sandy Edwards, Alyce Kors, Rita Whitehead, Lois McLeod.
 Third Row: Marlene Callis, Jackie Dodge, Dave Cole, Carlton Canaday, Gloria Martin, Jill Luellen, Jean Reed, Roger Slosser, Dan Mays, Barbara Shanner, Carol Main.
 Fourth Row: Rich MacNary, Tom Steuer, Terry Hartigan, Dan Lewis, Dan Fredley, Garold Crouch, Bill Doshring, Larry Plunkett, Diane Calligan, Doris Gasparovic.

CHORAL CLUB

The Choral Club, under the direction of Miss Esther Waterbury and accompanied by Jill Luellen, gave several auditorium programs. President Barbara Main's cabinet included Joan Tanis, vice-president; Dan Fredley, secretary; and Rita Whitehead, treasurer.





GIRLS GLEE CLUB

First Row: Helen Bowker, Dorothy Johnstone, Carolyn Dodge, Phyllis Sutter, Joelyn Walker, Mario Panares, Nancy Barnes, Nancy Ryden, Sandra Glenn, Gloria Peterson, Eileen Knabe.

Second Row: Jay Solenberger, Janice Lanham, Arlene Salady, Donna Thornton, Peggy Maddox, Sarah Hamilton, Nancy Keckich, Judy Florian, Karen Bailek, Joann Pappas, Janet Brom, Betty Seddelmeyer, Barbara Keener.

Third Row: Karen Borman, Sylvia Kish, Judy Sweets, Pat McArlty, Mary Janet Kasko, Nancy Collins, Elise Lutz, Margaret Turpin, Sue Wilthew, Shirley Kestner, Marilyn Morris, Judy Poliplatz, Phyllis McDonald.

Fourth Row: Phyllis Harvey, Rhoda Hedges, Dorothea Stocker, Sue Evelt, Marlene Hildebrandt, Janet Moseley, Janice Jett, Alice Hickie, Doty Lee, Dorothy Cornelius, Joan Wakefield, Judy Grove, Diana Cook, Becky Graff, Sherry Matthews, Judy Papa.

GIRLS GLEE CLUB

President Rhoda Hedges directed the Glee Club upon occasion. Joelyn Walker, vice-president; Sylvia Kish, secretary; Phyllis Harvey, treasurer; and Diana Cook, accompanist were the club officers.

Librarians Dorothy Cornelius and Judy Papa passed out the music and Dorothea Stocker and Karen Borman managed the wardrobe.

GIRLS' CHORUS

Girls' Chorus featured "Twelve Days of Christmas" and was directed by Mr. John Rider. Chorus I with twenty-four girls was headed by Sue Williams with Sherrill Canaday as secretary. Jomary Hightower and Judy Pearson headed Chorus II with sixty-one girls. Janice Carley served as treasurer. The girls sang at the Christmas concert, Easter program, and Music Festival.

GIRLS CHORUS

First Row: Judy Pearson, Margaret Cornejo, Carolyn Terry, Carole Stump, Irene Flores, Bernadine Piekarczyk, Judy Schrieber, Ellen McKinley, Patty Witkowski, Louise Kish, Marie Ann Ginn, Rosella Lang, Judith Jett, Phyllis Johnson, Linda Warriner, Beverly Hiss.

Second Row: Barbara Goodlander, Margaret Kapp, Jackie Graham, Oleda Emerson, Rosemary Misora, Mary McKinnon, Janice Eckenrode, Bonnie Cornell, Nancy Lally, Doris Krawczyk, Iris Efran, Myra Budd, Maa Kolb, Sue Briska, Ernestine Thompson.

Third Row: Frances Cander, Rosalie Sater, Louise Harvath, Kathryn Quartier, Jackie Wisland, Carleen Curtis, Sharon Benoit, Judy Crouch, Helen Schow, Bonnie Dalberry, Carole Sabinske, Marlene Schwartz, Judy Tangerman, Sherrill Canagey, Beverly Gledhill, Barbara Edwards.

Fourth Row: Sharon Childress, Judy Davison, Linda Glass, Janice Carley, Betty Johns, Lucille Blythe, Lynn Eht, Norma Stabler, Judith Allen, Gail Opdahl, Marie Rose, Lynette Milazzo, Betsy Beyler, Pat Jenkins, Annette Kocoi, Nancy Carr.

Fifth Row: Nancy Smith, Eleanor Doyle, Florence Coomer, Judy Jurgens, Cynthia Talaro, Karen Lee Pierce, Jomary Hightower, Judy Getschow, Sue Williams, Mary Ann Kish, Eleanor Helfen, Mary Helen Waller, Carolyn Paddock, Lynn Freeman, Stella Omlen, Karen Hildebrandt.





CHANSONETTES

The ten attractive young ladies known as the Chansonettes are Phyllis Harvey, Rhoda Hedges, Mary Zudock, Janet Langdon, Pat Michalak, Margie Bodman, Becky Groff, Pat Urban, and Margie Boardway. The girls sang at Delta Gamma sorority, the Y.W.C.A., the Burton Holmes lecture, the Christmas concert, and they placed first in the State Contest.

CHANSONETTES

At Piano: Diana Cook.

Margie Bodman, Mary Berg, Phyllis Harvey, Rhoda Hedges, Mary Zudock, Pat Michalak, Janet Langdon, Becky Groff, Pat Urban, Margie Boardway.



MADRIGAL SINGERS

The Madrigal Group is a mixed ensemble consisting of Geraldine Piorowski, Corliss Cox, Phyllis Eaton, Peg Whitaker, Dorothy Kretsch, Dianne Muller, Walter Claassen, Larry Kocal, Don Goins, and Fred Dabney. The group sang at the Hoosier State Bank, the Men's Club of the Presbyterian Church, the Christmas Concert, the Easter Program, and placed first in the State Contest.

MADRIGAL SINGERS

Seated: Gerry Flarowski, Dianne Muller, Corliss Cox.

Standing: Phyllis Eaton, Peg Whitaker, Dorothy Kretsch, Don Goins, Larry Kocal, Fred Dabney, Walter Claassen.



EIGHT NOTES

The Eight Notes, Walter Claassen, Bill Doehring, Kurt Markel, Dick McNary, John Wilhelm, Tom Steuer, Merle Pfeil, and Larry Plunkett, sang at the Christmas Concert, Easter program, Music Festival, and placed first in the State Contest.

EIGHT NOTES

First Row: Tom Steuer, Kurt Markel, Dick MacNary, Walter Claassen.

Second Row: John Wilhelm III, Larry Plunkett, Bill Doehring, Merle Pfeil, BOYS' CHORUS



BOYS' CHORUS

Boys' Chorus, with boy soprano Dale Canaday as soloist, featured "Down in the Valley." President of the group was Kurt Markel; treasurer was Richard Devine. The boys sang at numerous special functions, the Christmas concert, Easter program, and the Music Festival.

First Row: Dennis Nickerson, Ronald Anderson, David Ellis, Dale Kennedy, Kurt Markel, Bob Hess.

Second Row: Diana Barkley, accompanist, Harold Joyce, Jack Osborne, John Houseworth, Tom Reissig, Norman Zeitlin, Elizabeth Orr, Accompanist.

Third Row: James Carrell, Norman Graf, James Moya, Tom Fennell, Dennis Biggerstaff, and Fred Dabney.



INTRAMURAL COUNCIL

The Intramural Council is an organization of boys who attempt to promote sports activities for boys who are not on varsity or B teams.

Under the guidance of Mr. McNabney, Mr. Kucer, and Mr. Scott, the council has helped to make a well-rounded sports program consisting of everything from ping-pong to turkey runs. This group has devoted its time, when not on a date or eating candy, to making a program which all can enjoy.

This year the council sponsored a bus to Bloomington for a basketball game.

The boys Intramural Council feel that their work should be continued.

INTRAMURALS

The Intramural Department, under the direction of Mr. Scott and Mr. McNabney, again presented a well-balanced program which included: a Turkey Run, horseshoe contest, a basketball program, a bowling league, a swimming meet, a softball league and a volley ball tournament.

A horseshoe contest started the program off in fine style. Dave Cole won the fourth hour program while Kendall Shank took the honors during fifth hour. In the championship encounter Dave Cole came out victorious.

TURKEY RUN

Consisting of a freshman and an upperclassman league, the Intramural Basketball program was very successful. Some 13 teams and 75 boys participated in the grueling action. But as the smoke cleared captain Don Kolb's team was perched on top of the Senior League with a perfect 5-0 record, and thereby qualified for the All-Star game with the faculty team.

Twenty-four boys, composing four teams, participated in the Intramural Bowling League. The Blue Boys finished first with a 41½ - 18½ record while J. Preusz led all the bowlers with a 138 average.

The Intramural Swimming Meet, with over 20 boys participating, consisted of contests in five different events. Winners were: Larry Yarch 3 wins, and Barton Smith, Horace Weak, and Jack Gibson 1 win each.

The annual Turkey Run was held during half-time of the Whiting football game with boys running for the "fowls" given as prizes. The first five finishers were: Bill Robinson 4:13, Kurt Carlisle 4:20, Bob Shaw 4:25, Ted Stauffer 4:27, and Ron Rosko 4:31.

As the Dunes was going to press, an elimination volleyball tournament was getting underway with twenty home rooms participating in the hot action. A softball league was also being planned.



GIRLS VOLLEYBALL CHAMPIONS

Kneeling: Joann Olson, Judy Anderson.
Standing: Nancy Joras, Connie Stephens, Pat Gentry, Dottie Bell.



GIRLS BASKETBALL CHAMPIONS

Joann Olson, Pat Gentry, Dorothy Bell, Carol Anderson, Janice Tuttle.

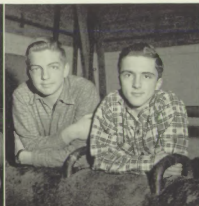


Action of the Turkey Run.



INTRA-ADVISORY VOLLEYBALL CHAMPS

Richard Kowal, Janet Langdon, Margie Bodman, Dione Cook, John Ebert.
Standing: Miss Dieterich, Ed Wojcik, Jack Florence, Bill Schwingendorf.



INTRAMURAL HORSESHOE CHAMPS

David Cole, Kendall Shank



INTRAMURAL SENIOR BASKETBALL CHAMPS

Steve Sowochko, George Feholos, Sheldon Abrahamson, Don Kolb, Ken DeFrotus, Paul Hagberg.



H-MEN'S COUNCIL

First Row: Jack Florence, Bill Warmus, Dave Bement.
Second Row: Mr. Scott, Mr. Kucer, Tim Etter, Alan Tucker, Bill Schwingendorf, Jim Mayberry.

TEAM MANAGERS

Seated, left to right: Jim Henderson, baseball; John Yakimow, baseball; Erick Tanset, football; Dick Lewis, football; Tom Gorecki, basketball; Denny Tobin, football and baseball.
Standing, left to right: Ted Benson, baseball; John Plain, basketball and baseball; Ron Johnson, baseball; Garold Crouch, swimming; Steve Miosky, basketball; Bob Jackson, track; Peter Bomberger, baseball; Bill Follister, freshman baseball.



H-MEN'S COUNCIL

The H-Men's Council consists of one representative from the varsity team of each sport. Officers are Tim Etter, president; Bill Schwingendorf, vice-president; Dave Bement, secretary; and Allen Tucker, treasurer. Sponsors this year are two new instructors and coaches, Mr. Kucer and Mr. Scott.

Although representing special interest groups, the H-Men's Council is in reality a service club. It has several jobs in connection with the athletic department. The most important of these are two father and son banquets honoring athletic award winners. In addition to free food and the presentation of awards, talks by famous stars, coaches, and officials from the sports being honored make these banquets very popular. These banquets last only a few hours, but trying to pay for them occupies the rest of the year. The chief source of income is the printing and selling of the basketball programs. Although requiring much hard work, this enterprise is profitable to the extent of more than five hundred dollars a year. This year the H-Men's Council is going to make a calculated investment and sponsor the semit-formal. If successful, they hope to earn enough money to buy a movie camera for the athletic department.

WINGFOOT CLUB

The Wingfoot Club, solely for cross country boys, is organized to raise money for cross country equipment. The members sold programs and ran the concessions at all of the home football games. Bill Schwingendorf and John Hess conducted the club's schedule.

H-MEN

First Row: Dave Neely, Richard Harvey, Jerry Foote, Tim Etter, Jerry Mandzlj, Bob McIlroy, Denny Tobin, Dick Hamingway, Jack Florence, Larry Kocal, Allen Tucker, John Rapp.
Second Row: Jack Plain, Virgil Thomas, Bill Schwingendorf, Paul Hendricks, Ron Johnson, Don Diehl, Jack Tangerman, Gus Hartoonion, Alan Kolb, Roger McLoughlin, Ray Abrahamson, Shel Lynn.
Third Row: Harry Hausenfleck, Tom Rosowicz, Shel Abrahamson, Bill Warmus, Ken Reed, Frank Carroll, Stanley Kulka, Jim Beroelos, Frank Rodovich, Tom Granack, Rex Lawrence, Jim Mayberry.



WINGFOOT CLUB

First Row: Bob Lass, Tony Remich, Rich Kowal, Robert Rich, Bill Schwingendorf, Jack Florence, Warren Hildebrandt.
Second Row: Eugene Blackmon, Virgil Scott, Jerry Cashdollar, Art Parker, Stan White, Jack Garrison, Don Ullstom, Doug Stevens.





CHEERLEADERS

First Row: Chuck Macenski, Shirley Ralph, Judy Borman.
Second Row: Ron Perry, Gerry Piorkowski (Willie the Wildcat), Nancy Mason, Sonja Christianson.
Third Row: Jerry Straughn.



HAMMOND HIGH CHEERING BLOCK

G. A. C.

Girl in Center: Connie Stephens.

Girls in Center: Barbara Main, Veronica Bogdan, Diane Davis.

Girls in "V": Joann Olson, Pat Gentry, Judy Anderson, Alice Peters, Charlene Chasteler, Lois Rau, Joanne Loeffler, Dwayne Savola, Carolyn Schroeder, Gerrie Rozcicha, Judy Abney, Diane Dunham, Carol Anderson.



G. A. C.

The Girls' Athletic Club, under the guidance of Miss Dieterich and Miss Young, with the help of Connie Stephens, president; Pat Gentry, vice-president; Alice Peters, secretary; and Barb Main, treasurer, has much to offer girls interested in sports. Activities of the club include speedball, volleyball, ping pong, basketball and tennis.

Mary Acker, Judy Abney, Nancy Carr, Iris Efron, Carol Johnson, Phyllis Johnson, Fran McGeorge, Judy Reed, Janice Tuttle, and Julianne Wildermuth received G.A.C. emblems. Minor "H" awards were earned by Judy Anderson, Dot Bell, Diane Davis, Barb Main, and Alice Peters. Joann Olson received a major "H".

BOOSTER CLUB

If you see a student running around the halls carrying paint, brushes, and paper, don't wonder; he is only a member of the Booster Club. Everyone of the one hundred forty members is busy doing something: getting purple and white for the game, checking the seating chart, or making signs. The life of a Booster Club member can be very hectic especially for the officers who are president, Charlene Chasteler; vice-president, Marilyn Morris; treasurer, Lila Bevan; and secretary, Carol Schmitt. During tournament time, however, the life of a Booster Club member is even more hectic. Then he can always be recognized, for after a game he looks like a physical wreck and sounds like a broken down foghorn.

This life, led by all members of Booster Club, is really great fun.



GIRLS' SWIMMING CLUB

First Row: Judy Williams, Jill Luellen, Anitra Reed.

Second Row: Judy Harrison, Fran McGeorge, Julianne Wildermuth.

On Board: Barbara Main, Alice Peters, Connie Stephens, Diane Thomsen, Lola Thornton, Nancy Carr.



DRAMATIC CLUB

First Row: Miss Anderson, Dottie Bonaski, Nancy Carr, Janet Keller, Carol Moore, Sheila Alger, Ada Forsythe, Janis Billingsley, Diane Horak, Irene Discher, Sanya Disney, Rita Hoffman, Kathy Quartier, Elaine Miller.

Second Row: Alice Gussman, Judy Sweltzer, Mary Janet Kaska, Dianne Payer, Phyllis McDonald, Jean McLaughlin, Carlton Canaday, Jan McGeorge, Nancy Hyden, Dorothea Stocker, Janet Brom, Sylvia Kish, Marlene Atkinson.

Third Row: Joan Golumbeck, Charlene Kiser, (on ladder, Sherry Matthews, Gerri Piarkowski), Jean Campbell, Judy Smith, Judy Fenstermaker, Connie Benoit, Maria Panoras, Elsie Lutz, Shirley Gard, Mary Lou Kutak, Marlene Hildebrandt, Justine Hobell, Marlene Callis, Patty Mae Uzdanovich, Mary Helen McCoy, Lynn Echi, Myra Holzberg, Sheila, Cameron, Roger Hinesley Helene Abramson, Judie Solomon.

Fourth Row: Dottie Bell, Fran McGeorge, Jack Gumbinsky, Tom Fennell, Jeri McCoy, Barbara Chansler, Mr. Preston.

DRAMATIC CLUB

"Come to the quiz show! Win some money!" cried the barker who announced the Dramatic Club's Quiz Show at the Mardi Gras. Although the Dramatic Club gave money to some lucky people, it prospered.

If you pass room 19 on a Tuesday morning, you might hear a radio program or a comedy being performed by some of the club's fifty active members.

All these activities are brought about by the combined efforts of Mr. Preston and Miss E. Anderson, faculty advisors; Carlton Canaday, president; Fran McGeorge, vice-president; and Irene Discher, secretary.

STAGE CREW

Sitting: Janet Wachter, Bob Irish, Paula Vickers.

Standing: George Fechalas, Mr. Rider, Keith Becker, Dan Moore, Carl Benz, Bob Shook, Chuck Hand.

Mr. Rider is the director of the STAGE CREW. Bob Irish was the stage manager. The stage crew members worked on scenery for plays, assisted at auditorium sessions, music concerts and at the Mardi Gras Show.





KITCHEN STAFF

Sitting: Nelda Rife, Mary Slaming, Mrs. Barrett, Mrs. Wray,
Standing: Marian Dabrzynski, Elora Breidenbaugh, Mary Zurawek,
Isabel Adabo.



CAFETERIA STAFF

Sitting: Judy Papa, Lois Rau, James Schmidt, Virginia Dwoznik,
Marlene Jakubiec.
Standing: Nancy Kiger, Annie Burns, Pete Bamberger, Jeri McCoy.



MISS MACINTYRE

Miss Kathrine MacIntyre has attended the University of Chicago, the University of Illinois, Columbia University, and Colorado University. Today Miss MacIntyre is known to all Hammond High students and faculty members as the supervisor of their favorite hour of the day—lunch hour. Miss MacIntyre enjoys her hobbies, sewing and traveling.

Mr. George Vaughn has been working at Hammond High since 1932. He came to Hammond High from Tech. Mr. Vaughn has been head custodian since the first day he has been here. He was born and reared in Chicago. His outside interests are gardening and traveling. Each summer he goes on a trip of 4000 miles or more; he has been in 46 of the 48 states.

In Memoriam

MRS. NELLIE PAVICH - MAY 9, 1954

Life is eternal, and love is immortal, and death is only a horizon; and a horizon is nothing save the limit of our sight."

I Like My Job

By Annie Burns

As I pushed myself into the cafeteria, I was frightened to death. I imagined right then what my first day of work would be like. One look at the cash register and I started to retreat for the door, but something inside made me turn around and at least look at the machine. Before I could get used to the cash register, a crowd rushed through the doors like a herd of Texas Long-horns. They seemed to be coming straight at me, and I didn't know what to do. Drawing myself together, I tried to add. What a catastrophe! Being a poor adding machine and ignorance of the prices don't make a very fine team, but I plunged headlong into my task.

It seemed as though that line reached "from here to eternity"; I kept stretching my neck, like a giraffe, but the line was still coming. Finally I saw the end, I thought. Just as I breathed a sigh of relief, I saw a group of grade school kids trotting in. After I had discussed prices, credit, and money, my day ended. The first day was really a day and I don't think that I would ever have finished if I hadn't had such a swell person as Jeri McCoy to work with.

Now I love my work extremely well. I look forward to hearing people say:

"How much did you charge me for this side order? Twenty cents? That's too much money. What do you think I am? A millionaire?"

Jeri and I agree that we even get enjoyment out of the few people who complain about the prices. If the discussion gets too heated, however, we simply reply: "We don't make the prices!" and refer them to Miss MacIntyre, director of the cafeteria. This comment usually cools them down.

A teacher's forgetting to pay me, and my having to remind him, makes me feel like a member of the F. B. I.

One thing that really peeves me is a person's wanting to make an uneven exchange. This is done mostly by students. There is one boy who'll come by with pie (12 cents); about fifteen minutes later he'll want to exchange it for a Twinkie (10 cents). Now, however, I ask him if he is positive of what he wants before I ring up his amount—sometimes it works.

Sometimes during the day I get upset or even peeved, but at night, as I think back over the day, I smile and think what a wonderful day, and wonder what the next day will bring to the cafeteria.



MR. VAUGHN

MAINTENANCE STAFF

First Row: Mrs. Pavich*, Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Harms, Mrs. Harrell.
Second Row: Mr. Vaughn, Mr. Meyer, Mr. Collins, Mr. Kaehler.





COACHES

Sitting: Mr. Wonsowitz, track and cross country; Mr. Papais, football and swimming.

Standing: Mr. Gellenbeck, baseball, football, freshman basketball; Mr. King, varsity basketball, golf; Mr. Kucer, football, B-Team basketball; Mr. Scott, football, intramurals.

COACHING STAFF

John "Whitey" Wonsowitz was the guiding light of our track and cross country teams.

Although he added a few gray hairs in the process, Julius "Pape" Papais brought his swimming team through to a State Championship. He also served as B-Team football coach.

Lee Gellenbeck was the only three-letter coach. He served as head football coach for the first time this fall, freshman basketball coach, and varsity baseball coach.

Under the able guidance of Bob King our Wildcats were able to notch their fifteenth Sectional Title and their ninth Regional Championship. Mr. King was also the golf coach.

Although both were new at Hammond High, Steve Kucer and Jim Scott handled varied coaching duties. Both served as assistant football coaches and intramural instructors. Mr. Kucer was also B-team basketball coach while Mr. Scott was assistant track coach.

"The Best Laid Plans . . ."

By Terry Ingram

That famous saying by Robert Burns came to me in its full meaning at the semi-final tourney when Elkhart proved to be the better team. Our hopes, high during the trip down to Lafayette, soared to new heights when Hammond High beat the Berries in the afternoon game. In high spirits, the students congregated at the Purdue Union Building to while away the time until the evening session. Utilitarian in design and

purpose, the Union Building itself deserves mention.

Built in the shape of a horseshoe, it is very long, low, and massive. The main floor along the "legs" of the horseshoe is occupied by offices and rooms all with doors opening onto the long hall running the length of the building. The front contains a huge lobby, filled with leather couches, chairs, lamps, and tables, with reading material scattered about. As you would expect, the atmosphere is quiet and solemn. Upstairs are rooms for guests. In the basement are two cafeterias, a lunch and soda fountain combined, a bowling alley, a game room, and about fifteen pool and billiard tables, each activity having its own room. Had it not been for this building and its fine facilities, the students would have had no place to gather, eat, and relax.

Filing into the field house, all of us had high hopes. But after the first quarter, many of us could see that Elkhart was of a higher caliber than we, in our present condition. Gibby's drive near the end of the game just was not enough to overbalance our deficiencies. Through no fault of his own, Radovich could not cope with Elkhart's rebounding power. When Granack and Kolb were injured earlier, our stock went down quite a bit. Elkhart won the game by superior rebounding power and shooting accuracy. When we had their lead cut to four points, every one of the Hammond fans was believing with all his heart and mind that we could win. But the Blazers, one of the most poised and united teams we have seen, continued to pile up points and to grab every rebound, while the clock ticked off the remaining minutes; everyone could see that it just wasn't our day. The Elkhart fans seemed unusually quiet as their team gathered points and they seemed to sense the fall of a great team.

Our chances for next year? Talk to Mr. King. He says they are good and after all, there is a first time for everything.



VARSITY FOOTBALL TEAM

First Row: Tom Rosowicz, Harry Hausenfleck, Larry Kocal, Ray Noldin, Tim Etter, Louis LoPoso, Dole Erickson.

Second Row: Dave Schafer, Don Gullickson, Dick Hemingway, George Pappas, Gary Farn, Ken Reed, Bill Johnson, Don Diehl.

Third Row: Jerry Foote, Roger McLoughlin, Frank Corroll, Don Linos, Ron Johnson, Gib Blockmun, Paul Hendricks, Dove Neely, Jock Tongerman.

VARSITY FOOTBALL

The 1953 Wildcats were a pleasant surprise to all H.H.S. fans. The team, which had the lightest forward wall in the Calumet Region, made their opponents work for every inch that they gained. The Wildcats improved visibly after the first game with E. C. Roosevelt. In all of the rest of the games the Wildcats were either ahead or within striking distance of their opponents. Coach Lee Gellenbeck, capably assisted by Mr. Kucer, line coach, Mr. Papais, backfield coach and Mr. Scott, freshman coach, molded a team that was strong in the clutch.

The team was run from quarterback by Tim Etter and Gib Blackmun. Seniors in the backfield included Dick Hemingway, Gary Farn and Virgil Thomas. Senior ends were Larry Kocal and Tom Rosowicz. The tackles from the senior class were Jerry Foote, Harry Hausenfleck, and Don Linos.

FRESHMAN FOOTBALL

The freshman season was a great success as the Kittens piled up a six and two record. Many fine prospects from this squad should bolster the varsity in the near future. Highlights of the season were a 40-6 rout of Irving and a 12-6 victory over Morton.

B-TEAM FOOTBALL

The H.H.S. football B-team did not win a game; however, as Coach Papais said, "They got much valuable experience." The chief goal of the team is to develop varsity material. It achieved this goal.



FOOTBALL COACHES

Mr. Gellenbeck, Mr. Scott, Mr. Pappas, Mr. Kucer.

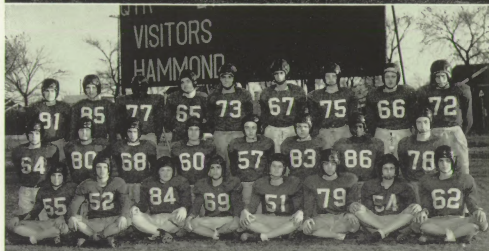
FOOTBALL B-TEAM

First Row: Dick Getzinger, Bruce Lindholm, Andy Forrest, Steve Mlofsky, Jim Murphy, Terry McMahon.
Second Row: Phil Markovich, Paul Audum, George Feldman, Ray Abrahamson, Terry Harlison, Tom Daniels, Rex Thompson.
Third Row: John Landin, Don Binghamon, Russell Hardin, John Moran, Roger Kellison, Wayne Liss, Bob Shook.



FRESHMAN FOOTBALL TEAM

First Row: Ed Ryan, Art Wright, Jim Roames, Christ Voris, Phil Abbott, Bob Jones, Don Pickett, Ron Snow.
Second Row: Jerry Straughn, Jim Correll, Jim Storey, Karl Holgren, Tom Pressler, Chuck Rhode, Irvin Cross, Jim Witham.
Third Row: Horace Weak, Terry McCullough, Jerome Johnson, Jim Sanders, Frank Saculla, Harry Poppas, Bob Granack, Pete Milobar, Ken Abbott.



HHS 0 - E.C. ROOSEVELT 31

After a month of grueling practice in the hottest summer on record, the light and inexperienced team of Coach Gellenbeck clashed head-on with the hard fighting Rough Riders. The last half of the game was played in a downpour. However, the Wildcats, just as the American fleet at Pearl Harbor, were destined to rise again.

HHS 35 - THORNTON FRACTIONAL 0

The aroused Wildcats pounded the Meteors back into space. The sharp passes of Tim Etter and the running of Dick Hemingway highlighted the game.

HHS 8 - TECH 0

For a whole week the Wildcats had been beaten by the local sports writers. In fact that week the only outfit that didn't beat them was the Tech Tigers. Gary Farn was gnawing out yardage all during the game.

HHS 7 - CLARK 18

The Pioneers of Clark jumped out from behind every yard marker on the field to dissect the Wildcats.

HHS 13 - LEW WALLACE 6

The big Hornets were reduced to small bees by pin-point passing, hard running and good use of the breaks. All of the Wildcats played a good game. The Hornets stung Dick Hemingway with a concussion.

HHS 14 - WHITING 13

The Homecoming pep rally sharpened the teeth of the win-happy Wildcats. A strong aerial attack with the pin-pointing of Tim Etter and a ground assault spearheaded by Gary Farn were strengthened by the extra point kicking of Gib Blackmon.

HHS 6 - E.C. WASHINGTON 25

Any attempt to cause the biggest upset in the Calumet Region was vetoed by the Senators in the second half.

HHS 12 - MICHIGAN CITY 6

Hammond High's two quick touchdowns were enough to chain the Red Devils. Tim Etter's first half aerial attack was rained out in the second half. Dick Hemingway ground out 90 yards in the muck and mire, while the line held exceptionally well.

HHS 20 - TOLLESTON 19

All of the Wildcats had to turn on their most ferocious display of the year to down the Blue Devils to end the season in a blaze of glory. Even as the American fleet at Pearl Harbor they did rise again!

All of the Wildcats are to be congratulated for their outstanding play. They finished the season with a 6-3 record. This was the first season that Coach Gellenbeck handled the Wildcats.



VARSITY BASKETBALL TEAM

In Front: Mr. King.

First Row: Gib Blackmon, Russ Rheo, Dove Bement, Gene Blackmon Allen Kalb, Bill Johnson.

Second Row: Archie Spoerner, Pete Klobuchar, Tom Granack, Frank Radovich, Wayne Stuart, Bob Blackman.

BASKETBALL

Hammond High's basketball Wildcats continued the H.H.S. tradition of winning tournaments. After compiling a 15-5 season record, the Wildcats won the fifteenth sectional title and the ninth regional crown in the last twenty-five years. This year's team succeeded in breaking Coach King's Purdue fieldhouse afternoon game jinx by defeating Logansport 58-46. In the evening, however, Elkhart stopped the Wildcat bid for state honors.

Bob Blackmon, Tom Granack, Pete Klobuchar, and Archie Spoerner were the seniors on this year's squad.

Coach Kucer's B-squad posted a sizzling 15-1 record for the season. From this showing, we can assume H.H.S. will have more good material for the next few years.

VARSITY BASKETBALL HIGHLIGHTS

HHS 50 - SO. BEND CENTRAL 47

The Wildcats were going to start early in the season to show that they were a team with which everyone was going to have to contend. Co-captains Bob Blackmon and Allen Kolb led the attack.

HHS 61 - CLARK 50

The Wildcat scoring machine remained in high gear as they clawed the Pioneers.

HHS 59 - TOLLESTON 45

The entire team played as the Cats routed the Raiders.

HHS 42 - MUNCIE CENTRAL 55

The big Bearcats shifted the Wildcat gears into reverse. Frank Radovich found the Muncie baskets big enough to put 17 points through.

HHS 56 - LEW WALLACE 37

The Hornets, who had ruined the Wildcat hopes the year before, were caged as Hammond High used its entire team once again. Bob Blackmon scored 16 points.

HHS 57 - TERRE HAUTE GERSTMAYER 59

Hammond High's rousing fourth quarter attack fell short by two points. The Wildcat attack was somewhat slowed down when both Tom Granack and Frank Radovich fouled out of the game.

HHS 76 - Decatur 65

Even though Frank Radovich scored 21 points and Bob Blackmon scored 18 more tallies through the nets, the game was overshadowed by the unfortunate injury of Tom Granack.

HHS 64 - SO. BEND RILEY 68

The HHS hopes of winning the holiday tourney were upset as Riley singled the Cats' whiskers.

HHS 61 - BEDFORD 42

The Wildcats again pulled out all of the stops and slaughtered the Indians. Frank Radovich led all scorers of the tournament with a total of 46 points, 22 in the afternoon and 24 in the evening.

HHS 70 - WHITING 50

The oiled-up Wildcat victory machine was put into

smooth running order, with a resounding triumph over the Oilers.

HHS 74 - HORACE MANN 44

The game that was supposed to be the contest of the year by the local sportswriters turned out to be the rout of the year thus far. Frank Radovich scored over twenty points for the fifth out of six games.

HHS 68 - VALPARAISO 41

A short Valpo team was overpowered by the deadly shooting and extra height that the Wildcats had. Frank Radovich scored more points in that game than in any other to date. He dropped in 27.

HHS 70 - GARY EMERSON 62

The Norsemen were sent back to sea as the Cats rolled on to victory number 10. Frank Radovich stretched his scoring streak to seven out of eight games by sizzling the hoops with 26 points.

HHS 67 - E. C. ROOSEVELT 47

The tough Rough Riders provided the most excitement that the Civic Center had seen all season. The Cats had to come back from behind. The comeback was led by Bob Blackmon and Frank Radovich.

HHS 59 - BLOOMINGTON 47

All of the Wildcats passed their basketball final exams with flying colors. Two of the players that received very high grades were Bob Blackmon and Archie Spoerner who scored 15 and 12 respectively.

HHS 72 - HAMMOND TECH 46

The Wildcats tamed the Tigers with excellent shooting. Bob Blackmon led all the scorers with 21 points. The thrill of the night came in the B-team game when Eddie Scott hit a 40 footer with 2 seconds left in the overtime to give HHS the victory 36-34.

HHS 43 - E. C. WASHINGTON 48

The Wildcat hopes for the division crown were shattered as the Senators vetoed HHS attempts. Bob Blackmon played his best game of the season as he scored 20 points and held the Wildcats together.

HHS 52 - FROEBEL 60

The Wildcats were still sluggish after the Washington defeat. They drew close at several points but then fell behind.

HHS 83 - LAPORTE 46

LaPorte may be the slicers but the Wildcats were wielding the knife in this game. The Cats turned in their highest scoring performance of the season. Frank Radovich set a Hammond High record for the number of baskets scored by one player in a game. He hit 13 baskets and added four free throws for a total of 30.

HHS 68 - LAFAYETTE JEFF 61

The Cats undertook the task of breaking the Broncos and their coach, Marion Crawley, without the services of Bill Johnson. Bob Blackmon led the scoring with 20, while Frank Radovich played his best rebounding game of the season. Allen Kolb was the outstanding floor man of the game.



B-TEAM BASKETBALL

First Row: Ed Scott, Wayne Stuart, Kurt Carlisle, Bob Fought, Tom Daniels, Terry McMahon, Harry Pappas, Robert Shaw.
Second Row: Coach Kucer, Nick Varis, Bill Ricks, Andy Forrest, Ron Canley, John Abbott, Eugene Blackman, Manager John Plain.

B-TEAM BASKETBALL

This year's B-team had a very successful season. They lost only to Clark, which was the second game of the season. In practically all other games they won rather handily. The biggest thrill of the B-Team season came during the Hammond High-Tech game. In this game the lead changed hands many times. The end of the regulation game found the score tied. Finally, with two seconds left on the clock, Coach Kucer's squad took possession of the ball and called time out. After the time out, the ball was passed in to Eddie Scott, who coolly shot a 35-footer that swished the nets as the gun sounded. Hammond High can look forward to a good varsity team next year because of the excellent B-team material.

Sectional Time

By Richard Komyatte

Sectional time! Excitement! Fun! Victory! Each year twelve schools with hopes high enter the Hammond Sectional. Each team is prepared to battle for one thing; the right to represent its school in the Regional and thereby continue on its way to a possible state championship. But four days later only one team celebrates. The other eleven return home heartbroken and unable to wait until the next year.

The Hammond Sectional ranks with the top ones in the state, for it is full of well-balanced, fine ball clubs. This sectional is more colorful than a parade, more exciting than a circus, and more fun than a barrel of monkeys. All the essential elements for a good tournament are present: excitement, color, school songs, pretty cheerleaders, and plenty of cheering along with the many fine teams. As the teams drop out, much cheering and color is lost, but the slack is taken up by the fans of the winning teams, for they cheer even louder. The sectional

Mr. Gellenbeck's Kitty Kats romped to an 11 and 3 record.

FRESHMAN BASKETBALL TEAM

First Row: Sherman Abrahamson, Ken Abbott, Ron Daun, Frank Saculla, Bob Granack, Dick Kaye, Pete Milober.
Second Row: Coach Gellenbeck, Bob Jurgenson, Irvin Cross, Tom Summers, Christ Varis, Manager Steve Miofsky, Manager Bill Faissler.

begins on Wednesday with four games being played. The same schedule is followed on Thursday with the grand climax coming on Saturday. Probably the two hardest-fought games are played on Saturday afternoon, for the four remaining teams play hard for the right to participate in the final game that night. The Civic Center is packed to the rafters an hour before the game; and the cheering, which reaches its peak during this afternoon session, has been going strong for thirty minutes. All is quiet during the playing of the "Star-Spangled Banner." Then come the big games, and even if one of the teams is a big favorite, you couldn't tell it by the cheering. Each cheering section tries to out-do the others, for it knows that its team will go all-out to win. It has been this kind of cheering that has helped many underdog teams come through with a thrilling upset victory.

During the championship game the students and the rest of the jam-packed crowd settle down to watch the game—probably too tired and excited to cheer very much. No matter what the final score is, this game is always great, for each player goes all-out with his heart and playing ability, trying to help his school win this great sectional. After the game comes the old Indiana tradition: the cutting down of the nets by the victorious team. And with this ceremony the sectional comes to an end. But it comes to an end only in reality, for it will be played over and over both in the minds of the fans and the minds of the boys whose hearts make this tournament what it is year after year.





SECTIONAL CHAMPIONS

Upper Left: Wayne Stuart, Tom Gronack, Arch Spoerner.

Pete Klobucher — Forwards.

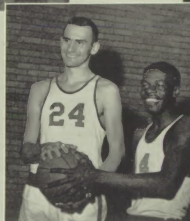
Upper Right, Front Row: Dove Bement, Bill Johnson, Gene Blackmon.

Second Row: Russ Rheo, Gib Blackmun, Allen Kolb — Guards.

Lower left: Radovich goes higher.

Lower Right: Co-Captains: Allen Kolb, Mr. King, Bob Blackmon.

Center: Frank Radovich, Bob Blackmon — Centers.



BASKETBALL TOURNAMENTS

The Wildcats entered the tourneys with a magic 10 on their minds. The 10 represented the 10 games they had to win in order to cop their first state title.

SECTIONS:

H.H.S. 65	WHITING 54
H.H.S. 47	GRIFFITH 45
H.H.S. 64	E. C. WASHINGTON 47
H.H.S. 73	CLARK 62

The Wildcats won their first four games of the magic 10 and in the process copped their 15th sectional title. Some of the tourney's highlights were the rout of highly favored Washington, the record shooting against Clark, and Frank Radovich's 77 points to pace all scorers.

REGIONALS:

H.H.S. 59	GARY ROOSEVELT 53
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No. 5 came only after a hard fought game. The Cats won this one with fine balance scoring with all five starters getting seven to ten points apiece.



REGIONAL CHAMPIONS

Tournament Time

By Ronald Burton

The ball travels swiftly from one end of the floor to the other as it passes through one netted hoop and then the other. As the game is in its final seconds the crowd is on its feet. Fame and obscurity hang in the balance. The score is tied when the spectators start chanting. FIVE-FOUR-THREE-TWO-SHOOT! SHOOT! The ball flies through the air! The gun barks as the ball flies through the ring.

We don't have to look at the scoreboard to see who has won. Look at the players! For a second they stand paralyzed, dumbfounded! Some bend their heads down, dejected, and stride slowly off the floor, each feeling personally responsible for the loss of the game.

Let us look at the other five boys on the floor. They are pummeled and lifted jubilantly above the shoulders of the happy crowd. They are carried away by the people they haven't let down. They are carried past gloomy and dejected fans, too deep in their sorrows to care about anything at present.

Yes, tournament time is a great time and a sad time. As game after game passes, hopes mount and new sorrows arrive. The tournaments are based upon what makes America the great and strong nation that it is today. This is competition!



H.H.S. 58	MICHIGAN CITY 49
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For three quarters No. 6 was the Cat's toughest game, but a 25 point fourth-quarter splurge all but pitch-forked the Devils. Gib Blackmun, playing his greatest game, scored 30 points.

SEMI-FINALS:

H.H.S. 58	LOGANSPOUT 46
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This was the big one for our Cat, for Coach King never had won a game at Lafayette. No. 7 proved to be lucky, for the Wildcats crushed the highly-favored Berries. Frank Radovich, Gib Blackmun and Bill Johnson paced the scoring.

H.H.S. 53	Elkhart 63
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As all good thing must come to an end, the Cats were finally stopped by a tall, strong Blazer team which rose to the occasion. But the never-say-die Wildcats fought to the end with Radovich and Blackmun again supplying the spark.





THE STRATEGY BOARD

The Basketball Strategy Board

By Coach Bob King

One night last spring, I was lying in bed thinking about a quicker method of conveying various offenses and defenses to the players during the time-out periods. An idea was conceived and I got up and wrote it down. The next morning, I was to work out the details of the gadget which was to be called "The Basketball Strategy Board."

A basketball court is imprinted on a sheet of galvanized tin. Little wooden "men" are held to the tin by imbedded magnets. The men can be moved to any position on the board. Mr. R. P. Schuler, of Inland Steel, constructed the "board" and is the technical adviser.

Prelude

By Jerry Foote

Soon a contest will be decided; soon the vanquished will tread disappointedly to the showers, where they will try to forget and prepare anew; and soon the victorious will parade on the shoulders of the shouting, cheering spectators, immortalized by flashbulbs and glorified by songs of praise. This is tournament time.

The game is about to start. Entire cheering sections are demanding the appearance of their loyal sons. Cheerleaders, clad in the hallowed colors of their respective schools, are the center of the crowd's attention. All eyes are upon these leaders upon whom the team's morale might depend. Now they are clapping; now jumping, and now they are performing acrobatics. Little can be ascertained of the real meaning of these gestures, but somehow the right spirit is being communicated to those in the stands; for even more are joining in the organized displays of enthusiasm.

The normally reserved, but now excited adults are contributing to the air of turbulence, as the players sprint onto the floor, one by one. Steadily, gradually the tumult rises. Each spectator is encouraging his choice of team, coach, or player. Clearly, all want to be heard. Now chaos prevails. The peanut vendor finds his task easier, for nearly all are seated in anticipation of the big event. The aisles are clear—the crowd waits.

Now the referees appear on the floor. Suddenly silence prevails. A stillness blankets the huge auditorium with a new atmosphere. Everyone stands facing the Stars and Stripes. Some are even praying, while the organ sounds out the "Star Spangled Banner." The feeling of respect and awe, which seems to overwhelm every person present, is reassurance that this is in every sense a true sporting event.

Now the tumult is greater, fiercer, more turbulent than before—as if the walls were tumbling. The teams break their huddles and the centers take their positions. The referee tosses up the ball.

BASEBALL

Although hit hard by graduation, the baseball team got pitching and plenty of power from the six returning lettermen and the upperclassmen to get off to a flying start.

Returning lettermen were Richard Harvey, Bill Schwingendorf, Gus Hartoonian, Don Linos, Tom Rosowicz, and Gib Blackmun. Upperclassmen making fine showings were Marvin Pruitt, Gib Blackmun, and Ed Scott.

SCHEDULE

H.H.S. 4, Gary Wallace 3. Marv Pruitt's relief pitching and Ron Johnson's clutch hitting were the highlights as the Wildcats got started on the winning path.

H.H.S. 17, Hammond Tech 6. Ed Scott batted in six runs and Dick Harvey struck out six consecutive Tigers.

H.H.S. 17, Gary Froebel 2. Hammond High again showed tremendous power. Tom Rosowicz banded a three-run homer while Marv Pruitt won his second game.

H.H.S. 2, E.C. Washington 0. Dick Harvey held the top-ranked Senators to two hits. Gus Hartoonian, Bill Schwingendorf, and Gib Blackmun were demons on defense.

H.H.S. 6, E. C. Roosevelt 3. Although held to only four hits the Wildcats made it five straight. Gib Blackmun went the distance to record his second win.

H.H.S. 12, Hammond Clark 2. The cats again put on a power demonstration. Ron Johnson got two triples, and Gus Hartoonian cleared the sacks with his three-bagger. Marv Pruitt went the distance for his third win and Hammond's sixth straight.

H.H.S. 4, Horace Mann 3. Rich Harvey won his second game, but the big feature was a Kolb to Schwingendorf to Rosowicz triple play.

H.H.S. 5, Gary Emerson 1. Bill Schwingendorf's three run triple won the game as Dick Harvey hurled a two hitter.

H.H.S. 5, Whiting 0. Dick Harvey won his fourth game and the Wildcats ninth straight game in the Western Division with a fine defense leading the way.



VARSITY BASEBALL

First Row: Bill Johnson, Bob Krudup, Tom Rosowicz, Allen Kolb, Dick Hemingway, Bill Schwingendorf.
 Second Row: Ed Scott, Marvin Pruitt, Gib Blockmun, Richard Horvey, Ron Johnson, Gus Hortonion.
 In Front: Mr. Gellenbeck.
 Don Linos not pictured.



B-TEAM

First Row: George Feldman, Jim Kucer, Jack Foudray, Leo Martin, Bill Purbough, John Abbott, Bob Jurgenson.
 Second Row: Dick Koye, Terry McMahon, Harry Pappos, Larry Fisher, Pete Milobar, Gene Blockmun.
 In front: Mr. Gellenbeck.

The Triple Play

By Tom Rosowicz

It is the first of the fifth inning on the Hammond High School diamond. With the score 4-1 in favor of the Cats, the invading Horsemen are up for their turn at bat. The first man up leads off with a smash hit single. The second Horseman up manages to draw a walk. With two men on and a chance to score a run, the opponent's bench tries to rattle the Cat pitcher. The Cat infield is a jumble of words which can be classified as baseball talk. The crowd is on the edge of their seats as the Cat pitcher fires the first pitch—"Strike," yells the ump. That seems to soothe the excited crowd. On the second pitch the Horseman batter blasts a low line-drive heading for center field; but wait! The Cat second baseman makes a shoe string stop! The second baseman relays the ball to the shortstop who beats the Horseman runner back to second base; that's two outs; but wait, the runner on first base is ten feet from the base. The shortstop fires the ball to first. There seems to be dead silence as the runner and ball make a headlong dash toward first base. The sounding pop in the first baseman's glove tells everyone that the ball has finished first—a triple play!



OUTFIELD—Ed Scott, Don Linos, Ron Johnson, Gib Blockmun.



PITCHERS—Bill Schwingendorf, Richard Horvey, Gib Blockmun, Marvin Pruitt.



INFIELD—Allen Kolb, Dick Hemingway, Bill Johnson, Bob Krudup, Tom Rosowicz, Gus Hortonion.

VARSITY CROSS COUNTRY

Left to Right: Rich Kowal, John Hess, Jack Florence, Virgil Scott, Bill Schwingendorff.



COACH WONSOWITZ

CROSS-COUNTRY

Although off to a slow start and hindered by bad breaks, the Cross Country team was able to finish the season with a good record. Hard work and desire were probably the reasons behind their good performances although we must admit that "Whitey's" booming voice must have been a factor. During the regular season the team had its ups and downs but still managed to finish a good sixth in the state sectionals, just missing qualifying for the state finals.

Top runners were Jack Florence, John Hess, Dick Kowal, Bill Schwingendorff, and Jim Bereolos. "Whitey" Wonsowicz is probably looking forward to next fall, for this year's frosh-soph team was undefeated in eight meets.



B-TEAM CROSS COUNTRY

First Row: Dick Shultz, Gene Blackmon, Clyde Rector, Jerry Preusz, Douglas Stevens, Ronald Ballard, Lyle Wheelock, Harold Ballou, Bob Jurgenson.

Second Row: Stanford White, Jerry Cashdollar, Art Parker, Bob Saunders, Bob Kirby, Bob Rich, John Abbott, Jack Garrison, Don Ullstam, Donnell McIn, Bob Loss, Coach Wonsowicz.



FRESHMAN CROSS COUNTRY

In Center: Coach Wonsowicz.

Left to Right: Dave Ellis, Paul Galliger, Dole Kennedy, Frank Gallos, Antone Remich, Max Loder.



VARSITY TRACK TEAM

First Row: Bob McIlroy, Jack Tangermon, Irvin Cross, Don Diehl, Ronald Ballard, Dave Forsberg, Jerry Preusz, Jack Florence, Donnell McLain, Nick Voris, Bob Jackson, Manager.
Second Row: Coach Wansowitz, Russ Rheo, Ken Reed, Dave Allen, Stanley Kulka, Kurt Carlisle, Dick Kowol, Harry Hausenfleck, Franklin Carroll, Jim Bereolos, Jerry Cashdollar, Warren Hildebrandt.

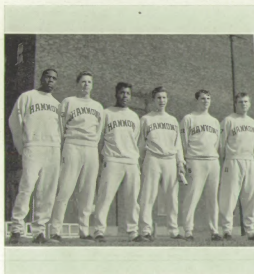
TRACK TEAM

Loaded with underclassmen, this year's track squad had a season of ups and downs. At times they showed the same form as some of the great Purple track squads of the last two years. The track team was at its best during the Annual City Indoor and Outdoor Meets.

But this "54" edition was not without top tracksters. Winning quite consistently were Jack Florence in the quarter-mile and half-mile, Jack Tngerman in the 440, Jim Bereolos in the

440 and mile relay, Ken Reed in the low hurdles, Nick Voris in the broad jump and high jump, and Bob McIlroy in the pole vault and Harry Hausenfleck in the shot put.

The team is well balanced with underclassmen who have shown great promise and who will give Hammond High fine track teams in the future. Dave Allen, Donnell McLain, Chris Voris, Frank Saculla, Don Diehl, Bruce Schafer, and Jerry Cashdollar are underclassmen who have placed high in meets.



VARSITY HALF-MILERS

Russell Rheo, Jack Florence, Donnell McLain, Don Diehl, Ken Reed, Dave Allen.



MILERS

Kneeling: Kurt Carlisle, Jerry Cashdollar.
Standing: Ronald Ballard.



MILE RELAY TEAM

Jack Tangermon, Stan Kulka, Jim Bereolos, Nick Voris, Frank Saculla, Dick Kowol.

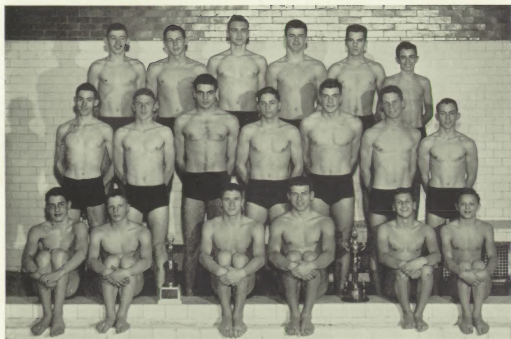
B-TEAM

Row One: Bill Fehlberg, Ronald Snow, Douglas Stevens, Bruce Schofer, Don Ullatam, Phillip Albert, Ronald Nelson.

Second Row: Cecil Scruggs, Bob Kirby, Paul Hinton, Antone Remich, Harold Balleu, Jim Witham, Chris Voris, Art Parker.

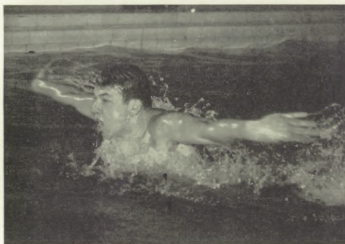
Third Row: Coach Scott, Bob Lass, Dave Neely, Stanford White, Tom Daniels, Frank Saculla, Jim Sanders, Jerome Johnson, Paul Anderson, John Spellers, Robert Rich, Gilbert Opperman.





SWIMMING TEAM

First Row: Pete Wilke, Alan Brown, Jim Murphy, Tom Van Senus, Jerry Chip, Dick Lewis.
Second Row: Don Fredley, Chuck Schulmeyer, Roger McLaughlin, Jack Florence, Jim Mayberry, Jack Framm, Bob Rigg.
Third Row: Dave Gehrke, Ray Abrahamson, Bruce Lindholm, Rex Lawrence, Mike Kline, Lloyd Wiborg.



Tom Van Senus—breast stroke.



Jim Murphy—diving.



Ray Abrahamson, Jack Florence, Mr. Popois, Jim Mayberry, Roger McLaughlin—relay team



Tom Van Senus, Don Fredley, Dave Gehrke—medley relay.

SWIM TEAM

The H.H.S. Swim Team opened the season with a resounding victory. They were knocked off the victory trail only twice, once by New Trier and once by Culver Military Academy. The Catfish were preparing to win the state championship again. The first step toward this objective was to qualify most of the team for the state meet at Purdue University. This was done in the Northern Indiana High School Conference meet at Hammond High, seventeen of the H.H.S. splashers qualifying. Tom Van Senus won the 100 yard breast stroke. The 120 yard individual medley was captured by Rex Lawrence. The 180 yard medley was won by the team of Gehrke, Van Senus, and Brown. Florence, McLaughlin, Mayberry and Abrahamson won the 160-yard free-style relay.

The following took firsts for the Catfish in winning the State Championship Meet: Jim Murphy-diving; Tom Van Senus-breast stroke; Jack Florence, Jim Mayberry, Roger McLaughlin, and Ray Abrahamson-160 yard free-style relay. Van Senus and the relay team set state records with their wins.

TENNIS TEAM

First Row: John Rapp, Sheldon Lynn, Sheldon Abrahamson, Phillip Grutzius, Leo Martin.

Second Row: Bill Fehlberg, Allen Tucker, Tom Smiddy, Orel Callahan, Mr. Overman.



GOLF

Following an old theory, Coach King built his "1954" edition on a firm foundation—Tom Granack, Bill Warmus, and George Berta, the three returning lettermen. Bob Pressler rounded out the squad that tied for second place in the conference race.

TENNIS TEAM

The tennis team climaxed a fine season by winning the Western Division Championship in a play-off with Hammond Tech. The Wildcats netmen thus finished the conference season with an 8-1 record compared with Tech's 7-2 slate. But Elkhart, Eastern Division Champs, proved too much for the spirited Wildcats in the championship play-offs.

Varsity lettermen were John Rapp, Phil Grutzius, Allen Tucker, Sheldon Lynn, Leo Martin, Sheldon Abrahamson, and Weldon Lovell. Coach Overman's big problem this spring will be finding a new squad, for Leo Martin will be the only returning letterman.



GOLF TEAM

In Front: Mr. King.

First Row: Louis LaPoso, Dick Komyotte, Richard Kish, Dale Erickson, Ronald Robbins, Richard Keil, Ted Schultz.

Second Row: Frank Radovich, Tom Granack, Bill Warmus, George Berta, Jim Mackey, Pete Klobuchar.



AD STAFF

Sitting: Charlene Kiser, Peg Whitaker.

Standing: Mr. Ball, Clayton Fleming, Jack Engle, Judy Borman, Merle Pfeil, Lynette Smith, Tam Eads.



Dave Ambler, editor; Max Anderson, managing editor; Peggy Whitaker, business manager.

NEWS STAFF

Sitting: Lisa Barrett.

Standing: Adagene Louverman, Charlotte Guss, Barbara Stanners, Barbara Kirkeiner, Pauline McPherson.

FEATURE STAFF

Sitting: Anne Kutak.

Standings: Louise Kadicek, Jacqueline Barton, Madelyn Perfite.

SPORTS STAFF

Sitting: Peter Plotke.

Standings: Orel Callahan, Barton Smith, John Vopensky.

THE CALUMET HERALD

The Calumet Herald for 1953 and 1954 was unique in that this was the first time the paper was in the hands of the Junior editors.

As most of the seniors who comprised the 1952 and 1953 staff had graduated, another innovation was brought about. This year's staff contained, for the most part, members who were new at the business of publishing a high school weekly.

Highlights of the year were the Christmas and Easter issues which were printed in natural color, a pioneer project of the Herald for the past several years.

The Herald in winning honorable mention in the Hammond Times recent contest for excellence in makeup received an appreciated award.

During the second semester the Journalism I class renewed an old custom by publishing the Cub Edition of the Herald.

Journalism I students are beginners in the study of mass media and get a view of what is required of those working on various types of publications in many fields, including newspapers, house organs, yearbooks, magazines, radio and television.

Students who successfully pass this course with at least a "B" average are urged to further their interests by working on the yearbook or the school newspaper.





"THAT MAN IN THERE KILLED MY WIFE AND DAUGHTER"

THE STORM

ALL SEATS RESERVED



"YOU ARE THE EVENING STAR - I AM THE RISING ONE"



"THE HUNTER AND THE HUNTED, FACE TO FACE"

THE EVENING STAR



THE STAGE DOOR MAN THINKS BACK...

NOV. 20
HHS AUDITORIUM
8:00 P.M.
STUDENTS 40¢
ADULTS 55¢



"A GOOD PERFORMANCE BY ALL PLEASE"

PHOTOS BY BOBIE

George Powers
ART PROJECTS

"THE STORM" By Donald Payton

(Produced by special arrangement with Heuer Publishing Co. and the Art Craft Pay Co., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.)

THE CAST

Jeff Mulkey—A mountain farmer Warren Hildebrandt
Mary—His wife Janice Carley
The Hunter—Lost in the storm Carlton Canaday
The Woman—From out of state Marilyn Schumm
The Child—The woman's daughter Gerry Piorkowski
The understudies: Lynn Echt, Dorothea Stocker, Brenda Lovell

The scene: A snowbound cabin high in the mountains as a blizzard reaches its climax.

"THE EVENING STAR" By Charles George

Mamie—the scrubwoman Judy Solomon
Tim Murphy—the stage door man Charles Macenski
Lotta Mitchell—the "Exening Star" Judy Meyer
Thais Allen—a young actress Barbara Chasler
Christopher Bishop—an actor Charles Opperman
Viola Walker—a young actress Mary Catherine McKinnon
Tyrone DeVonde—an actor Karl Foote
Erik DeMille—the director Bob Irish
Ann Alexander—a modern actress Toby Stern
Ceieste—Miss Alexander's maid Jeri McCoy
Understudies: Bob Barnes, Dorothy Benaski, Dennis Biggerstaff, Janice Billingsley, Justine Habel, Raymond Malone, Jean McLaughlin, Robin Zolla.

The scene: The deserted stage of the Star Theatre at one in the afternoon.

"I warned you this would happen."

"I'm giving this to you straight"



Seniors Presented World Premiere "Line of Scrimmage"

The senior class presented the world premiere performance of Hal O. Kesler's "Line of Scrimmage" on May 14th in the Hammond High auditorium.

Attending the first night were author Hal Kesler and

executives from Row-Peterson Company which owns the rights to the play. An autograph party was held after the play.

The "Line of Scrimmage" concerns a school situation and Principal Morrison, a lover of poetry, who has complications when Stanley Grappleneusky, star football player is found ineligible for participation in sports because of his failing English.

Matters are complicated when Stanley Grappleneusky takes a special English test to establish his eligibility and makes a score of 100 per cent.

The play reaches a high peak when Perry Winman tells Principal Morrison of his theft of the test and then goes in to make a full confession before the school board.

The play cast is as follows:

Madge Collins	Judy Gula
Mr. Morrison	Jim Mayberry
Coach Horsely	Roger Hinesley
Harry Donaldson	Bob Irish
Perry Winman	John Wilhelm
Mr. Keefer	Ray Polone
Mrs. Burris	Betty Mate
Mrs. Warner	Nancy Mason
Miss Gamm	Marilyn Stabler
Stanley Grappleneusky	Sheldon Abrahamson
Ruby Dinway	Carol Hazen

Others in the cast:

Clyde Farris	Tom Ruff
Miss Harlowe	Marilyn Schumm
Miss Hooker	Sandra Foudray
First Woman	Judy Shields
Second Woman	Sarah Johnson
Ken	John Ebert
Matt	Bob Jack
June	Ruth Hestermann
Millie	Pat Sopata

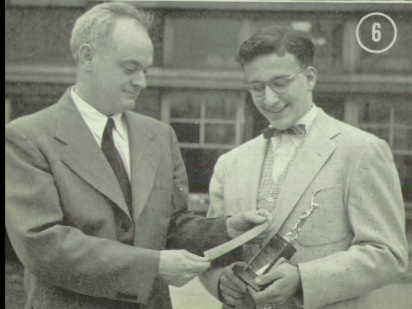
Student Judy Kouris
Understudies were Tom Alt, Joan Golumbeck, and Judy Meyer.

The play was directed by John Rider with Margery Con-drey assistant director.

Ed Vennon was property manager for the production.

Directors: Mr. John Rider,
Assistant Directors: Margie Candrey, Ed Vennon.





School Clothes

By Sheila Cameron

"What should I wear to school today?" is a question asked daily by thousands of school students all over America. The importance of school clothes is by no means a small matter. Clothes represent taste, social standing, and have much to do with one's mental state.

Learning what color, fabrics, and styles are best suited for certain occasions is a vital part of growing up and high school is the time and place to do it.

When employees apply for jobs, employers usually take notice of appearance and the well-dressed, neat applicants are first choice.

Just what are the right school clothes? Some educators believe students should wear the most relaxing attire possible, whereas others think more of the neat, trim but comfortable styles. Still others think uniforms are the answer to all problems. Which is best is hard to decide but it seems to be more reasonable to look nice at all times.

Teenagers have a habit of going to extremes in styles of their clothing. Odd styles, faddish haircuts, new doo-dads, and such things are worshipped by the younger set. All this is part of growing up. Our parents went through this stage and our children will also. The wilder we dress, the younger we seem to our parents. When our parents and teachers try to tone down our enthusiasm for such things, we must realize they are just trying to help us grow up.

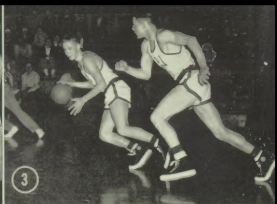
1,2,4,8,9,10,11,12.—Students enjoy good grooming on Hammond High Dress-Up Day.

3,5.—Dress-up for the spring concert—"Open Road"

6.—Dan Barrett, first place winner in extemporaneous speaking, snapped on dress-up day with his coach and his award.

7.—Students on dress parade in the spring fashion show. All dresses were made in Miss Thiel's clothing classes.





1. Blockman on the attack.

2. College Night information desk.

3. Johnson leads down the floor.

4. Off to Lafayette.

5. Lucky Thirteen.

6. Herald Staff's Night Club at the Mardi Gras.

7. Y-Teens' "Affy Tapples" concession at Mardi Gras.

8. Fun and Frolic on the train to Lafayette.

9. N.F.L. Spook House at Mardi Gras.

10. Orchids for the ladies sold by Student Activities.

11. Herald Staffs night club "Kozy Kove."

12. A prelude to victory.

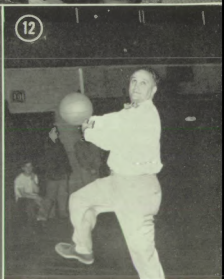
13. Expanded Arts' Mardi Gras booth.

14. Pre-Nursing Club delivers telegrams to the Student Activities booth at the Mardi Gras.



1. Jerry Foote, Association president, instructs incoming freshmen on Orientation Day.
2. Dan Barrett, candidate for Association vice-president, speaks under his own mobile.
3. Peg Whitaker solos during "Open Road."
4. Half time of a basketball game at the Civic Center concession.
5. A little girl studies.
6. A long hall and a monitor.
7. Activities during noon hour in Room 5.

8. Roger Hinesley's Melodians.
9. Chansonettes in Spring Concert.
10. Always toward the light.
11. Teachers do eat!
12. The "bunny hop" at the "Shoeless Shuffle."
13. A big boy—a little girl.
14. "School Days"—vocal auditorium.
15. Margie "the pink bunny" Drexler advertises the "Egg-centric Egg-cursion."



1. German Club's Mardi Gras coffee booth.

2. Dramatic Club's Mardi Gras quiz show.

3. Kolb with the ball again!

4. College Night conference.

5. Mr. Rapp at an afternoon bon-fire celebrating a Sectional victory.

6. Mr. King cuts again.

7. Boarding the train for Lafayette.

8. A close shave—Jr. National Honor Society's Mardi Gras booth.

9. College Night speaker.

10. College Night demonstration.

11. Klabuchar in action.

12. King of basketball.

DUNES STAFF

Sitting: Charlene Chasteler, Barbara Seely, *Robert Barnes, Pat Mascarella, Rosemary Lane, Betty Hancock, Ann Wagner.
Standing: Marlene Neubronner, Barbara Main, Ruth Lamprecht, Dan Barrett, Pan Janiga, Stanley Kaminski, Carol Hazen.

* Not on staff at time of publication.



Dunes Staff Chooses Theme -- Creativity

Upon completing the 1954 Dunes, the staff has realized a dream-come-true, that of combining a literary unit with the regular school section.

The theme creativity was chosen largely because of the purpose of the book, to develop a production based around creative thinking.

The production has been made possible by the cooperation of the mathematics department, science department, and chiefly the art department and the English department.

Special credit is due Miss Edith Stanley for her help in producing the literary section of the book; to Miss Olga Schubkegel for her help in producing the cover, the end sheets, the division pages, and the various art panels; and to Miss Margaret Williams for her assistance in typing Dunes copy.

The staff also acknowledges the following: Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Bodie and John Wauro of Bodie's Studio; Charles and Henry DeLaney of DeLaney Printing & Litho; Mr. Ernest Simmons of the Jahn and Ollier Engraving Company; Mr. Harold Beckert of the DeLuxe Craft Manufacturing Company; Miss Ellen McGarahan, editorial advisor; Mr. Robert Dunham, financial advisor.

EDITORS

Sitting: Rosemary Lane, Pat Janiga, editors; Shirley Renaud, editor of Telebook; Virginia Dwaznik, advertising editor.
Standings: Dick Kamyotte, Dan Barrett, sports editors.

DUNES AD STAFF

Virginia Dwaznik, advertising editor; Betty Inkle, Mr. Dunham, financial advisor, Dianne Payer, John Wilhelm, Jan McGeorge, advertising editor.

DUNES SALESMEN

First Row: Sherman Abrahamson, John Wilhelm, Judy Harrison, Helene Abramson, Marilyn Morris, Eleanore Doyle, Beverly Winkles.
Second Row: Terry McCullough, Ken Abbott, Judy Reed, Dea Leaverton, Frank Scullo, Sheldon Abrahamson, Russell Gullickson, Ellen McKinley, Macia Easton, Caroline Gorgart, Janet Brown.
Third Row: Diane Hatrack, Terry Vis, Merrill Hubbell, Sue Corlton, Pat Michalak, Barbara Siber.

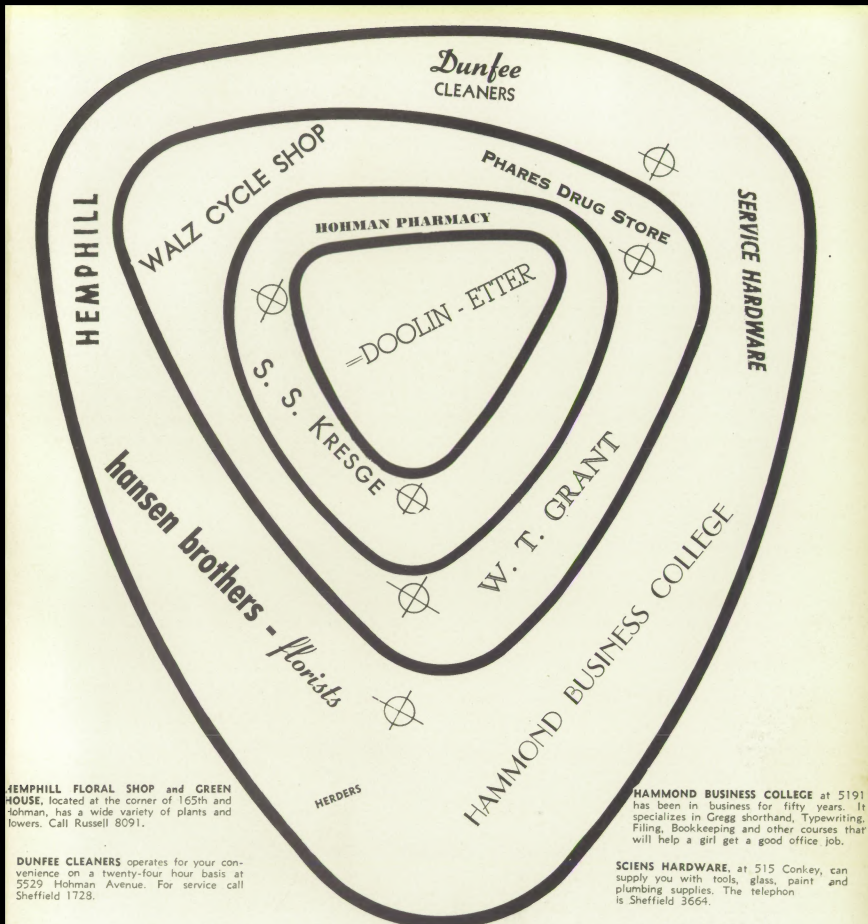


You can tell the ideals of a nation by its advertisements.

—GEORGE NORMAN DOUGLAS



In keeping with creativity of this year's book, the advertising staff has attempted to present the human interest side of our advertisers. In order to accomplish this the staff has used facts about the advertisers, their businesses, and their backgrounds, rather than the usual information contained in the block style ad, found most frequently in yearbooks. The staff feels that this is a novel way of advertising for it shows the public the true facts about the advertiser and his products.



HEMPHILL FLORAL SHOP and GREEN HOUSE, located at the corner of 165th and Hohman, has a wide variety of plants and flowers. Call Russell 8091.

DUNFEE CLEANERS operates for your convenience on a twenty-four hour basis at 5529 Hohman Avenue. For service call Sheffield 1728.

HANSEN BROTHERS FLORISTS, located at 5320 Hohman Avenue, will furnish flowers and the plants for all occasions and in a wide price range. It will gladly make corsages for dances and proms. For "fresh flowers daily" telephone Sheffield 201.

For 54 years, **S. S. KRESGE COMPANY** in Hammond at 5129 Hohman has been in business, establishing itself all over the United States. Its personnel includes 35,000 national and 50 local. Included in the 50 local employees are six Hammond High students. If you wish to call, the number is Russell 6659.

HERDERS

Schwinn Bicycles are sold and repaired at **WALZ CYCLE SHOP**. Also accessories and parts may be acquired. The shop is located at 623 State Street. Call Sheffield 686.

DOOLIN ETTER CLEANERS at 601 Sibley offers the finest service in dry cleaning and repairing of garments at a moderate price. For service, call Sheffield 4404.

5303 Hohman Avenue is the location of the **PHARES DRUG STORE** where you can get your prescriptions filled, Eastman Photo Equipment and their phone number is Sheffield 2373.

HAMMOND BUSINESS COLLEGE at 5191 has been in business for fifty years. It specializes in Gregg shorthand, Typewriting, Filing, Bookkeeping and other courses that will help a girl get a good office job.

SCIENS HARDWARE, at 515 Conkey, can supply you with tools, glass, paint and plumbing supplies. The telephone is Sheffield 3664.

Hammond's junior dept. store, **GRANT'S** 5213 Hohman, is open ten to five Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, ten to nine on Mondays and Thursdays. The phone number is Russell 7617.

For twenty one years, father and son have worked side by side to maintain a business quite worthy of praise. The business — **SERVICE HARDWARE**. The owners — G. A. and G. F. HEWITT. The address — 5631 Calumet. The phone number — Sheffield 1086.



JAHN & OLLIER
Engraving Company

Printing Company
TELEBOOK
INC.

DeLaney

Bodie - Your Photographer

STANDARD RAILWAY EQUIPMENT
MANUFACTURING COMPANY

PULLMAN STANDARD CAR MFG.

1414 Fields Street
HAMMOND, INDIANA



INLAND STEEL COMPANY
INDIANA HARBOR, INDIANA

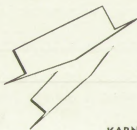
HAMMOND CITY ADMINISTRATION
MAYOR VERNON C. ANDERSON

Karner's

Hammond News Agency

ENSLEN & WELTER
MOTORS, INC.

HAMMOND LUMBER CO.



KARNER'S BAKERY has served the Calumet Region for over 30 years, catering especially to weddings, and special occasions. The addresses are 5446 Hohman and 122 Sibley. For free delivery call Sheffield 4478 and Sheffield 4479.

HAMMOND NEWS AGENCY, 119 State Street, distributes the Chicago Tribune, Sun Times, Daily News, Herald American and other publications. Call Sheffield 2600.

MOLENAAR HARLEY-DAVIDSON SALES 5613 Calumet Avenue sell the finest of motorcycles in the Calumet Region. For the finest motorcycle equipment and service call Sheffield 8340.

HENRY N. BIEKER, Inc.
De Soto Plymouth

Harley-Davidson

Your Prescriptions are filled with care at STOLTZ DRUGS located at 486 State St. STOLTZ's stands for highest quality at the lowest prices. For further information call Sheffield 2286.

ENSLEN-WELTER MOTORS offers fully trained sales and service personnel, plus the newest factory-approved equipment for your convenience and satisfaction. Their offices and sales rooms to include displays of the many new interior wall panelings, hardware items, and modern type windows, and doors, etc. in order that the public may have an opportunity to see what is new and progressive in the building field". Call Sheffield 3400.

HAMMOND LUMBER COMPANY, 5019 Oakley, is one of the oldest Hammond business firms. "We have recently enlarged our offices and sales rooms to include displays of the many new interior wall panelings, hardware items, and modern type windows, and doors, etc. in order that the public may have an opportunity to see what is new and progressive in the building field". Call Sheffield 3400.

HOPMAN GLEANERS and DYERS are located at 731 Sibley Street. For service call Sheffield 5040.

CALUMET AUTOMOBILE DEALERS' ASSO.
CIATION sells automobile parts, and accessories at wholesale prices. It is located at 5209 Calumet Avenue or call Sheffield 1596.

The Maid-Rite



DAIRY
QUEEN

Ho-Hum!

By Pat Gemmel

Maid-Rite's is quite a popular place for teen-agers. At 7:00 on a cold Saturday evening Cindy and Anne were sitting at a booth eating hamburgers like two hungry bears. Everyone was busy talking and seldom took time to notice people coming and going. But all of a sudden everyone became quiet as a mouse, as a tall handsome boy entered the restaurant. He was nicely built, and had a dark complexion, large brown eyes, dark brown hair, and he was wearing a big smile. He had on navy blue drapes, a white "T" shirt, and a light blue sweater. All the boys kept eating but the girls looked up and as he walked by them, their eyes, as big as saucers, followed every move he made. He had all the girls' attention. One girl got up and walked behind him as if she were floating on a cloud. He walked to the back of the restaurant to a booth in the corner where a girl was sitting alone. She had short blond hair, blue eyes, and a rosy complexion. He smiled and winked at her and helped her from the booth to her feet. He took a blue coat from the coat rack and put it gently around her shoulders. Then they walked hand in hand to the door like two lovebirds. As he opened the door for her, he took one last look at the envious and jealous girls who were still staring at him. Then he disappeared into a white and blue Olds with the girl. Soon after that the restaurant regained a loud hum and noisy talking from the girls and boys.

Dietrich's

By Jomary Hightower

Things aren't the same;
We played a game.
We won it, too, by golly!
My! What a row!
To Dietrich's now.
We're all for fun and folly!
The juke box blares;
We grab some chairs—
End of a perfect day.
Folks in and out;
We have to shout,
"That was a clever play!"
It's plenty loud;
We're quite a crowd.
It surely is a sight!
But when we've won,
It's lots of fun,
In Dietrich's Friday night!

San Remo
RESTAURANT

SAN REMO'S RESTAURANT located on Ridge Road, U.S. 60, in Highland has been a favorite eating spot for teenagers, after parties and dances, since it was established. It recently was changed from Sorrento Inn to San Remo. Call Highland 1000 for party reservations.

CONGLES

DIETRICH'S, at 852 Hohman, in business for 28 years is a reputable teen-spot. It has a seating capacity of 100. Their three children graduated from Hammond High and they decided to sacrifice some their time to young people. Call Sheffield 8332.

BRAMOS COFFEE SHOP

Teibel's
RESTAURANT

TEIBEL'S RESTAURANT, the home or quality foods for twenty-five years features chicken, steak, and fish dinners. It caters to banquets, weddings, and parties. It is located on U.S. Highway 30 and 41 just east of Dyer. For reservations call Dyer 3161.

THE CORNER

GEORGE'S GRILL located at 6016 Calumet Avenue.

THE CORNER, located on U.S. Highway 6, is famous for complete dinners and offers a favorite spot to dine after the theater. For orders to take out, phone Temple 7029.

RED ROOSTER LUNCH ROOM offers the finest in hamburgers, malts, and milkshakes. It is located near D. O. H. H. S. at 6024 Calumet Avenue. For orders to take out call Sheffield 19982.

CONGLES RESTAURANT LOUNGE at U.S. Route 41 and 6, is known for delicious steaks, chicken, and fish. For reservations call Highland 825.

MINER DUNN HAMBURGERS, 5452 Calumet is open from 11 am to 1 am. "We supply complete fountain service and orders to take out." Call for orders at Shef. 1021.

Specializing in Good Food and Fountain Service is the policy of **BRAMOS SWEET SHOPPE** at 5321 Hohman Avenue.

R and S SHOE STORE located at 5265 Hohman Avenue has shoes for the entire family, in all sizes and in the latest styles. Call the store at Sheffield 740.

Paramount Jeweler

LESSER'S



HESS' PARAMOUNT JEWELER specializes in Artcarved and Woodcrest Diamonds, Bulova, Gruen, Elgin and Hamilton watches. It also offers Parker and Sheaffer pens. Paramount Jeweler is located at 5403 Hohman and the phone number is Russell 7705.

LESSER'S specializes in watches, luggage, and diamonds. It is located at 446 State Street. For further information, phone Sheffield 2885.

COUSINS, the store that confidence built, at 5133 Hohman Avenue, handles the finest line of quality jewelry. Call Sheffield 8810.

NORMAN'S BEAUTY SALON at 5615 Hohman Ave. are specialists in hair coloring and permanent waving, hair cutting and styling. For complete service call Russell 7353.

For nine years **NORMAN JEWELERS** at 5257 Hohman has established a business quite worthy of praise. Some of its brand names include Bulova and Elgin. The firm specializes in carved diamonds. Call Sheffield 2415.

FEHRING JEWELRY, that confidence built, at Calumet, the store that perfect-cut diamonds, and nationally advertised watches.

BERN BROTHERS, 5130 Hohman Avenue, can supply your entire family with shoes. Stop in, or call Sheffield 4035.

Have your hair styled in the latest fashions at **AMERICAN BEAUTY SALON**, 5604, 163rd Place. For an appointment call Sheffield 2003.

NORMAN'S BEAUTY SALON

BERN BROS.

Norman Jewelers

R and S Shoes



George SPIES, INC. 3728 West Belmont Avenue, Chicago 18, is known for the "Best Class rings made." It specializes in class jewelry, senior announcements, club pins, and diplomas. Call KEystone 9-1045.

HOOSIER FURNITURE & APPLIANCE CO.

HOOSIER FURNITURE & APPLIANCE CO.
5262 Hohman Avenue next to the LaSalle
Grill, can furnish you with refrigerators,
stoves, and other home appliances for any
type home. Call Sheffield 5384.

Barelli's, Inc.

J. W. MILLIKAN, Inc.

It's MILLIKAN, at 449 State Street, for
the best in sports equipment, sportswear,
radios, televisions, 50th year of business,
records. In its 50 employees, 35 having
MILLIKAN'S has 50 High. Call Sheffield 2760.
attended Hammond



Seifer's

Dick Hoyt

The Camera Shop, Inc.



It's the CAMERA SHOP INCORPORATED
for everything photographic . . . complete
supplies and the highest quality. It is lo-
cated at 15270 Hohman Avenue. The tele-
phone number is Russell 7923.



LYNCH
OFFICE
EQUIPMENT CO.

The LYNCH OFFICE EQUIPMENT COM-
PANY is known as the "Store That Carries
Everything for the Office." The company
buys, sells, rents, and repairs all office
equipment. Stop in at 523 State Street or
call Sheffield 1941.

DICK HOYT, known as the Typewriter
Man established himself a business to serve
the whole community, that of selling and
distributing typewriters. Since then the busi-
ness has grown and is now known all over
the Calumet Region. His store is located at
5319 Hohman Avenue and the telephone
number is Russell 9300.

Sears, Roebuck and Co.

SEARS ROEBUCK is renowned for their
prompt and accurate service and deliveries;
at 452 State Street. Call for orders Shef-
field 3620.

LOOKING FOR A SQUARE DEAL

TED'S MIDWEST SUPER MARKET at 6617
Indianapolis Boulevard (Woodmar) is open
Monday through Friday from nine to nine.

LOW PRICES

Food Stores

You can always do better at **BURGER'S SUPER MARKET** for the highest quality at the lowest price. It is located at 8231 Hohman Avenue in Munster.

Econo Mart

ECONO-MART at 6829 Hohman Avenue
has the best fruits and vegetables. It serves
you with free and easy parking. Hours are
from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m., except Sundays.

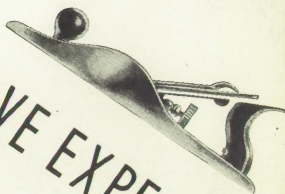
The **FOOD FAIR**, one of the finest grocery stores, at 822 Ridge Road in Munster, specializes in Del Monte, Monarch, and Raggedy Anne products. The firm has been in business one and a half years and have 16 employees, two of them from Hammond High. For orders call Temple 6340.



SWEITZER FOODS

Robert Sweitzer, of **SWEITZER FOODS** followed in his father's footsteps. For 5 years, Mr. Sweitzer has maintained a business quite worthy of his customers praise. Sweitzer Foods is located at 6406 Calumet Avenue. The phone number is Russell 2153.

SHAVE EXPENSES



GRAMBO'S

GRAMBO'S IGA SUPER MARKET offers select meats, poultry, groceries, and vegetables daily. It's located at 5529 Calumet Avenue with ample parking in the rear. For fast free delivery call Sheffield 2072.

HERR'S FOOD SHOP at 7408 Calumet Avenue can provide you with everything you need for a nutritious meal. Its telephone number is Sheffield 594.

EVERY DAY!



Smith & Brooks

For the best in shopping convenience, visit **OPEN AIR MARKET**. The selection ranges from babies' food to a complete dietetics meal. The Open Air Market is located at 5468 Calumet Avenue. For delivery service, call Sheffield 10178.

Rosalee
SMART APPAREL

JOE HIRSCH

Lynn's
STORE INC.

TWO LEGS

Neumode
HOSIERY SHOP

Carrie Long

PENNEY'S

Store For Men
Derry O'Neil
HAMMOND

HOOSIER
STYLE SHOP

Rothschild

JERRY O'NEIL is a Hammond High graduate. His Store for Men is located at 6020 Calumet Ave., Hammond, where he specializes in the proper dress for high school boys. His telephone number is Russell 2359.

HOOSIER STYLE SHOP, 5260 Hohman, has dresses, suits, coats, and sportswear in all Junior sizes and Misses half sizes. Call Sheffield 341.

WERBNER'S known as the "Store for Fine Clothing" offers men a fine selection of sport and dress clothes. **WERBNER'S** is located at 439 State Street and the phone number is Sheffield 1657.

ROSALEE SMART APPAREL, located at 5250 Hohman, carries a large selection of sport and dress clothes for all girls of all sizes. To call the number is Sheffield 156.

JOE HIRSCH, known as "The Store for Men" carries a large selection of Manhattan shirts and Knox hats and Lakeland Sportswear. It is located at 5313 Hohman. For orders call Sheffield 363.

For fourteen years **CARRIE LONG**, at 5252 Hohman, has been offering you the finest in women's clothing, specializing in such brands as Minx Nides, Ellen Kaes and Season Skippers. Call Sheffield 2795.

LYNN'S DEPARTMENT STORE slogan is "Better Merchandise at Real Savings". You can buy shoes, dresses, sportswear, and infants wear at 5609 Calumet Avenue.

NEUMODE HOSIERY SHOP, across the street from the Court House at 5233 1/2 Hohman, has the finest in hosiery. The telephone number is Sheffield 6136.

ROTHCHILD'S, one of Hammond's finest Women's Apparel Shops at 5244 Hohman Avenue carries a large selection of sportswear in all sizes. For friendly charge account accommodations, call Shef. 5370.

WERBNER'S

EDWARD C. MINAS
COMPANY

EDWARD C. MINAS COMPANY, 460 State Street, can give you every type of gift for every type of occasion. From our selections, you can find the perfect graduation gift. Call Edward C. Minas at Sheffield 1800.

LOGAN'S carries a complete line of tuxedos, summer formals and dress suits in the latest style and size to fit everyone. **LOGAN'S** is located at 5315 Hohman Avenue. For further information, call Sheffield 5070.

TWO LEGS, Inc., where the smartest clothes for men can be found at reasonable prices is located at 5237 Hohman Avenue. The phone number is Russell 902.

THE CALUMET NATIONAL BANK

OF HAMMOND

JACK OGREN & COMPANY, INC.

MERCANTILE
NATIONAL BANK
OF HAMMOND

HATHAWAY-THORNTON
AGENCY

B-KEENE

THE WESTERN AND SOUTHERN

ERVIN
ASSOCIATES

HOOSIER

STATE BANK
OF HAMMOND
479 STATE STREET
HAMMOND, INDIANA

BACKE Insurance



HAMMOND
NATIONAL
CO.

General Insurance for your safety, security,
service at JACK OGREN AND COMPANY,
INC. Call Sheffield 76, or come in at 5946
Hohman Avenue

The CALUMET NATIONAL BANK OF HAMMOND
has two locations. One is at 5213 Hohman Avenue,
the other is 6817 Kennedy. Call Russell 6900 for
locations.

Its MERCANTILE NATIONAL BANK for the best
banking service in Hammond. Call Sheffield 8220.
The addresses are 5243 Hohman Avenue, 7033 Calu-
met, and 7014 Indianapolis Blvd.

Phone Sheffield 468 and contact BACKE
INSURANCE at 5444 Calumet Avenue for
all forms of insurance.

If you want insurance of all forms that will
save you money and give you better pro-
tection, call HATHAWAY - THORNTON
AGENCY at Sheffield 3174, or stop in at
6915 Hohman Avenue.

H. J. Geschiedler Jr., H. J. Geschiedler Sr.,
R. J. Geschiedler, W. E. Geschiedler, W. A.
MacNary and A. D. Baker will be pleased to
speak to you about insurance at the
HAMMOND INSURANCE COMPANY at
5248 Hohman Avenue. Also phone Shef-
field 4000.

HOOSIER STATE BANK, located at 479 State Street, is a safe
place for your money. The bank is a member of the Federal Deposit
Insurance Corporation. For information call Sheffield 9000.

ERVIN ASSOCIATES, established in 1930,
has insurance for every need. For infor-
mation call Lawrence S. Ervin at Russell 7233
or stop in at 530 Conkey Street

B-KEENE PERSONAL AGENCY is located
at 5129 Hohman. Call Sheffield 5080.

McEWEN REALTY located at 5917 Hoh-
man Avenue is well equipped to serve you
in every way. Call Sheffield 211.

Hammond Pest Control

THE HAMMOND PEST CONTROL, serving the entire Calumet Area with a 50 mile radius, was formerly known as the Hammond Exterminating Company. The plant, located at 664 State Street, has been in business since 1933. For service, call Russell 9100.

EMMERLING FUNERAL CHAPEL, at the corner of Hohman and Highland, is Hammond's oldest funeral home. It offers courteous service at all times. Call Sheffield 8.

Emmerling FUNERAL CHAPEL, INC.

FOWLER'S CANTEEN, across the street from D.O.H.H.S. serves good food according to the many students that go their during their lunch hour.

THE BECKMAN SUPPLY COMPANY established since 1904, can furnish you with coal, coke, wood, and ready-mixed concrete. For fast and clean deliveries call Sheffield 1490 or come in at 527 Michigan Avenue.

THE BECKMAN SUPPLY CO.

CALUMET BOWL

CALUMET BOWLING, across from Hammond High, offers the finest in bowling facilities. For reservation phone 2641.

HAMMOND PLUMBING & Home Supply

HAMMOND PLUMBING and HOME SUPPLY, 547 State, has a large stock of kitchen cabinets, appliances, T.V. hardware, and plumbing equipment. Call Sheffield 5802.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul G. McCoy

For over 40 years, NELSON DRUGS at 5635 Calumet Avenue has represented the best in drug store service. For delivery or drugs and prescriptions, call Sheffield 2101.

HAMMOND SCHOOL of MUSIC, offers teachers in piano, voice, accordion, violin, and clarinet. Stop at 51 Warren or call Sheffield 5506 for information.

SILVER CLEANERS, for pick up and delivery. We operate our own plant. Garments cleaned, pressed, altered, pre-aired, and furs cleaned. Call Russell 2470.

PHIL SMIDT and Son, Inc.

PHIL SMIDT & SON, Inc. offers the finest foods. For reservations call Whiting 25. The address is 1205 Calumet Avenue.

V OGEL'S RESTAURANT

VOGEL'S RESTAURANT specializes in fish, chicken, and steaks. The hours are 11 p.m. to 12 a.m. Daily and Sunday. The address is 1250 Indianapolis Boulevard. Call Whiting 250.

CALUMET AUTOMOBILE TRADE ASSOCIATION

MADURA'S DANCELAND

MADURA'S DANCELAND, open Tuesday, Saturday, and holidays is a great place for fun, entertainment and fine music. The address is 1337 Calumet Ave. Call Whiting 2588-J.

BENSON'S SERVICE STATION at the corner of 173rd and Calumet offers you the finest in courtesy service. Call Sheffield 10027.

ABE and ETHEL RUSKIN will fill your prescription promptly and accurately at 6820 Calumet Avenue and Cherry Street.

THE FAT BOY DRIVE-IN 6730 Indianapolis Boulevard has the finest foods. It is an ideal place to stop after the show. Call Shef. 10286.

Have your printing done at **P. J. MANN PRINTING**, 642 Conkey Street. Call us at Sheffield 2374.

HAMMOND ELECTRIC CO. at 6036 Calumet will repair all electric appliances. Call for service at Sheffield 5400.

The **HAMMOND INSURANCE AGENCY Inc.**, which insures everything but the hereafter, has been in business for 25 years. The manager is Edmund H. Klein; the assistant manager is Leslie R. Meyers. The Hammond Insurance Agency Incorporated employs nine people, one of whom is a Hammond High graduate. For information, or service, call Sheffield 3880.

KASKA INTERIORS for the finest draperies, slip coverings, and interior work, is located at 8200 Calumet Ave. Call Temple 7924.

LAKE COUNTY CANDY CO., at 245 Wyer Blvd., specializes in bars and penny candy; Green River, Hires Root Beer, and malted milk. (Wholesale) Call Sheffield 2434.

THE INKLEY COMPANY, managed by Stanley Inkley, a graduate of Hammond High, has among many of its jobs in the Calumet Region; set the steel for the screen at the "41" Outdoor Theatre; the steel for the cinemascope screen at the Paramount Theatre; and contracted the wrecking team that destroyed the antique Moss House on Hohman Avenue.

BIEKER SUPPLY COMPANY, one block west of Hammond High at 624 Highland, can furnish you with coal of all kinds and all sizes. The owner, Mr. Henry Bieker is a graduate of Hammond High. For orders call Sheffield 4850.

HAMMOND INSURANCE AGENCY, INC.



BURNS FUNERAL HOME

BURNS FUNERAL HOME is known for its understanding service. It caters to the entire Calumet area. It is located at 5840 Hohman Avenue. Call George C. Burns or Thomas J. Burns at Sheffield 260.

INKLEY
CO.

RABINS APPLIANCE AND FURNITURE COMPANY, 126 Sibley, can serve you with all types of appliances and furniture. Call Sheffield 222.

Rabin's Appliance

COMBUSTION ENGINEERING, INC.

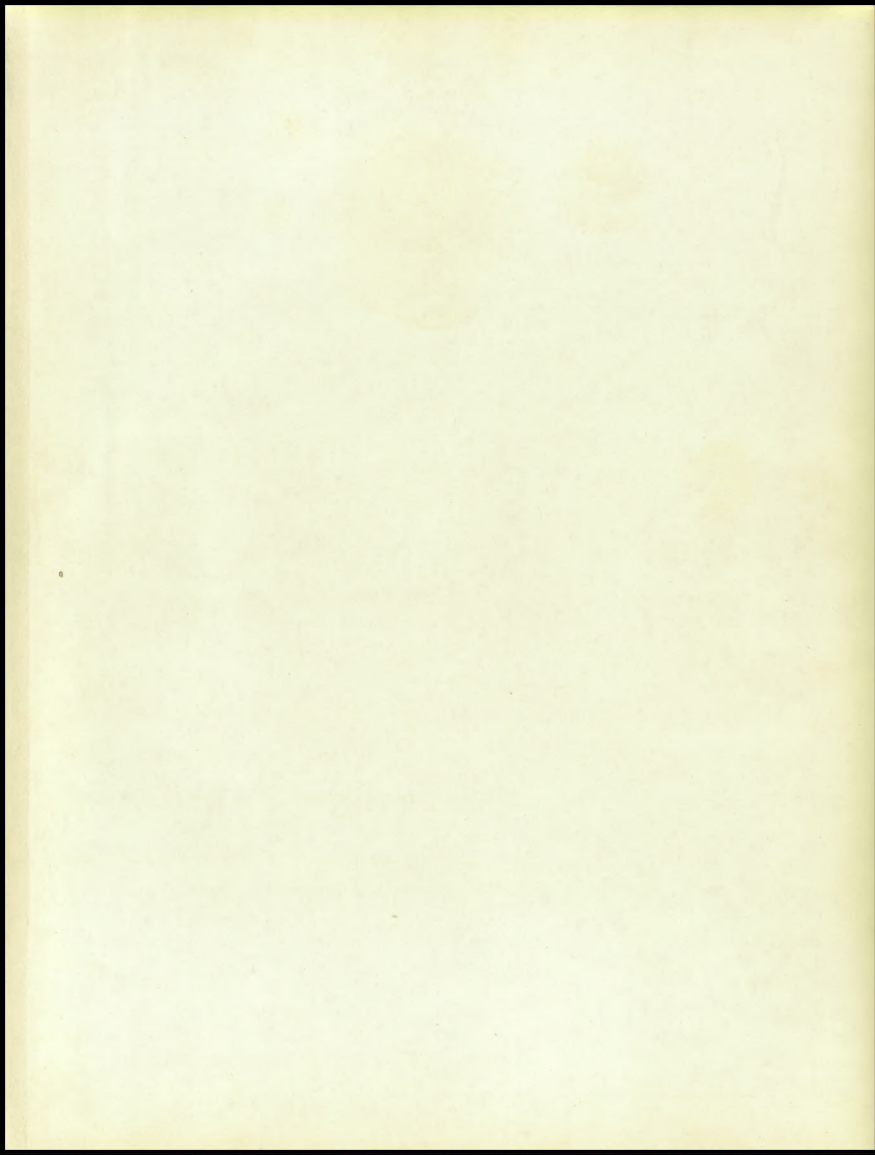
COMBUSTION ENGINEERING, INC. offers many interesting jobs in both its shops and offices. Stenographer, typist, switchboard operator, punch operator, draftsman, machinist, assembler, bender, carpenter, crane man, electrician, turret lathe operator, inspector, millwright, toolmaker, welder and trainee.

NORTHERN INDIANA
PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY

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